

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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EARLY every season I make the acquaintance of one or more of our new flowers. It takes years to exhaust the botanical treasures of any one considerable neighborhood, unless one makes a dead set at it, like an herbalist. One likes to have his floral acquaintances come to him easily and naturally, like his other friends. Some pleasant occasion should bring you together. You meet in a walk, or touch elbows on a picnic under a tree, or get acquainted on a fishing or camping-out expedition. What comes to you in the way of birds or flowers while wooing only the large spirit of open-air nature seems like special good fortune. At any rate, one does not want to bolt his botany, but rather to prolong the course. One likes to have something in reserve, something to be on the lookout for on his walks. I have never yet found the orchid called Calypso, a large, variegated purple and yellow flower, Gray says, which grows in cold, wet woods and bogs, very beautiful, and very rare. Calypso, you know, was the nymph who fell in love with Ulysses and detained him seven years upon her island, and died of a broken heart after he left her. I have a keen desire to see her in her floral guise, reigning over some silent bog, or rising above the moss of some dark glen in the woods, and would gladly be the Ulysses to be detained at least a few hours by her.

I will describe her by the aid of Gray, so that if any of my readers come across her they may know what a rarity they have found. She may be looked for in cold, mossy, boggy places in our Northern woods. You will see a low flower somewhat like a lady's-slipper; that is, with an inflated sac-shaped lip, the petals and sepals much alike, rising and spreading, the color mingled purple and yellow, the stem, or scape, from three to five inches high, with but one leaf,—that one thin and slightly heart-shaped, with a stem which starts from a solid bulb. That is the nymph of our boggy solitudes, waiting to break her heart for any adventurous hero who may penetrate her domain.

Several of our harmless little wild-flowers have been absurdly named out of the old mythologies; thus, Indian cucumber root, one of Thoreau's favorite flowers, is named after the sorceress Medea, and is called "medeola," because it was at one time thought to possess rare medicinal properties; and medicine and sorcery have always been more or less confounded in the opinion of mankind. It is a pretty and decorative sort of plant, with, when perfect, two stages or platforms of leaves, one above the other. You see a whorl of five or six leaves, a foot or more from the ground, which seems to bear a standard with another whorl of three leaves at the top of it. The small, colorless, recurved flowers shoot out from above this top whorl. The whole expression of the plant is singularly slender and graceful. Sometimes, probably the first year, it only attains to the first circle of leaves. This is the platform from which it will rear its flower column the next year. Its white, tuberous root is

## AMONG THE WILD-FLOWERS.

crisp and tender, and leaves in the mouth distinctly the taste of cucumber. Whether or not the Indians used it as a relish as we do the cucumber, I do not know.

Still another pretty flower that perpetuates the name of a Grecian nymph, a flower that was a new find to me last summer, is the Arethusa. Arethusa was one of the nymphs who attended Diana, and was by that goddess turned into a fountain, that she might escape the god of the river Alpheus, who became desperately in love with her on seeing her at her bath. Our Arethusa is one of the prettiest of the orchids, and has been pursued through many a marsh and quaking-bog by her lovers. She is a bright pink-purple flower an inch or more long, with the odor of sweet violets. The sepals and petals rise up and arch over the column, which we may call the heart of the flower, as if shielding it. In Plymouth county, Massachusetts, where the Arethusa seems common, I have heard it called Indian pink.

But I was going to recount my new finds. One sprang up in the footsteps of that destroying angel, Dynamite. A new railroad cut across my tramping-ground, with its hordes of Italian laborers and its mountains of giant-powder, etc., was enough to banish all the gentler deities forever from the place. But it did not. Scarcely had the earthquake passed when, walking at the base of a rocky cliff that had been partly blown away in the search for stone for two huge abutments that stood near by, I beheld the débris at the base of the cliff draped and festooned by one of our most beautiful foliage plants, and one I had long been on the lookout for, namely, the climbing fumitory. It was growing everywhere in the greatest profusion, affording by its tenderness, delicacy, and grace the most striking contrast to the destruction the black giant had wrought. The power that had smote the rock seemed to have called it into being. Probably the seeds had lain dormant in cracks and crevices for years, and when the catastrophe came, and they found themselves in new soil amid the wreck of the old order of things, they sprang into new life, and grew as if the world had been created anew for them, as, in a sense, it had. Certainly, they grew most luxuriantly, and never was the ruin wrought by powder veiled

by more delicate lace-like foliage.\* The panicles of drooping, pale flesh-colored flowers heightened the effect of the whole. This plant is a regular climber; it has no extra appendages for that purpose, and does not wind, but climbs by means of its

\* Strange to say, the plant did not appear in that locality the next season, and has never appeared since. Perhaps it will take another dynamite earthquake to wake it up.



Starwort.



Yellow Snapdragon.



young leaf-stalks, which lay hold like tiny hands or hooks. The end of every branch is armed with a multitude of these baby hands. The flowers are pendent and swing like ear jewels. They are slightly heart-shaped, and when examined closely look like little pockets made of crumpled silk, nearly white on the inside, or under side, and pale purple on the side toward the light, and shirred up at the bottom. And pockets they are in quite a literal sense, for, though they fade, they do not fall, but become pockets full of seeds. The plant is a perpetual bloomer from July till killed by the autumn frosts.

The closely allied species of this plant, the dicentra (Dutchman's breeches and squirrel corn), are much more common, and are among our prettiest spring flowers. I have an eye out for the white-hearts (related to the bleeding-hearts of the gardens, and absurdly called "Dutchman's breeches") the last week in April. It is a rock-loving plant, and springs up on the shelves of the ledges or in the débris at their base as if by magic. As soon as bloodroot has begun to star the waste, stony places, and the first swallow has been heard in the sky, we are on the lookout for dicentra. The more northern species, called "squirrel corn" from the small golden tubers at its root, blooms in May, and has the fragrance of hyacinths. It does not affect the rocks, like all the other flowers of this family.

My second new acquaintance the same season was the showy lady's-slipper. Most of the floral ladies leave their slippers in swampy places in the woods; only the stemless one leaves hers on dry ground before she reaches the swamp, commonly under evergreen trees, where the carpet of pine needles will not hurt her feet. But one may penetrate many wet, mucky places in the woods before he finds the prettiest of them all, the showy lady's-slipper,—the prettiest slipper, but the stoutest and coarsest plant; the flower large and very showy, white, tinged with purple in front; the stem two feet high, very leafy, and coarser than bear-weed. Report had come to me through my botanizing neighbor, that in a certain quaking sphagnum bog in the woods, the showy lady's-slipper could be found. The locality proved to be the marrowy grave of an extinct lake or black

LADY'S-SMOCK, OR WILD ROCKET.



MEADOW BEAUTY.

tarn. On the borders of it the white azalea was in bloom, fast fading. In the midst of it were spruces and black ash and giant ferns, and low in the spongy, mossy bottom, the pitcher plant. The lady's-slipper grew in little groups and companies all about. Never have I beheld a prettier sight,—so gay, so festive, so holiday-looking. Were they so many gay bonnets rising above the foliage, or were they flocks of white doves with purple-stained breasts just lifting up their wings to take flight, or were they little fleets of fairy boats, with sail set, tossing on a mimic sea of wild weedy growths? Such images throng the mind on recalling the scene, and only faintly hint its beauty and animation. The long, erect, white sepals do much to give the alert, tossing look which the flower wears. The dim light, too, of its secluded haunts, and its snowy purity and freshness, contribute to the impression it makes. The purple tinge is like a stain of wine which has slightly overflowed the brim of the inflated lip or sac and run part way down its snowy sides.

This lady's-slipper is one of the rarest and choicest of our wild-flowers, and its haunts and its beauty are known only to the few. Those who have the secret guard it closely, lest their favorite be exterminated. A well-known botanist in one of the large New England cities told me that it was found in but one place in that neighborhood, and that the secret, so far as he knew, was known to but three persons, and was carefully kept by them.

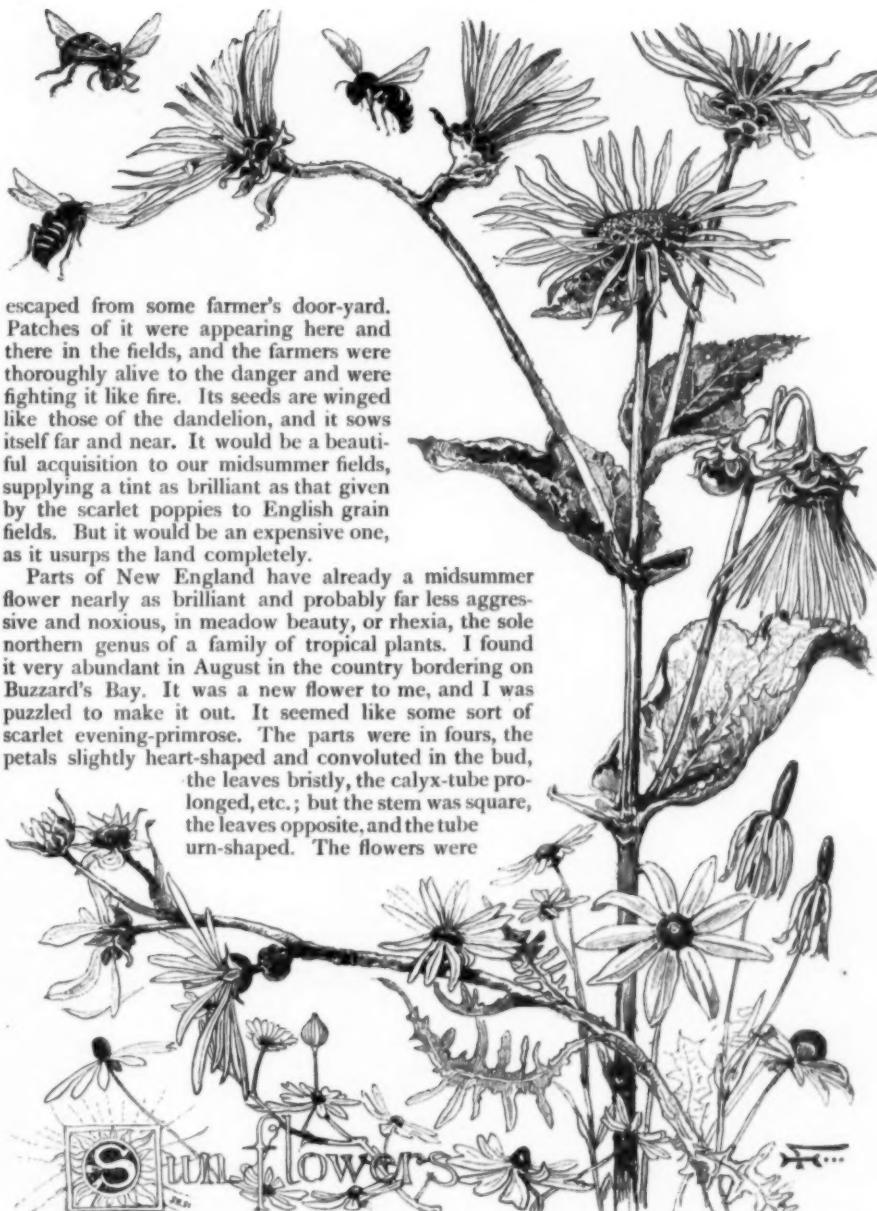
Coming away with my treasures, my hat fairly brushed the nest of the red-eyed vireo, which was so cunningly concealed, such an open secret, in the dim, leafless underwoods, that I could but pause and regard it. It was suspended from the end of a small, curving sapling, was canopied by one or two large

leaves, was flecked here and there by some whitish substance so as to blend it with the gray mottled boles of the trees, and, in the dimly lighted ground-floor of the woods, was sure to escape any but the most prolonged scrutiny. It was not so much hidden as it was rendered invisible by texture and position with reference to light and shade.

A few summers ago I struck a new and beautiful plant, in the shape of a weed that had only recently appeared in that part of the country. I was walking through an August meadow when I saw, on a little knoll, a bit of most vivid orange, verging on a crimson. I knew of no flower of such a complexion frequenting such a place as that. On investigation, it proved to be a stranger. It had a rough, hairy, leafless stem about a foot high, surmounted by a corymbose cluster of flowers or flower heads of dark vivid orange color. The leaves were deeply notched and toothed, very bristly, and were pressed flat to the ground. The whole plant was a veritable Esau for hairs, and it seemed to lay hold upon the ground as if it was not going to let go easily. And what a fiery plume it had! The next day, in another field a mile away, I chanced upon another. On making inquiry, I found that a small patch or colony of the flowers had appeared that season, or first been noticed that season, in a meadow well known to me from boyhood. They had been cut down with the grass in early July, and the first week in August had shot up and bloomed again. I found the spot afire with them. Their leaves covered every inch of the surface where they stood, and not a spear of grass grew there. They were taking slow but complete possession; they were devouring the meadow by inches. The plant seemed to be a species of hieracium, or hawkweed, or some closely allied species of the composite family, but I could not find it mentioned in our botanies.\*

A few days later, on the edge of an adjoining county ten miles distant, I found, probably, its headquarters. It had appeared there a few years before, and was thought to have

\* I have since learned that the plant is *Hieracium aurantiacum* from Europe, a kind of hawkweed, and that it has recently appeared in other parts of this State (New York) and New England.



escaped from some farmer's door-yard. Patches of it were appearing here and there in the fields, and the farmers were thoroughly alive to the danger and were fighting it like fire. Its seeds are winged like those of the dandelion, and it sows itself far and near. It would be a beautiful acquisition to our midsummer fields, supplying a tint as brilliant as that given by the scarlet poppies to English grain fields. But it would be an expensive one, as it usurps the land completely.

Parts of New England have already a midsummer flower nearly as brilliant and probably far less aggressive and noxious, in meadow beauty, or *rhexia*, the sole northern genus of a family of tropical plants. I found it very abundant in August in the country bordering on Buzzard's Bay. It was a new flower to me, and I was puzzled to make it out. It seemed like some sort of scarlet evening-primrose. The parts were in fours, the petals slightly heart-shaped and convoluted in the bud, the leaves bristly, the calyx-tube prolonged, etc.; but the stem was square, the leaves opposite, and the tube urn-shaped. The flowers were

an inch across, and bright purple or scarlet. It grew in large patches in dry, sandy fields, making the desert gay with color; and also on the edges of marshy places. It eclipses any flower of the open fields known to me farther inland. When we come to improve our wild garden, as recommended by Mr. Robinson in his book on wild gardening, we must not forget the *rhexia*.

Our sea-coast flowers are probably more brilliant in color than the same flowers in the



interior. I thought the wild rose on the Massachusetts coast deeper tinted and more fragrant than those I was used to. The steeple-bush, or hard-hack, had more color, as had the rose-gerardia and several other plants.

But when vivid color is wanted, what can surpass or equal our cardinal-flower? There is a glow about this flower as if color emanated from it as from a live coal. The eye is baffled and does not seem to reach the surface of the petal; it does not see the texture or material part as it does in other flowers, but rests in a steady, still radiance.

It is not so much something colored as it is color itself. And then the moist, cool, shady places it affects, usually where it has no floral rivals, and where the large, dark shade needs just such a dab of fire. Often, too, we see it double, its reflected image in some dark pool heightening its effect. I have never found it with its only rival in color, the monarda or bee-balm, a species of mint. Farther north, the cardinal-flower seems to fail, and the monarda takes its place, growing in similar localities. One may see it about a mountain spring, or along a meadow brook, or glowing in the shade around the head of a wild mountain lake. It stands up two feet high or more, and the flowers show like a broad scarlet cap.

The only thing I have seen in this country that calls to mind the green grain fields of Britain splashed with scarlet poppies may be witnessed in August in the marshes of the lower Hudson, when the broad sedgy and flaggy spaces are sprinkled with the great marsh-mallow. It is a most pleasing spectacle,—level stretches of dark green flag or waving marsh-grass kindled on every square yard by these bright pink blossoms like great burning coals fanned in the breeze. The mallow is not so deeply colored as the poppy, but it is much larger, and has the tint of youth and happiness. It is an immigrant from Europe, but it is making itself thoroughly at home in our great river meadows.

The same day your eye is attracted by the mallows, as your train skirts or cuts through the broad marshes, it will revel with delight in the masses of fresh bright color afforded by the purple loosestrife, which grows in similar localities, and shows here and there like purple bonfires. It is a tall plant, grows in dense masses, and affords a most striking border to the broad spaces dotted with the mallow. It, too, came to us from over seas, and first appeared along the Wallkill, many years ago. It used to be thought by the farmers in that vicinity

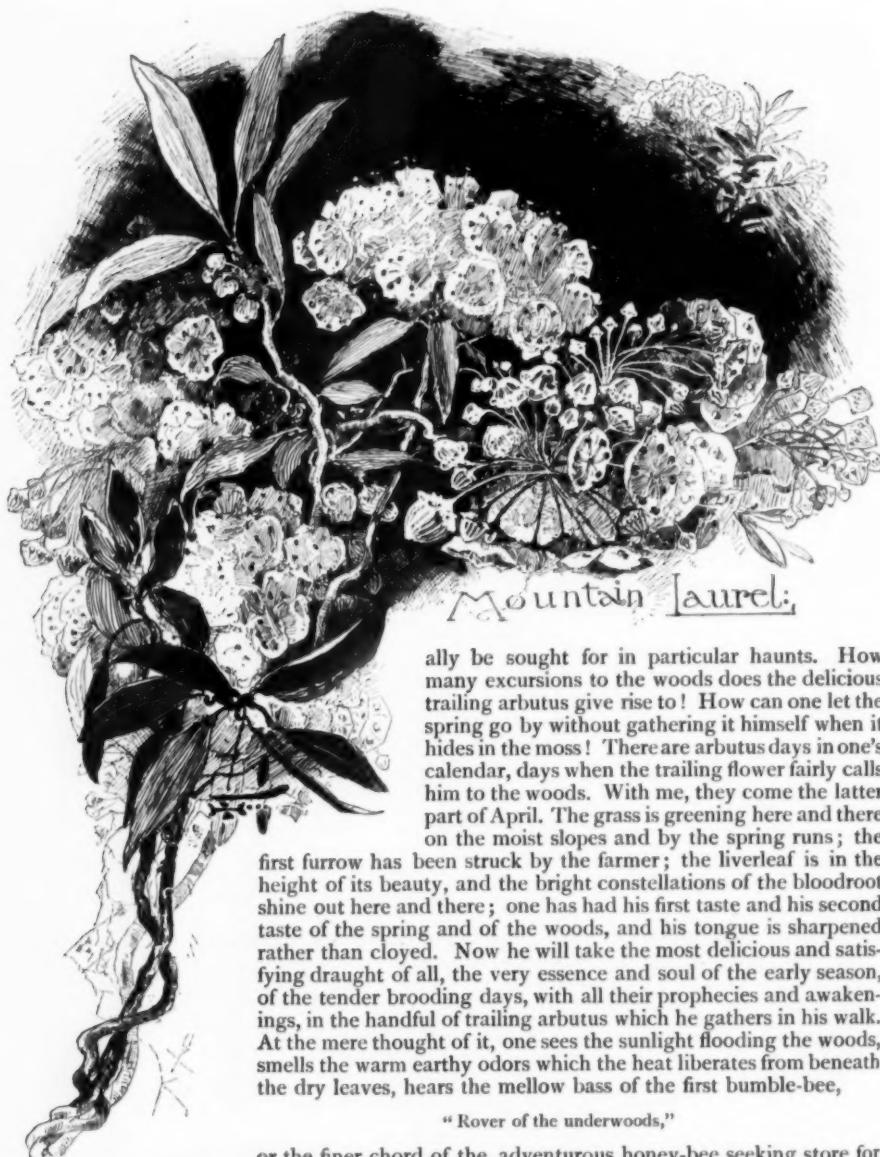
that its seed was first brought in wool imported to this country from Australia, and washed in the Wallkill at Walden, where there was a woollen factory. This is not probable, as it is a European species, and I should sooner think it had escaped from cultivation. If one were to act upon the suggestions of Robinson's "Wild Garden," already alluded to, he would gather the seeds of these plants and sow them in the marshes and along the sluggish inland streams, till the banks of all our rivers were gay with these brilliant exotics.

Among our native plants, the one that takes broad marshes to itself and presents vast sheets of color is the marsh milkweed, far less brilliant than the loosestrife or the mallow; still a missionary in the wilderness, lighting up many waste places with the humbler tints of the purple.

One sometimes seems to discover a familiar wild-flower anew by coming upon it in some peculiar and striking situation. Our columbine is at all times and in all places one of the most exquisitely beautiful of flowers; yet one spring day, when I saw it growing out of a small seam on the face of a great lichen-covered wall of rock, where no soil or mold was visible,—a jet of foliage and color shooting out of a black line on the face of a perpendicular mountain wall and rising up like a tiny fountain, its drops turning to flame-colored jewels that hung and danced in the air against the gray rocky surface,—its beauty became something magical and audacious. On little narrow shelves in the rocky wall the corydalis was blooming, and among the loose boulders at its base the bloodroot shone conspicuous, suggesting snow rather than anything more sanguine.

Certain flowers one makes special expeditions for every season. They are limited in their ranges, and must gener-





*Mountain Laurel.*

ally be sought for in particular haunts. How many excursions to the woods does the delicious trailing arbutus give rise to! How can one let the spring go by without gathering it himself when it hides in the moss! There are arbutus days in one's calendar, days when the trailing flower fairly calls him to the woods. With me, they come the latter part of April. The grass is greening here and there on the moist slopes and by the spring runs;

the first furrow has been struck by the farmer; the liverleaf is in the height of its beauty, and the bright constellations of the bloodroot shine out here and there; one has had his first taste and his second taste of the spring and of the woods, and his tongue is sharpened rather than cloyed. Now he will take the most delicious and satisfying draught of all, the very essence and soul of the early season, of the tender brooding days, with all their prophecies and awakenings, in the handful of trailing arbutus which he gathers in his walk. At the mere thought of it, one sees the sunlight flooding the woods, smells the warm earthy odors which the heat liberates from beneath the dry leaves, hears the mellow bass of the first bumble-bee,

"Rover of the underwoods."

or the finer chord of the adventurous honey-bee seeking store for his empty comb. The arriving swallows twitter above the woods; the first chewink rustles the dry leaves; the northward bound thrushes, the hermit and the gray-cheeked, flit here and there before you. The robin, the sparrow, and the bluebird are building their first nests, and the first shad are making their way slowly up the Hudson. Indeed, the season is fairly under way when the trailing arbutus comes. Now look out for troops of boys and girls going to the woods to gather it! and let them look out that in their greed they do not exterminate it. Within reach of our large towns the choicer spring wild-flowers are hunted mercilessly. Every fresh party from town goes about as if bent upon the destruction of the species. One day, about ten miles from one of our Hudson River cities, there got into the train six young

women loaded down with vast sheaves and bundles of trailing arbutus. Each one of them had enough for forty. They had apparently made a clean sweep of the woods. It was a pretty sight,—the pink and white of the girls and the pink and white of the flowers! and the car too was suddenly filled with perfume,—the breath of spring loaded the air, but I thought it a pity to ravish the woods in that way. The next party probably made a still cleaner sweep, and because a handful was desirable, thought an armful proportionately more so; till, by and by, the flower will be driven from those woods.

Another flower that one makes special excursions for is the pond lily. The pond lily is a star, and easily takes the first place among lilies; and the expedition to her haunts, and the gathering her when she rocks upon the dark secluded waters of some pool or lakelet, are the crown and summit of the floral expeditions of summer. It is the expedition about which more things gather than almost any other: you want your boat, you want your lunch, you want your friend or friends with you. You are going to put in the greater part of the day; you are going to picnic in the woods, and indulge in a "green thought in a green shade." When my friend and I go for pond lilies, we have to traverse a distance of three miles with our boat in a wagon. The road is what is called a "back road," and leads through woods most of the way. Black Pond, where the lilies grow, lies about one hundred feet higher than the Hudson, from which it is separated by a range of rather bold wooded heights, one of which might well be called Mount Hymettus, for I have found a great deal of wild honey in the forest that covers it. The stream which flows out of the pond takes a northward course for two or three miles, till it finds an opening through the rocky hills, when it makes rapidly for the Hudson. Its career all the way from the lake is a series of alternating pools and cascades. Now a long, deep, level stretch, where the perch and the bass and the pickerel lurk, and where the willow-herb and the royal osmunda fern line the shores; then a sudden leap of eight, ten, or fifteen feet down rocks to another level stretch, where the water again loiters and suns itself; and so on through its adventurous course till the hills are cleared and the river is in sight. Our road leads us along this stream, across its rude bridges, through dark hemlock and pine woods, under gray, rocky walls, now past a black pool, then within sight or hearing of a foaming rapid or fall, till we strike the outlet of the long level that leads to the lake. In this we launch our boat and paddle slowly upward over its dark surface, now pushing our way through half-submerged tree-tops, then ducking under the trunk of an overturned tree which bridges the stream and makes a convenient way for the squirrels and wood-mice, or else forcing the boat over it when it is sunk a few inches below the surface. We are traversing what was once a continuation of the lake; the forest floor is as level as the water and but a few inches above it, even in summer; it sweeps back a half mile or more, densely covered with black ash, red maple, and other deciduous trees, to the foot of the rocky hills which shut us in. What glimpses we get, as we steal along, into the heart of the rank, dense, silent woods! I carry in my eye yet the vision I had on one occasion, of a solitary meadow lily hanging like a fairy bell there at the end of a chance opening where a ray of sunlight fell full upon it and brought out its brilliant orange against the dark



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green background. It appeared to be the only bit of bright color in all the woods. Then the song of a single hermit-thrush immediately after did even more for the ear than the lily did for the eye. Presently the swamp-sparrow, one of the rarest of the sparrows, was seen and heard; and that nest there in a small bough a few feet over the water proves to be hers



WATER LILIES AND MARSH-MALLOWS.

—in appearance, a ground bird's nest in a bough, with the same four speckled eggs. As we come in sight of the lilies, where they cover the water at the outlet of the lake, a brisk gust of wind, as if it had been waiting to surprise us, sweeps down and causes every leaf to leap from the water and show its pink under side. Was it a fluttering of hundreds of wings,

or the clapping of a multitude of hands? But there rocked the lilies with their golden hearts open to the sun, and their tender white petals as fresh as crystals of snow. What a queenly flower indeed, the type of unsullied purity and sweetness! Its root, like a black, corrugated, ugly reptile, clinging to the slime, but its flower in purity and whiteness like a star. There is something very pretty in the closed bud making its way up through the water to meet the sun, and there is something touching in the flower closing itself up again after its brief career, and slowly burying itself beneath the dark wave. One almost fancies a sad, regretful look in it as the stem draws it downward to mature its seed on the sunless bottom. The pond lily is a flower of the morning; it closes a little after noon, but after you have plucked it and carried it home, it still feels the call of the morning sun, and will open to him if you give it a good chance. Coil their stems up in the grass on the lawn, where the sun's rays can reach them, and sprinkle them copiously. By the time you are ready for your morning walk, there they sit upon the moist grass, almost as charmingly as upon the wave.

Our more choice wild-flowers, the rarer and finer spirits among them, please us by their individual beauty and charm; others, more coarse and common, delight us by mass and profusion; we regard not the one, but the many, as did Wordsworth his golden daffodils:

"Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance."

Of such is the marsh-marigold, giving a golden lining to many a dark, marshy place in the leafless April woods, or marking a little water-course through a greening meadow with a broad line of new gold. One glances up from his walk, and his eye falls upon something like fixed and heaped-up sunshine there beneath the alders, or yonder in the freshening field.

In a measure, the same is true of our wild sunflowers, lighting up many a neglected bushy fence corner or weedy roadside with their bright, beaming faces. The evening primrose is a coarse, rankly growing plant; but, in late summer, how many an untrimmed bank is painted over by it with the most fresh and delicate of canary yellow!

We have one flower which grows in vast multitudes, yet which is exquisitely delicate and beautiful in and of itself; I mean the houstonia, or bluets. In May, in certain parts of the country, I see vast sheets of it; in old, low meadow bottoms that have never known the plow, it covers the ground like a dull bluish or purplish snow which has blown unevenly about. In the mass it is not especially pleasing; it has a faded, indefinite sort of look. Its color is not strong and positive enough to be effective in the mass, yet each single flower is a gem of itself. The color of the common violet is much more firm and pronounced; and how many a grassy bank is made gay with it in the mid-May days! We have a great



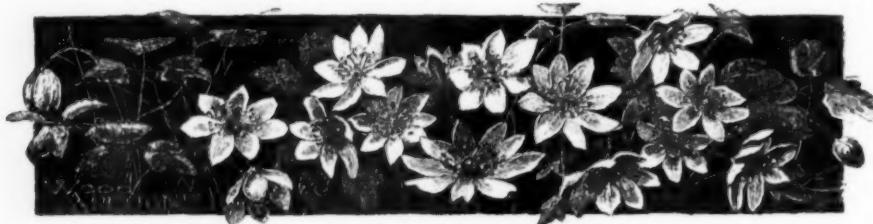
INDIAN PIPE.



TRAILING ARBUTUS.

variety of violets, and they are very capricious as to perfume. The only species which are uniformly fragrant are the tall Canada violet, so common in our Northern woods,—white, with a tinge of purple to the under side of its petals,—and the small white violet of the marshy places; yet one summer I came upon a host of the spurred violet in a sunny place in the woods which filled the air with a delicate perfume. A handful of them yielded a perceptible fragrance, but a single flower none that we could detect. The Canada violet very frequently blooms in the fall, and is more fragrant at such times than in its earlier blooming. I must not forget to mention that delicate and lovely flower of May, the fringed polygala. You gather it when you go for the fragrant, showy orchis,—that is, if you are lucky enough to find it. It is rather a shy flower, and is not found in every woods. One day we went up and down through the woods looking for it,—woods of mingled oak, chestnut, pine, and hemlock,—and were about giving it up when suddenly we came upon a gay company of them beside an old wood-road. It was as if a flock of small rose-purple butterflies had alighted there on the ground before us. The whole plant has a singularly fresh and tender aspect. Its foliage is of a slightly purple tinge, and of very delicate texture. Not the least interesting feature about the plant is the concealed fertile flower which it bears on a subterranean shoot, keeping, as it were, one flower for beauty and one for use.

*John Burroughs.*



#### FRAILTY'S SHIELD.

LOOK what arms the fenceless wield,—  
Frailest things have frailty's shield!  
Cockle-boat outrides the gale  
That has shred the frigate's sail ;  
Curlew skims the breaker's crest ;  
Swings the oriole in its nest ;  
Flower a single summer bred  
Lightly lifts its jaunty head  
When is past the storm whose stroke  
Laid the pride of centuried oak ;  
Where with fire the soil was bathed  
The white trefoil springs unscathed.

Frailest things have frailty's shield :  
Here a fly in amber sealed ;  
There a bauble, tossed aside  
Under ancient lava-tide,  
Meets the musing delver's gaze.  
Time the king's memorial lays,

Touching it with sportive staff,  
But spares Erosion's epitaph.

Frailest things have frailty's shield,  
Guarded by a charm concealed ;  
So the gaunt and ravening wild  
Softens towards the weanling child,  
And along the giddy steep  
Safe one glideth, blind with sleep.

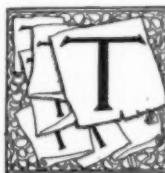
Art thou mighty ? — Challenged Fate  
Chooseth thee for wrestling mate !  
Art thou feeble ? — Fate disarmed,  
Turning, leaveth thee unharmed.  
Thou that bendest shalt not break ;  
Smiling in the tempest's wake,  
Thou shalt rise, and see around  
How the strong ones strew the ground ;  
Saving lightness thou didst wield,—  
Frailest things have frailty's shield !

*Edith M. Thomas.*



## SISTER TODHUNTER'S HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELDER BROWN'S BACKSLIDE" AND "TWO RUNAWAYS."



HERE was an unusual excitement in Sweetwater. The new preacher, a young man of fine parts, accompanied by his wife, had arrived a few days before, delivered a most effective sermon, and had been called upon with the promptness common to country communities where isolation renders local curiosity unbearable after twenty-four hours. The lady of the parsonage, whose husband was but lately a theological student and now engaged for the first time upon regular pastoral labors, came from the city, and dressed in a manner that was bound to win her the admiration or the hatred of half the village. Already that grand, interchangeable jury common to all communities was sitting upon her case. The term is used in a figurative sense, for the inquest was conducted from yard to yard, window to window, and even across the one street along which Sweetwater was congregated. Wherever two or three were gathered together and two of the three happened to be of the cradle-rocking order of society, Parson Riley's wife was the theme.

The climax was reached in the case when Parson Riley's wife sent out modest little notes inviting about twenty matrons to take tea with her the next day. Then the jury let the main question pass while it resolved itself into committees of one, each of which began with almost frantic anxiety to look into the question of dress. Adaptation became the order of the day, for no time remained for new garments, even if Sweetwater could have furnished them. Twenty ladies drew out from their hiding-places twenty bonnets of varied shapes, ages, and designs; twenty ladies shook to the breeze the camphored folds of twenty bombazines, alpacas, and venerable silks; and twenty pairs of hands went to work with needles, thread, hot irons, stain-eradicators, and all the household help that could be mustered, to turn the water of ancient respectability into the wine of modern style as outlined in stray magazines and described by the occasional town visitor.

So it was, then, that when Sweetwater, as very properly represented by its leading ladies, assembled in Parson Riley's modest little parlor and gazed upon itself in all its glory, a somewhat satisfied air settled over it. Poor faded little Mrs. Brown in her dingy alpaca, which everybody knew she bought nine years before

with money awarded her at the county fair for preserves and pickles, and had turned and re-turned until it was equally worn all over, smiled placidly upon Mrs. Bailey's watered silk that she wore when she was a bride, and upon the bombazine gown that Mrs. Buckner inherited from her mother, and felt thoroughly comfortable. And Mrs. Buckner's little straw bonnet, that had been in fashion twice in the fifteen years of its service, rested easy upon her own artificial knot of hair when she beheld Mrs. Culpepper's Leghorn flare-front head-gear, and noted the corkscrew iron-gray curls pinned around the severe brow of Colonel Ledbetter's wife just as they had been on state occasions for twenty years.

This feeling of comfort was greatly strengthened by the fact that Parson Riley's wife wore a plain dark close-fitting gown of some flexible material without ornamentation, and that her hair was brushed back without any attempt at the fashionable arrangements they feared would crush them. Then the little lady moved about among them with her sweetest smiles, and the nicest tea, and a little notice for each of her guests. She had observed what an "elegant young woman" was Mrs. Buckner's Samathy, just back from Wesleyan College in Macon; and Mrs. Brown's son Tom was "handsome enough to be governor." As for Mrs. Culpepper's baby, why, it was "just too lovely for anything." She captured a very large-hearted woman entirely when she whispered to Mrs. Bailey that her husband was the finest-looking man she had seen in Sweetwater,—"excepting my Phil, you know," she added. And this loyalty only sank the compliment deeper. Then she hurried off for a pencil, and begged Mrs. Colonel Ledbetter to give her her recipe for making the scuppernong wine she had heard so much praised, and she laid her book in the dear old lady's lap and wrote it as dictated. In an hour Parson Riley's wife was by unanimous consent established at the head of Sweetwater, and could afford to take the company in to see her lace curtains, baby and baby dresses, and all the little bric-à-brac that had been showered upon her as a bride,—without awakening a single jealous feeling.

But a storm was brewing, and its first mutterings were heard when Mrs. Culpepper thoughtlessly mentioned "Sister Todhunter."

"Sister Todhunter?" said Parson Riley's wife, looking from one to the other, a puzzled



"I WANT TO SPEAK ABOUT MRS. TODHUNTER."

expression shadowing her pretty face ; " have I met Sister Todhunter ? Dear me, can I have made a mistake after all ? " She had tried so hard to please everybody, and here was trouble at the first move.

" No, my dear," said Mrs. Culpepper promptly ; " it was I who made the mistake." But poor Mrs. Riley noted the ominous look upon the faces of several and the glances they exchanged.

" I am sure," she said earnestly, " I would have been glad to have had Sister Todhunter if I had known in time. Does she live in the village ? "

" No, dear," said Mrs. Colonel Ledbetter ; " she is a disagreeable old thing who lives out on her farm about a mile from here. You haven't lost anything by not knowing her." Mrs. Ledbetter was a power in the land, and her iron-gray curls shook in a dangerous and threatening manner as she declared herself. " She is sometimes pleasant, to be sure, but if it wasn't for her husband, poor man, who married her out of pity, although she was only a ' cracker ' and he a man of education and standing, she wouldn't be noticed."

" I think," said poor faded little Mrs. Brown meekly, " that Sister Todhunter has a good

heart, and I'm sure she always treated me kindly."

"And who wouldn't?" interposed Mrs. Culpepper, laughing. "You see some good in everybody, Sallie, and everybody sees some in you. But as for Sister Todhunter, she is better at long range."

Presently there was a movement among the ladies, and soon Parson Riley's wife, the recipient of twenty kisses and as many warm handshakes, was left alone with her empty cups and the memory of Sister Todhunter.

## II.

WHEN Parson Riley heard the description of his wife's tea-party from her own lips, told with many a smile and an occasional sigh, his first resolution was to call upon Colonel Todhunter and his wife. So it was that early next morning he saddled his patient mare and ambled out to the Todhunter farm.

As Parson Riley approached the little cottage, he saw sitting on the steps a man with his chin in his hands. The first thing that impressed him was the air of extreme dejection about the individual, an air that had become more marked after he had dismounted and advanced toward the house. Rousing himself from his reveries, the individual rose slowly and fixed a pair of tired, watery blue eyes upon the parson. The clothes he wore were broad-cloth, but they were faded now, and stained down the front with tobacco juice; and they shone with a polish evidently acquired, like good manners, through long wear.

"This is Colonel Todhunter, I believe," said the visitor, holding out his hand. "I am the Rev. Mr. Riley." The gentleman in the polished suit held the proffered hand as he replied, in a singularly low and sweet voice:

"You're the new parson, I reckon. You will have to speak louder; I am a little deaf."

"Yes," said the parson, elevating his voice. "How is your family?"

"What did you say?" inquired the low, musical voice, while the blue eyes brightened a little.

"How is your family?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Come in and set down." He led the way slowly, with a slight limp, toward the little porch. As they ascended the steps Parson Riley caught sight of the figure of an enormous woman in a calico dress and a white apron, that loomed up in the doorway. She carried in her hand a broom; and a broad, square, almost fierce face with small black eyes was turned upon him.

"'Mandy,'" said the colonel gently, "this is the new parson." "The new parson"

stepped forward quickly and extended his hand.

"My dear madam, I am glad to meet you," he said, a smile kindling on his handsome face. She looked at him suspiciously, gave him her left hand, and said:

"Howdy!"

"I hope you are well, madam?"

"Toler'ble," she replied. And then she turned her back and moved off with an elephantine amble.

"So this is Sister Todhunter," thought Parson Riley. "Well, I shall have trouble here."

The men sat down, and the conversation began. Colonel Todhunter proved to be courtly, almost womanly, in his manners, but his few opinions were ventured with a diffidence most painful, and the parson was glad when the time came to say good-day. He was about to mount his mare again when the colonel, who had followed him out, touched his arm.

"I want to speak to you on a private matter," he said softly. "Suppose we walk a little." So arm and arm they moved off. "I want to speak about Mrs. Todhunter," said the gentle voice again. "To tell you the truth, Parson, I am leading a life here that is almost unbearable, and I think you can help me."

"Mrs. Todhunter is a violent woman, Parson,—I use the term advisedly; she is a violent woman, and unless I can bring about a marked change in her character, I do not know what I shall do. She uses language toward me that is altogether unchristian-like and unbecoming. And worse; when she gets one of her spells upon her, she assaults me with anything nearest at hand. Only this morning I received several blows from her broom that have nearly lamed me. Parson,—they had reached the friendly shelter of the barn by this time, and the colonel straightened up a little, while his eyes actually glittered,—"I am tired of this dog's life, and I want your assistance. I think if Mrs. Todhunter is formally reported to the church, and humiliated, it will bring about a change." Parson Riley's face showed his surprise, and the colonel added at once, "I have had this in mind a long time, and once I brought the matter to the mind of Parson Thompson, who preceded you,—a worthy man, but timid. He would not move in the matter. Now, will you?" Parson Riley was young and combative.

"I will," he said promptly.

"What?" The deaf man placed his hand to his ear.

"I will," shouted the parson. "Sister Todhunter shall be disciplined." The colonel looked pleased.

"I was a church-member myself once," he said softly, "but this eternal quarrel drove me out. I could not break bread feeling as I do toward Mrs. Todhunter." His chin trembled. He filled his cheeks with wind and blew it out under the pressure of his emotion. "You cannot imagine to what an extent this persecution has gone. Why, sir, there have been times when I considered my life in danger. I am not a dissipated man," he continued, resting his blue-veined hand upon the parson's shoulder and turning the blue eyes earnestly upon him, "but of course I take a julep now and then,—you understand; habits of an old-time Georgia gentleman,—and sometimes I have taken too much. I admit that Mrs. Todhunter has had some provocation in that direction, but not enough, Parson, to justify her in regarding me as a dog." His breast heaved convulsively.

"A woman," said the young man firmly, touched by the pathos and emotion of his dignified companion, "has no right to strike her husband except in the defense of her life."

"Hey?" Colonel Todhunter cupped his left ear deftly with the transparent hand.

"I say a woman has no right to strike her husband —"

"Why, bless your soul, Parson, that's a small matter, a very small matter indeed!" A sad smile flitted across the lips of the speaker. "A very small matter." He fixed his eyes upon his companion with a sudden resolution. "Why, do you know, Mrs. Todhunter came near smothering me, only last week?"

"Smothering?"

"Hey?"

"Came near smothering you?"

"Yes, sir. To tell the truth, Parson, I was a little mixed,—had taken a little too much, you understand. Had been camping out a week down at Bloomley's mill with Colonel Ledbetter and others, fishing, and drank a little too much. Unfortunatly I came home a little under the influence of stimulants, and found Mrs. Todhunter on fire about the cotton being in the grass. As I was preparing to lie down, being also ill, Mrs. Todhunter, with her superior strength and weight, forced me between the mattresses and sat down on me. And there she sat, Parson, three hundred pounds, and it a July day, and knitted all the afternoon. 'I'll sweat that whisky out er you,' she says; and she did. The perspiration that exuded from my pores soaked through the mattress and dripped on the floor. I do not know how I lived through it." He drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead, to which the memory of his sufferings had actually brought the moisture. "When

will you move in the matter?" he asked more cheerfully.

"At once."

"Hey?"

"At once. I'll have her up next Sunday —"

Parson Riley paused. The vast presence of Sister Todhunter had passed around the corner of the barn. There was a painful silence of about two seconds, and then her voice arose.

"So," she said loudly, with her eye on the colonel, who started as though shot, "so! *This is your game, is it? tellin' lies on your wife to every stranger that comes along. I'll teach you better manners, if I have to break every bone in yer soft, cowardly body.*" She made a rush at her offending lord, which he easily and promptly avoided by stepping briskly away, leaving his late companion to hold the field as best he might.

"Madam," said Parson Riley, raising his hand as if about to ask a benediction,—"I beseech you to remember that this gentleman is your husband and that you are a member of my church —"

"What have you got to do with hit, you little chick'n-eatin' thing you?" She had turned upon him with war in her eye and war in her whole make-up generally. "A pretty sort er parson you air, ain't yer, hangin' roun' decent women's houses list'nin' ter lies an' slanders. Oh, I know what he wants; he wants ter git me up 'fore Moun' Zion Church. He tried hit on ole Thompson, but *he* daresn't move er peg. I tolle him, an' I tell you, ef they have me up 'fore Moun' Zion, hit'll be er bad day fur Moun' Zion." She shook her clinched fist at him.

Parson Riley was half Irish, a little Welsh, and the rest American. Besides, he was young and inexperienced.

"Your case will be up next Sunday morning. You can come or not, as you please." He said this with a somewhat unclerical but very natural emphasis, and, turning on his heels, left the spot. The last words he heard were, "I ain't 'feard o' you ner all the Moun' Zions in the world."

As Parson Riley mounted his mare, Colonel Todhunter crawled through the hedge a few yards off, looked cautiously around, secured his pipe from the porch, and went back silently the way he came. A smile forced itself upon the lips of the young preacher, and a little farther down the road he laughed outright.

### III.

SUNDAY morning brought an enormous crowd to Mount Zion Church, as the village

edifice was called. This was natural, as on that day the Presiding Elder was to deliver a sermon, and a visit from the Presiding Elder of the district always drew a crowd. But the fact noised about throughout the land, that Sister Todhunter had been summoned and was to be tried, also operated powerfully as an assembling factor, and many people who had long neglected their church duties put in an appearance. Farmers for miles around came bringing their wives and daughters in their wagons. Young men in buggies with their sweethearts were numerous, and the grove about the church was full of vehicles and "tied-out stock" when service time arrived.

About ten o'clock a sudden movement around the doorway indicated that preaching was about to begin, and the congregation filed slowly within, the men to the left, the women to the right. Parson Riley, sitting in the pulpit with the portly form of Elder Hamlin beside him, watched with an abiding interest the faces of the comers. When the last was in and settled, he heaved a deep sigh of relief,—Sister Todhunter was not present; she was going to remain at home and let the trial go by default.

He did not know Sister Todhunter!

Elder Hamlin at last arose, his red countenance glowing like a beacon above the sea of faces, and in a voice like a trumpet's opened the meeting with prayer. He asked Divine blessing upon Mount Zion, Sweetwater, and the remainder of the world, invoking a helping hand for "the b-r-r-r-a-v-e young soldier of the cross" who had "come among these people to battle for the right," and upon "the young woman, just buddin' into matoority," who had "come to share his trials and minister with him." His prayer concluded with an appeal in behalf of the erring sister whose wrong-doings they were about to consider.

"May she be led to see the error of her way," he said, "an' turn her feet into the strait an' narrow path." And he thanked the Lord for the assurance given in those lines which declare that

"while the lamp holds out to burn  
The viles' sinner may return."

Elder Hamlin ceased, and amid the shuffling of feet that followed the deep "Amen" which rolled from the prompt "Amen corner" back into the dilatory recess beyond the last post, the congregation resumed their seats. Then Parson Riley stepped forward, and in the clear debating-society tones his wife loved so well, read the opening hymn:

"From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand."

Elder Buckner stood up in advance of the congregation and raised the tune in a strong baritone that at once sprang out boldly and challenged the whole assembly. He was instantly pursued and overtaken by Mrs. Culpepper's soprano, and Mrs. Buckner's sweet contralto soon found an entering place. After her came the deep bumble-bee bass of Colonel Ledbetter, who adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses as he came in. This was the customary opening. No one in Sweetwater would have dreamed of invading the melody with any sort of a voice until Elder Buckner, Mrs. Culpepper, Mrs. Buckner, and Colonel Ledbetter had obtained a fair start. Any one so imprudent would have drawn the attention of the whole congregation upon himself. But the quartette well under way, everybody was at liberty to rush in; and so on this occasion, soon, borne aloft by the united voices of the entire congregation, the grand old melody sailed out and swept far away down the pine aisles into the peaceful Sabbath heart of the woodlands.

The last tone died away—as usual it was the deep hum of Colonel Ledbetter's bass, which refused to be quieted for a while. Then the congregation sank into their seats, and Elder Hamlin stood up and delivered a powerful sermon upon the wife and her true position.

Then came the long-looked-for moment.

Parson Riley had descended from the pulpit to state the business of the hour, which every one awaited with feverish impatience, when a form filled the doorway, and Sister Todhunter, in holiday attire of red silk, black lace, and a great flower laden flare-front bonnet, stood before him. As by instinct everybody knew she was there, and every head save one was turned toward her. She paused long enough to survey the crowd contemptuously, then with a great waddle she marched up the aisle, took a chair out from under little Major Brown almost before he could vacate it, placed its back against the pulpit, and sat down.

"Now," she said, looking at Parson Riley while she adjusted the folds of her dress, "go on with yer lies; I'm ready." Parson Riley turned pale and then red. Some of the thoughtless young people snickered, and there was a general stir of expectation. Colonel Ledbetter, without unbending a particle of his enormous and ever-blooming dignity, looked at Major Brown and winked with both eyes. Brown put his hand over his mouth and coughed violently. But the parson soon rallied, and turning to the congregation said firmly:

"Brothers and sisters, for such you are in the holy union of the church, and I trust soon to say in the affection born of joint and

self-sacrificing labors, I have a painful duty to perform this morning, one that I fain would avoid, but ——"

"Oh, shucks, say what yer got ter say and don't palaver so much." This, of course, came from Sister Todhunter. He paused a second for the new sensation to subside, and without looking at her he continued:

"It is a duty, and of such there can be no avoidance without guilt."

"Very pretty. B'en all the week er learnin' hit?"

"I am called upon to present to you this morning an erring sister," he continued, linking his hands together and bowing them before him palms downward while he rocked back upon his heels and brought his toes to the ground again, "who, not satisfied with violating at home the proprieties of the domestic circle and the commands and precepts of the Scriptures, has come into the house of the Lord defiant and rebellious, with sneers upon her lips and contempt for his minister and his people in her heart. The evidence of this latter is before you; of the former, her husband, a gentleman whom you all know, will speak."

Colonel Todhunter was sitting on the front seat at the elbow of Parson Riley, his chin upon his shirt-front, and deep dejection written in every line of his face. There was also a pallor there. He was probably the only person in the church who had not seen or heard his wife enter. The parson was forced to rouse him with a touch.

"Get up, Colonel," he said, "and state your case."

"Hey?" The parson motioned to a spot in front and then to the sea of expectant faces turned toward him. He understood, and sidled along with his white face to the crowd, his blue eyes searching every bench, until he reached the place indicated; then he folded his poor white hands together and drew a long breath of relief: Sister Todhunter was not in sight. He opened his mouth to speak, when an event occurred that threw the crowd present into the most intense excitement. In moving to the front Colonel Todhunter came within four or five feet of his wife, to whom his back was half turned. He had just satisfied himself that he was secure, and had said "I," when Sister Todhunter leaned forward, extended her crooked-handled umbrella its full length, deftly hooked it in the collar of her husband's coat, and with one jerk landed him backward and head-first into her lap. So sudden was the act, so utterly unexpected, that everybody for an instant paused and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment. Then those in the rear tumbled over each other for better positions, and big Elder Hamlin rushed to the

colonel's assistance. The angry woman met the rescuer with such energy that his alarmed neighbors were compelled to lead him outside and pour water on his head.

In the mean time Major Brown, Colonel Ledbetter, Elder Buckner, Mr. Culpepper, and others were struggling to release Colonel Todhunter, whose convulsive play of legs and awful expression of face indicated approaching dissolution. The united strength of six men was sufficient at last to effect this, and the colonel, all breathless, arose.

"Are you hurt much, Colonel?" shouted good Mrs. Buckner, who had crowded to the front. With one hand on his head and the other struggling for his handkerchief, which was in the wrong coat-tail pocket, and with tears rolling down his cheeks, he replied softly:

"I had only a little hair left, gray hair, madam; I fear she has pulled that out too."

The hubbub was indescribable, and everybody was crowding to the front. Parson Riley waved them back.

"Sit down," he shouted. "We can't do anything so long as you stand up!" All dropped back into their seats, except about a dozen of the most trustworthy and dignified churchmen around the refractory sister, who with a strong grip on the edge of her chair was holding her position, while she talked to the men nearest her.

"You think yerself mighty smart, don't yer?" she said, catching Parson Riley's eye. "An' yer wife — my! ain't she stuck up, with her lace curtains an' tea-parties! Too proud ter invite *me*, but not too proud ter invite old Jane Gramby, whose boy stole a mule." There was a shriek in the audience, and Mr. Gramby, standing near, hurried to his wife.

"An' there's Tom Culpepper. *He's* er pretty nice one to be settin' hisself up fur er church-cleaner. I saw him pass my house so drunk las' week he didn't know if he was goin' home er comin' back." Again the thoughtless giggled. Tom Culpepper's habits were certainly unfortunate.

"An' there's Brother Spikes. *He's* er good han' ter weed out er church, ain't he? An' his cotton in the grass so bad that yer can't see hit from the road." Again a subdued applause from the great audience.

"This is simply outrageous," said Brother Spikes to Mr. John Edgerly hotly; "that woman ought to be ducked."

"Ought she, indeed!" said Sister Todhunter, catching the remark. "Then you better git John Edgerly ter help you. His gra'ma was ducked for tattlin', en I reckon he'll know how ter go about hit." This terrible dig drew all eyes upon Edgerly, and he turned as red as a turkey-comb.

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"ANOTHER FIERCE STRUGGLE ENSUED AT THE WAGON."

"Madam," said Colonel Ledbetter, advancing to a prominent position in all the dignity and confidence of his high standing in Sweetwater, "I trust you will let your old friend advise you."

"When did you come ter be my old friend?" she replied with terrible sarcasm. "Was hit when yer charged me twelve per cent. for the loan of er hundred dollars, or was hit when you made me pay for er hundred bushels of corn because my mule et five?" Taking his hat and cane, the colonel walked outside and sat down on a stump.

"Gentlemen," said Parson Riley suddenly,

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seeing his force rapidly falling away, "the only thing to do is to carry her out and send her home. If you will all take hold we can carry her out quickly." The men were ready for any escape from the merciless lashing the woman was giving them. With a rush they seized her, chair and all, she fighting desperately, and bore her outside. After a brief rest, during which the assaulting party repaired damages, they lifted her again and made for the wagon. The rail fence furnished her a hold when they tried to lift her over, and it became necessary to take it down. Then another fierce struggle ensued at the wagon. Finding herself overmatched,



"ELDER HAMLIN OVERBOARD."

Sister Todhunter gave vent to a shrill scream that brought Colonel Todhunter to her side in repentance and alarm. He attempted to soothe her, but she was no sooner lifted into the wagon than she kicked the dash-board off and seized him by the ear. It took the efforts of the crowd again to release him. Elder Hamlin, who had recovered his wind and rallied, here climbed into the wagon with the others to help hold her, while the rest hitched up her mules. Then, led by Billy, her ten-year-old son, who had watched the proceedings in sullen silence, the strange load moved off, a delegation accompanying it to keep things straight. As they crossed the creek, Sister Todhunter by a sudden movement managed to throw Elder Hamlin overboard. He stood up in the water and swore a great round oath that horrified everybody. But Sister Todhunter laughed hysterically.

"Put him out, put him out er Moun' Zion too! Don't yer hear him er cussin' back there?" Elder Hamlin had retired to the bank, and was denouncing the whole race of obstreperous women, but not swearing. His one oath was confessed in open meeting afterward, and willingly forgiven.

This, however, was Sister Todhunter's last effort. She was seized with a collapse on reaching home, and begged to be placed on the grass. There sitting, she declared that death was near, and begged them to leave her. Her husband came up and ministered to her, and she was heard to ask Billy to lead her to the well, as she wanted to jump in and end her misery; and Billy told her he wished she would. Then the committee returned. It transpired afterward that Sister Todhunter rallied enough to go into the house, and, in a sudden return of her passion, slammed the door on the neck of Colonel Todhunter, who incautiously looked in, and held him a prisoner until a mutual understanding was effected. As may be well understood, the terms were not liberal for Colonel Todhunter.

## IV.

Of course Sister Todhunter was summarily expelled from the church. The affair furnished Sweetwater with a sensation for several weeks, but by and by it grew to be an old topic, and Sister Todhunter could venture into town upon her shopping without attracting universal attention and comment. She was a cash customer, a fact that helped wonderfully to gain her defenders, and, besides, many people regarded her as victorious in the church fight, and enjoyed the way she laid about her. But there was no friendship between the female side of Sweetwater and Sister Todhunter. She had talked too plainly.

READER, did you ever see a baby fade away without apparent cause, baffling the oldest physicians and wringing the very life from its mother, hour by hour, day by day? — watch its poor little face grow old and pinched, and its great eyes grow brighter until they seemed

to burn like candle-flames in the empty sockets? So faded the little babe that nestled in the depths of its soft nest when the parson's wife showed the assembled matrons of Sweetwater her laces and curtains in the shadowed room back of the parlor. Day by day the mother sat in her low rocker, her tender eyes upon the wasting form, a fever in her own brain, and a weight upon her heart that had driven out every tear-drop and left her powerless to weep. By day and by night she sat there, bathing the babe in the dry grief of despair. The little frame lay bared before her—legs of a thimble's thickness, with the skin crumpled upon them, arms that were the arms of a doll, and hands that scarce checked the light that fell upon them when the mother lifted them again and again in her mute despair.

The doctor had yielded up hope: save one or two, the neighbors, worn out, had withdrawn; and to-day, the day of which I write, the mother sat waiting for the rustle of the angel's wing.

As there she sat, suddenly the doorway was darkened, and Sister Todhunter from the mountain of her awful presence looked down upon the scene.

"Why hain't you sent fur me?" she said bluffly. Parson Riley's wife looked up and then back again. She did not comprehend that she was addressed. Sister Todhunter looked at the baby. Then she ran her hands under it gently and raised it, pillow and all. 'Twas but a feather's weight. The mother yielded meekly, and fastened her eyes anxiously upon the great rescuer who had arrived.

"Is there any hope?" she asked humbly.

"Hope?" Sister Todhunter gave her a look of scorn. "I should say so! I've seen many er sicker kitten 'n this git well. Go git me some mullein."

"Mullein?"

"Yes, mullein. Don't yer know mullein when you see hit?" Parson Riley's wife shook her head sadly.

"I have never seen any," she said.

"Well, go an' tell the cook ter bring me some. Lord, what sorter women will the nex' set be! Never seen mullein!" But the mother was gone, and the lady who had been keeping her company turned up her nose and silently followed her. The cook had heard of mullein, fortunately, which grows wild in all Georgia, and soon appeared with some.

"So," said Sister Todhunter contentedly when she saw it. "Now go make some strong tea outer hit. Make hit with milk." The cook hurried away. Everybody seemed to gain life when Sister Todhunter took command.

The tea soon arrived, and the new nurse administered a couple of teaspoonfuls.

"He can't retain anything a moment," said the mother; "it is no use to torture him any more."

"Will yer hush?" Sister Todhunter almost shouted the question. "Don't yer reck'n I've seen er sick baby 'fore now?"

Parson Riley's wife "hushed" and became a mute observer. The child retained the food, and presently Sister Todhunter gave it more. The second time its eyes were fixed upon the cup, and its little lips were feebly raised to meet it. It drank half a cupful, then turned its face on Sister Todhunter's broad knee and slept. Seeing this, a great hope grew in its mother's heart and peered like an imprisoned spirit through her anxious eyes. Metaphorically she began to lean upon the vast figure by her side, which seemed so confident and resourceful.

"Lay down," said Sister Todhunter bluntly, looking up into the face fixed so hungrily upon



"THE TERMS WERE NOT LIBERAL FOR COLONEL TODHUNTER."

hers. The young woman's eyes grew wistful and beseeching.

"I can't sleep," she said, "and my baby dying." Sister Todhunter gave her a peculiar look.

"Of all the fools!" she began, then changed her mind. "Lay down right there on the bed



"I'VE SEEN MANY ER SICKER KITTEN 'N THIS GIT WELL."

an' watch me. The baby ain't er dyin'." And moved by some strange power, the mother obeyed.

The baby slept. One, two, three, four hours passed. Then it waked. The warm mullein and milk was ready, and it drank again. Again it slept. And the mother lying there silently drifted away into dreamland too, for the first time in many days, and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Thus Parson Riley found them in the almost soundless twilight, when, hurrying back from the deathbed of a distant friend who had sent for him, he tiptoed into the room. If he had been confronted with Beelzebub himself, he could not have been more astonished. He gazed upon the sleeping wife and burly

nurse in whose broad lap slumbered the little one he loved better than life, but whom, as he rode homeward through the lonely pine-lands, he had yielded up to its Maker. His face flushed. The woman raised one hand, swept a glance over the two sleepers, and then motioned to the door. Parson Riley bent his head and noiselessly passed out. He stood among the jasmines at his gate, with his pale face turned up to the blue sky which seemed so near him there, making no sound; and it seemed to him as he waited that a mystery was unfurled about him, and he grew and broadened under its touch.

Still the suns glided by, but the child lived — lived and grew strong. One day Colonel Todhunter drove the mules up to the front

door and halted them. Sister Todhunter placed the infant in its mother's lap and said:

"Keep him on mullein and milk a while longer. He's all right now.—Shet up!" she added, seeing the mother's eyes fill with tears and her bosom heave; "an' if yer need me, sen' down."

"You saved my child," sobbed Parson Riley's wife, "and I'll pray for you always."

"Me saved him! That's er pretty thing fur er preacher's wife ter say! The Lord did it, chile,—the Lord and his mullein tea." She nearly crushed the life out of Parson Riley in her hurry to get out.

"Madam," he began, seizing one of her hands.

"Shet up!" she replied, snatching it away. He looked at her beseechingly.

"Won't you let me thank you?" he said; "and—won't you let me say something about that other matter?"

She laughed. "Not now, Parson. I'm goin' home, an' the Lord knows how I will find things there, fur 'twixt Billy and Mr. Todhunter the chances fur ther goin' wrong is the

bes' in the worl'. But, Parson, you *can* study on supp'n. When yer go ter turn ernothe woman out of er church, don't yer go ter the neighbors fur her character, nor ter her husban', if he happens ter be a triflin' kind er man; but come straight to headquarters. Trouble and worry sometimes sorter crusts over er woman's heart, so that ev'ybody can't see hit, Parson, but hit's there all the same." She got upon the block and clambered into the wagon, where in deafness sat her liege lord. "Good-bye, Parson," she said, as they drove off. "I'm glad ther baby's mendin'. Keep him on mullein tea." The parson lifted his hat.

"God bless you, madam," he said tearfully. He watched them as they rolled down the lane. The wheel struck a stump.

"Did anybody ever see sech er man?" he heard her shout. "Gimme them lines!" He saw the colonel rock violently as the reins were wrenched out of his hands, and then he saw his patient little hairless head with its broad ears settle down between his shoulders again. Presently a turn in the road hid them from sight.

H. S. Edwards.

## POEMS BY E. R. SILL.

### THE REFORMER.

BEFORE the monstrous wrong he sets him down—  
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.  
For centuries those walls have been a-building;  
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass  
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,  
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.  
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts  
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.  
Let him lie down and die: what is the right,  
And where is justice, in a world like this?

But by and by, earth shakes herself, impatient;  
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash  
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.  
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier  
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

### DESIRE OF SLEEP.

IT is not death I mean,  
Nor even forgetfulness,  
But healthful human sleep,  
Dreamless, and still, and deep,  
Where I would hide and glean  
Some heavenly balm to bless.

I would not die; I long  
To live, to see my days  
Bud once again, and bloom,  
And make amidst them room  
For thoughts like birds of song,  
Out-winging happy ways.

I would not even forget:  
Only, a little while—  
Just now—I cannot bear  
Remembrance with despair;  
The years are coming yet  
When I shall look, and smile.

Not now—oh, not to-night!  
Too clear on midnight's deep  
Come voice and hand and touch;  
The heart aches overmuch—  
Hush sounds! shut out the light!  
A little I *must* sleep.

## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XXIII.



WHILE Mr. Crisman was engaged in setting up Miss Stull's sketching umbrella, that young lady looked upon him with much more

interest than she regarded the work which he was doing for her. He was certainly a handsome young man, and in some respects pleased her better than did Mr. Stratford. Mr. Crisman, too, proved fully equal to the exigencies of this chance meeting. He was naturally chatty and sociable, and having become intensely bored during his companionless stay at the Cherry Bridge tavern, he was delighted at this legitimate opportunity of assisting and of talking to a very pretty young lady. He did not hesitate to ask questions or to offer suggestions in regard to the sketching business, and in her answers to these Miss Matilda managed, with much deftness, to inform him who she was and where she lived, and also to make him aware that she knew who he was.

Crisman delayed his walk, and watched the sketching for some time, but at last he took up his rod. He asked her if she was coming again to this place to sketch, and she answered :

"Of course, if I do not finish this to-day I must work on it to-morrow."

When she came again on the morrow, she found Mr. Crisman there.

"I thought I would come over," he said, "and see how you were getting along with the picture." And that was all the reason or pretense he deemed it necessary to give for his presence.

Miss Stull liked this. It showed there was no nonsense about the young man; and she greeted him very pleasantly. Although she had known him but such a very short time, and although their introduction consisted of nothing but the words she herself had spoken concerning their respective identities, Mr. Crisman possessed the present qualification which in her eyes raised him above all other young men in the world: he was there.

He staid with her a full hour, during which

the drawing made little progress, but the acquaintanceship made much. John People was a simple-minded young man, while Mr. Crisman was, in many ways, extremely sharp-witted; yet Miss Matilda drew from the latter twenty times more information in regard to the persons of their mutual knowledge than she had ever been able to extract from the former. They barely mentioned Gay, for Mr. Crisman did not wish to talk about her, and Miss Stull did not think it wise to do so; but they discussed Mrs. Justin and Mr. Stratford very thoroughly, and when Mr. Crisman had finished his analysis of the character of the gentleman, Miss Stull began to perceive how very kind chance had been in sending her the fisherman she did not expect instead of the one she had been looking for.

Mr. Crisman then proceeded to give his companion a pretty good account of himself; and as this was a subject it always pleased him to talk of, he dwelt upon it to a considerable extent. He omitted all allusion to the original cause of his visits to this neighborhood, contenting himself with stating that he was at present staying here to fish and shoot,—that is, if he could ever find anything to shoot,—and that in a few days he was going on a yachting expedition, which would fill up the remainder of his vacation.

Mr. Crisman walked home with Miss Stull, carried her stool and her umbrella, went into the house, and was presented to her mother as a friend of Mrs. Justin. There was something extremely frank and straightforward in the conduct of Mr. Crisman. There seemed to him nothing strained or unusual in his making the acquaintance of the Stull family in this informal manner, and he showed a readiness to enter into any intimate social relations to which he might be invited. Mrs. Stull liked the absence of that stiffness which she often noticed in the society which her husband compelled her to enter, and, altogether, these three persons, each of whom was beginning to feel somewhat lonely in this country neighborhood, were very well satisfied with the new acquaintanceship.

Miss Stull sat by herself that evening, after her mother had gone to bed, and seriously pondered upon Mr. Crisman. She knew better

than any one who merely looked upon her, that not only were the months and years passing by her, but that a very good proportion of them had already passed, and that the period had arrived when she should begin to think seriously of some young man or other. As far as she could judge, Mr. Crisman fulfilled all her requirements. Personally he was entirely satisfactory, and, although she did not suppose he was rich, he had told her he was in a very good business, and she felt sure of this, for otherwise, in her opinion, the engagement of Gay Armatt would never have been allowed. In fact, this engagement was a strong recommendation to Miss Stull. It was as though his preliminary examinations had been passed, and she might therefore take him at a much more advanced stage of friendship than a person who had not thus been proved. That the engagement had been broken off did not trouble her at all. From what she had seen, she attributed it entirely to Mr. Stratford's agency, and if the girl preferred to marry that man instead of Mr. Crisman, she, Miss Matilda, was quite satisfied.

That her father would approve of Crisman she was not at all sure, but then her father disapproved of so many things it would not do to consider him always. If she should become engaged to this gentleman, she herself would see to it that the marriage took place at the proper time; and as she saw no good reason for any objection on the part of her parent, she felt quite sure that the name of J. Weatherby Stull would be signed to such checks as might be needed at the beginning of housekeeping. As to the future, Miss Matilda was very hopeful. She was the principal child of the family, and she did not believe that her father would dare to divert permanently from her any portion of her rightful share in his property.

Having thought over this matter for nearly two hours, she determined, unless subsequently she saw some reason for changing her mind, that she would marry Mr. Crisman, and that she must lose no time in making very good use of her present exceptional opportunities.

During the next few days, several admirable methods for enjoying the scenery and the air of the country about Cherry Bridge were suggested by Mr. Crisman. He believed these to be original suggestions, not perceiving that they were produced by the adroit and quiet working of Miss Matilda's mind upon his own. There was nothing accidental about these walks and drives; Mr. Crisman came boldly to Mrs. Stull's residence, and boldly stated what he came to propose.

Miss Stull found that the remaining days of Mr. Crisman's vacation were not sufficient for

the completion of her work, and she resolved to extend his stay at Cherry Bridge. For the day on which he was to join his yachting friends she proposed an excursion to a somewhat distant point of interest which she would never see unless she had some one like Mr. Crisman to accompany her. At first he declared that it was impossible for him to go on this excursion, but subsequently telegraphed to his friends requesting them to postpone for a day their start for the yacht trip. On his return from his drive with Miss Stull he found a telegram informing him that wind, tide, and friends with limited time wait for no man, and that the yachting party had sailed.

Now there was no reason why Mr. Crisman should not spend the rest of his vacation at Cherry Bridge; and there he spent it, and for the greater part of the time in the society of Miss Stull. On his side Mr. Crisman had no serious thoughts in connection with this very pleasant companionship. He enjoyed it, but he never expected anything to come of it. He expected to marry Gay Armatt, and would not have been surprised at any time to receive a note from Mrs. Justin stating that it would be in the interest of all parties if he should call at her house and see Gay, who was beginning to look at the matter in dispute between them in a different light from that in which she had first regarded it. He had not the slightest idea of making any conciliatory propositions himself; his nature was too obstinate for this; and he believed, besides, that anything in the way of "knuckling down" on his part would be injurious as a precedent to the matrimonial relations he proposed to establish. He was very willing that the people at the Justin house should see that he was not pining away on account of the rupture of the engagement, and that he did not even have to leave Cherry Bridge in order to find agreeable companionship.

And thus he wound his merry way among the subtle threads which Miss Matilda spread about him, sometimes breaking away in this direction or that, imagining the while that he was as free as a bird in the air, but carrying with him, all unknown to himself, attachments strong enough to bring him back whenever Miss Matilda wished to draw him to her. As his holidays approached their close, the lady dexterously tightened and strengthened his bonds, until one day he found himself so enwrapped and secured that he could not fly, nor run, nor walk, save at the will of his captor; he was so skillfully bound, in fact, that he could not even wish to flutter. He was engaged to be married to Miss Matilda Stull.

When he discovered this fact, it was natural that Mr. Crisman should experience some sudden emotions; one of these was an emotion of

vanity: how quickly had he conquered this fine girl! He could not but think of what so lately had been,—Miss Matilda could not prevent that backward glance of his eyes,—but the thoughts of what had been were overpowered by the thoughts of what existed now. All those fond feelings towards Gay which had been cooled and hardened by his jealousy and his anger, Miss Matilda had warmed into strong glow and directed towards herself. One thing very potent in preventing Crisman from looking backward was the remembrance that never had Gay given that value to his utterances which had been so earnestly accorded them by Matilda. That deft spinner had actually spun her web over his heart. He loved her. He felt that she exactly suited him, and paying no thought to peculiarity of circumstances nor to hastiness of action, he was proud and happy that he had won this girl.

When all this had been settled and these two were pledged to each other for life, Miss Matilda enjoined upon her lover strict secrecy for the present. Nothing was to be made public until the parties should meet in the city in the autumn, and then the lady would herself attend to the announcement of the engagement to her father. She felt quite sure she would be able to make him look upon the matter in a proper light; when this was done, all else would be easy. And then she allowed Mr. Crisman to depart.

Miss Stull's next move was to inform Gay Armatt, as soon as possible, of what had happened. This was not in accordance with the injunctions of secrecy which she had imposed upon Mr. Crisman, but she considered it a necessary step, and did not hesitate to make it. Until Gay had been positively assured that her lover had gone from her forever, Matilda could not feel safe.

Miss Matilda had not seen her young friend since she had met her in the buggy with Mr. Stratford. Mrs. Justin, having heard that Crisman was still in the neighborhood, said nothing about it to Gay, but endeavored to keep her, as much as possible, at home, in order that there might be no accidental and undesirable meeting. Stratford, too, thought it would be wise at this time to leave the trout streams and the woods to the supposed irate young man, and he paid a short visit to the sea-shore. About what Crisman might do or say, should he meet Stratford, the latter attempted to form no supposition; but he desired above all things to avoid scandal regarding Gay, and therefore went away.

Miss Matilda had noticed this state of affairs, and thought that matters had been managed very wisely; but now that Mr. Crisman had gone, there was no reason why

Miss Armatt should be kept any longer in seclusion and ignorance, and she determined to see her. It is true that Miss Stull did not owe the Justin house a visit, the debt being the other way. But in the country, she argued, social rules may sometimes be set aside; and happening to be driving that way, she stopped in to see Gay. It had been so long, she explained, since she had heard from her that she feared she might be ill. It was during this interview that Miss Matilda allowed Gay to suspect, and at last actually admitted to her, that she was engaged to Crisman.

"I did not intend, my dear," said Miss Stull, "to tell you this at present, but the secret has come out almost without my knowing it. This is a queer world, isn't it, dear? People pair off this way, and then they find they have made a mistake and they pair off that way. But, so long as we are all the happier for it, we ought to be very glad. And now, my dear Gay, I want you to understand that both you and Mrs. Justin owe us a visit—I'll be generous and won't count this—and if you don't pay it very soon you'll find us standing on our dignity. So now you see what you have to expect. Good-bye, and I'm very sorry Mrs. Justin is not at home."

Gay remained standing by the chair from which she had risen when her visitor took her leave. Since the actual confession, and while Miss Matilda spoke her few concluding words, Gay had not opened her lips; and now she remained struck by a heavy pain, the nature of which she did not understand. She had sent this man away, and she ought to have known him well enough to comprehend that he would not return; why, therefore, should she feel pain at what he had done? A man who could so quickly turn his affections upon another could not be worthy of her. Why, therefore, should she now feel pain? He had treated her as no man should treat a woman; she had declined to be longer engaged to him; and he had gone to another woman. Her pride, her reason, her womanly self-respect, stood by her to comfort and support her. But, in spite of all support and comfort, she did feel pain.

#### XXIV.

JOHN PEOPLE had been summoned by Mr. Stull to the city, the alterations at Vatoldi's having reached a stage where the daily supervision of the manager was necessary. In the course of a week or so, however, John contrived to arrange matters in such a way as to give himself two days in which to visit Cherry Bridge. He informed Mr. Stull that there were some affairs he wished to attend

to which the somewhat unexpected conclusion of his holiday had forced him to neglect. He did not say that this neglected business was a proposition of love to Mr. Stull's daughter, but such was the fact. John fully determined that before he left his native fields again he would boldly lay the state of his heart before Miss Stull, and find out how she regarded him.

For the first day after his arrival in the country John wandered over the fields, along the roads, and in every place where he thought it might be possible to encounter Miss Matilda accidentally. But, Mr. Crisman having recently left, that young lady had gladly given herself a rest from country strolling, and John met her not. A visit to her house naturally suggested itself to his mind, but this course was repugnant to him. In the first place, he thought if he went to the Stull house everybody would know what he went for, and that he could not endure. Then again, he could not be sure of seeing Miss Matilda alone in her home, and even if he had this good fortune, he felt that in a room or on a piazza he could not speak to her as freely and eloquently as if he were with her in the open fields.

On the second morning the pensive resignation on his brow deepened into positive trouble, for it now seemed quite probable to him that fate had decreed that he should visit Miss Matilda at her home. How he should do this, at what time he should go there, how he should demean himself, what primary reason he should give for his visit, were questions which greatly preyed upon his mind. Wandering slowly along the verdant banks of Cherry Creek, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld Miss Gay Armatt approaching him. Instantly there came into his mind a happy thought. He had met Miss Armatt several times, both at his uncle's house and at Mrs. Justin's, and, by his mother's report, he knew her to be a most kind and good young woman. "Now, why should she not help me?" was John's happy thought. "I don't mind telling her just what is the matter, and if she is as kind as they say she is, it will be easy enough for her to get Matilda to take a walk with her and so give me all the chance I want."

Having come up with the young lady, John took off his hat, bade her good-morning, and stopped. Gay raised her eyes towards him as she returned his salutation, and John thought that the lady probably did not feel very well. She was not looking her best. He made some inquiries about Mrs. Justin which had the effect of arresting Miss Armatt's steps; and then, finding that he could think of no other prefatory remarks, John perceived that it would be necessary for him to say immediately what he had to say.

"Excuse me, miss," said he, "for taking your time, but I want to ask you something, and I hope you are not in a hurry."

"I am in no hurry at all," said Gay. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

This question helped him very much. "Oh, yes, indeed," he said, "there is something you can do for me. It may seem very queer to you, Miss Armatt, for me to stand here and plump things out to you in this way; but the fact is there's no time to be lost, and what I don't do to-day can't be done at all; at least there is no likelihood of it. It will amaze you a good deal, I have no doubt, when you hear me say — and I must own that I'm amazed to hear myself say it out freely this way — that I am in love."

"In love!" exclaimed Miss Gay, and there came into her face a quick look which startled John. It seemed to him as though she might bound into the bushes and flee from his sight like a deer. Could it be possible that this young lady thought that he was about to make an amatory proposal to her?

"It is Miss Stull I'm in love with," said John quickly, "and I'm pretty sure I'll never get a chance to let her know it if somebody don't help me, and so I thought I'd ask you, thinking if you wouldn't do it for my sake, which would be natural enough, not knowing me very well, you might do it for my mother's, who looks on you and Mrs. Justin as her most valued neighbors."

It had been days since Gay had smiled, but she could not help smiling now. "I am always glad to do anything neighborly," said she, "but this seems very odd. Does your mother wish you to marry Miss Stull?"

"She just builds on it," answered John, "and I want you to know, Miss Armatt, that although this thing might look out of the way to any outside party, there's a good deal more reason for it than anybody except just two or three has any idea of. Miss Stull is the daughter of a rich man, and I am only the manager at Vatoldi's. But there are things that I can't tell you, but which will come out some day, that make matters a good deal more even between us than you would be likely to think. And I don't doubt, either, that old Stull will come round all right when the affair has been settled between me and his daughter, and has run on long enough to get seasoned."

"But what would you have me to do with it?" asked Gay.

"It's just this," said John: "This is the last day I have got to stay here, for I don't know how long, and I am bound to tell her before I sleep to-night. Now, I can't go to her house to tell her, Miss Armatt. Upon my word I can't! If I was to meet her mother or those

two young sisters, it would drive every word out of my mind. But on the green grass and under the blue sky I could tell her all I feel and think. And that is what I want to get a chance to do. Now, if you would ask her to take a walk with you this afternoon, and I was to fall in with you, and you'd think of some reason or other for being obliged to go home and leave us two there, then you'd be doing for me more than any woman on earth could do except Matilda herself, if she be so minded to say the word I want her to say."

Gay stood and looked upon the ground. This was all very unpleasant and embarrassing. Here was a young man whom she had heard of as a very good and deserving young man, who had been so unhappy as to fall in love with Matilda Stull. She did not thoroughly understand the relative social conditions of the two, but she knew that one was a rich young lady, and the other was the son of Mrs. People. These situations in life appeared quite incongruous to Gay, but she only thought of them in connection with her wonder that this love of the young man had ever been suffered to grow up. In regard to the present and important phase of the question, there was but one thing to think of, and that was that Miss Stull was already engaged.

And yet Gay could not say this to John People. She had not told Mrs. Justin, nor Mr. Stratford, nor any one, for it was not only the pledge of secrecy which prevented her from telling of this engagement; had she been free to speak, she could not have told any one that the man who but a few weeks before had been her lover had now promised to marry another woman.

"Now you see, Miss Armatt," said John, "it is a very simple thing I ask of you. Won't you be kind enough to do it for me?"

There was that in the tone and voice and look of John People which was so honest, and withal so tender, that it touched Gay's heart. There could be no doubt that this man was truly in love. Would her conscience permit her to let him hurl himself against that cold steel wall which he adored, and in which he fancied he saw a reflection of himself?

"It is a very hard thing," thought Gay, "for me to have to do this. It is just the same as if I were refusing him for Matilda Stull. People ought to attend to these things for themselves. And yet I know, and he doesn't know. Ought I to let him go on in this blind way? It would be too cruel."

"Mr. People," she said, "if I were you, I think I would not carry this matter any further. Indeed, I would not."

John looked at her very steadily, and a little of the ruddiness seemed to fade out of his

face. "Why do you say that, Miss Armatt? Have you any reason to think that I ought not to speak to her?"

"Yes," said Gay, "and a very good reason. I can't explain it to you, but—"

"Now, Miss Armatt," interrupted John, with eager haste, "I understand what you mean, but you are not right. You don't know Miss Stull as I do. And even if things were as unequal between us as they look to be,—and upon my word, Miss Armatt, I tell you they are not,—it wouldn't make any difference to her. I've walked with her, and I've talked with her, and if you could have heard her, you would know what I know. And besides," he added, throwing into his voice a tone of strong entreaty, "I want to have this settled. I can't live this way any longer. Even if she didn't mean all she seemed to mean, and if she didn't care about what I said, I want to know it. Perhaps if she thinks I am too forward, I might be able to make her understand that there have been changes. Things are not exactly as they used to be. You see, Miss Armatt, all I ask is, just help me to see her; only let me talk to her."

"Mr. People," said Gay, looking at him very earnestly, and with a certain tenderness in her voice, "I really would not try to see Miss Stull. It will be much better for you to give it all up at once. I know that you can never be anything to her."

"You know!" cried John. "Do you really mean that?"

"I mean it," she said; "most earnestly and truly I mean it. You ask me to help you, and there is no way in the world in which I can help you so well as to keep you from going one step farther."

"Miss Armatt," said John, his voice a little broken, "do you know anything which gives you the right to say that?"

"Yes, I do," answered Gay, "and it would be wicked and cruel in me not to say so. I am very, very sorry for you, Mr. People, but it would be of no use at all for you to go to Matilda Stull, and you ought not to do it."

John stood looking upon the ground; then he raised his eyes. "No use at all?" he said.

"Not one bit," answered Gay. "I positively know it."

John's breast heaved, and he turned to one side. Then he held out his hand. "I am much obliged to you, Miss Armatt," he said. And he went away.

Gay stood and looked after him. Never again could that young man walk under blue skies and over green fields with the woman he loved. If he had ever done anything of the kind, all that was left to him now was to look back upon it.

And she, herself? She must look back too. She walked on a few steps, and then she sat upon a stone. "It is too hard," she said to herself, "that this should be brought to me from both sides. It is too much!" And, putting her face into her hands, there burst from her the first tears she had shed since she became a woman.

## xxv.

MR. ZENAS TURBY had not been very successful in his search for iron on the farm of Enoch Bullripple. He had found strong evidences of the existence of the ore on the lands of Mr. Stull, but the deposits did not seem to extend themselves in the direction of the Bullripple hills and fields. When Mr. Turby returned to his county town, after the Sunday on which Mr. Stratford had seen him making his investigations, he wrote Mr. Stull a report of the result of his searches, and it was very plain to him from the reply which he received that this report was not at all satisfactory to his employer.

Mr. Stull was a man of business as well as a man of feeling, and while he would have been very glad to see Enoch Bullripple ousted from his farm and to possess himself of the same, he did not care to go into this transaction solely from motives of revenge; he wished also to derive some direct advantage from it.

The question of the tenure of the lands was a very simple one. Mrs. People's husband and Enoch had each bought their farms from the heir of an old farmer who had been one of the earliest settlers of Cherry Bridge. The sale had been perfectly satisfactory to all parties, and Enoch had paid in full for his farm, but Mr. People had never been able to do this, and therefore it was that Mr. Stull, desiring a country place in a picturesque region for his growing family, had found it possible to buy up the mortgage against said farm, to oust the People family, and to possess himself of the property. During the last few years, however, it had become known that the old farmer before mentioned had had other heirs besides the one who sold the farms to Mr. People and Enoch Bullripple; but as these heirs lived in the West, and probably did not know that their relative had owned this mountain property, and if they did, were not likely to enter into litigation for their share of the comparatively small value of the farms, the sandy foundations of this real estate transaction were considered to be quite sound enough for ordinary intents and purposes.

Now, Mr. Stull looked upon the matter in this light: If his land and that of old Enoch

were rich in iron ore, he wished to possess himself of it all on a secure tenure, and would, therefore, gladly take measures to have the distant heirs come forward and prove their claims, and cause the property to be put upon the market, whereupon he would buy it, willingly sacrificing what he had paid before for the sake of the larger gain. But if this should prove to possess no mineral wealth, its agricultural value was not sufficient to make him desirous of buying it again, and he was perfectly willing to trust his good fortune and his lawyer to hold possession of it. Nor was the fact that Mr. Turby had found iron on his farm sufficient to induce Mr. Stull to take the measures he had meditated. If he could not have Enoch Bullripple's land, and perhaps some adjoining properties, so as to form a large tract which would be worth working, Mr. Stull did not care to go into the iron ore business. Therefore it was that Turby's report was not satisfactory to him.

Now, the energetic Zenas had hoped for himself a very fair profit from this piece of business, and he was loath, therefore, to see it dropped. Perceiving more plainly than he had perceived it before that he ought to find iron ore on the land of Enoch Bullripple, he determined to do it, if the thing were possible. He thereupon made another visit to Cherry Bridge; and as Enoch and his sister were sitting down to dinner on a pleasant summer day, they both saw the tax collector and amateur professor of applied geology busy at work near the top of a little hill not a half mile from their window.

"Confound that sneak of a Zenas Turby!" exclaimed Enoch, rising to his feet. "I've a mind to take my gun and blow off the top of his head! He knows I've told him not to come scratchin' here at my land. He thinks he's so far away we can't see him."

Mrs. People was not in a happy humor. It had not been very long since she had been told by her son John, just before he had left her for the city, that the brilliant hopes she built upon the basis of a Stull-People combination had come to naught, and must be allowed to vanish utterly. It was very hard for her to bear a blow like this, and her customary expression of outreaching good-nature had changed to one of mild ill-humor. The vision of herself as the central figure in her old homestead, or at least only declining to assume that position from the fact that Matilda Stull might prove a disagreeable daughter to live with, had been a very dear one to her. She had seen it by day and by night; while making pies, at the working of butter, and even during the intricate processes of the preserving of plums and the concoction of

currant-jelly. To give it up was like a spoonful of brine in a custard pudding.

The worst thing about Mrs. People's ill-humors, which were of very rare occurrence, was the fact that no one could tell in what direction they would vent themselves. Like a howitzer strapped to the back of a mule, they were as likely to be directed against friend as foe.

"Now, what in the name of common sense, Enoch," said she, "are you workin' yourself up into such tantrums for? If Zenas Turby finds iron on your land, how's that goin' to hurt you? What with the rains one year, and the drought the next, and the chicken-pip reg'lar every spring, there ain't much else you get off it. If he finds ore, it's yours and not his. So what's the use of jumpin' up that way and pullin' the table-cloth all crooked?"

Enoch sat down, but he kept his eye fixed on Zenas, who was now engaged in filling up a hole he had made in the ground. When this had been done, he gathered some large flat stones and made a little pile of them near the place where he had dug his hole. "Markin' the spot, eh?" said Enoch to himself, for he thought it not wise to make any further remarks on it to his sister. "What is he doin' that for?"

There now came into the shrewd old mind of Mr. Bullripple, as he watched the intruder disappear across the fields, a suspicion that those people out West, who it had been rumored ought to have had a voice in the giving of a title to this land, might have commissioned Zenas Turby to examine into the value of the property and find out whether or not it was worth fighting for. This supposition disturbed the mind of Enoch, for although he had declined to believe in the alleged claims of the far-away heirs, and had very strong faith in the virtue of possession when it related to land that had been bought and paid for, it was natural enough that he should be troubled by any actual evidence that an attack might be made upon the validity of his land deeds.

Even if Turby were merely searching for ore in the interests of some one who desired to open mines on his land, Enoch was dissatisfied. He had been told, years before, by a scientific friend of Mr. Stratford that there was no probability that his land contained iron, and he would have had no faith in the value of any propositions which might be made to him on the subject.

When he had finished his dinner, Enoch put on his hat and went out.

"Now, if you meet Mr. Turby," said Mrs. People, "don't you bother him. If he can find anythin' that's worth havin' on this place, I'm sure I'd like to see him do it! I always told

you, Enoch, that you took the poorest farm, and let Mr. People have the one that was ever so much better. Of course I was glad enough of that at the time, but if you'd been a little sharper, you'd got the best farm, and you and me would have been livin' on it now, and that Stull man would have had this dried-up place. Mr. People was very sharp."

Enoch said nothing about his having preferred a farm for which he felt he could pay, leaving to his brother-in-law the larger one for which it would be very difficult to pay, and went out over the fields. He walked straight to the spot where Turby had been digging, and stood and looked at it, and with a sharp-pointed stone he began to turn up the loose soil. When he had scratched out the most of it, he looked into the bottom of the hole.

"It may be," thought he, "that that rocky stuff has got some iron in it; and, at any rate, I'm dead sure that old Zenas is goin' to bring somebody here to look at it."

Mr. Bullripple, in a reflective mood, stood kicking the loose earth and stones back into the hole. Then he suddenly pulled his soft felt hat down over his right brow. A broad grin illuminated his countenance, and with rapid steps he started for home. In about half an hour he returned, pushing before him a heavily loaded wheelbarrow. When he reached the little pile of stones, he took from the barrow a spade and a pickaxe, and began vigorously to deepen the hole which Mr. Turby had made, throwing most of the excavated soil into the wheelbarrow, which had been emptied of all its contents. When the hole was deep enough, he nearly filled it with said contents, and then, throwing in some soil, he smoothed up the place and made it look very much as it had done when Turby left it. Then Enoch took away his tools and his barrow, dumping the soil the latter contained into a hollow at some little distance, and returned to his house.

All that afternoon, no matter what else he might be doing, Mr. Bullripple kept an eye on the spot where he and Mr. Turby had been working. Nobody came to it, however, and the next morning he found himself obliged to go to the village. He left the spot in question in charge of his sister, telling her that if, during his absence, she saw anybody go there to dig, she must put on her bonnet and hurry over there to see what they got out of the ground. As Mrs. People always possessed a lively curiosity to know what people might get out of the ground, or out of anything else, she willingly accepted this charge.

When Mr. Bullripple arrived at the Cherry Bridge tavern, he found there Zenas Turby, who was ostensibly visiting the village for the purpose of collecting some debts.

"How d'y'e do, Turby?" said Enoch. "Still keepin' up your right, I see, to the name of 'Old Scratch!'"

"What do you mean?" said the other.

"I mean," said Enoch, "that you're still goin' round, scratchin' up people's land to see what's under the grass. I do sometimes think that the ground-hogs must owe you somethin' and that you're tryin' to levy on 'em."

As usual, there were several village loungers in the room, and among these it was quite natural that Enoch's remark should raise a laugh.

"Humph!" growled Turby. "When I get anybody levi'd on either for not payin' what he owes, or else for holdin' what he don't own, it isn't goin' to be a ground-hog, mind, I tell you."

"Now, look here, Zenas," said Mr. Bullripple, seating himself astraddle of a chair with his arms over its back, "it does make me laugh to see you come huntin' and grubbin' about my land to find iron ore, when everybody knows there isn't any there."

"Confound yourland!" said Turby. "What do I care about it?" And taking his big cane in his hand, he rose to depart.

"Care about it!" shouted Enoch in a tone which arrested the steps of the collector. "I should say you cared lots about it. Perhaps you will hardly believe me," he said, turning round to the company, "but it's as true as preachin' that I saw Zenas Turby yesterday diggin' away in one of my fields as if he was after a gold mine. Now, I believe it's nothin' but contrariness that makes him do that. I've told him, over and over again, that there ain't no ore there, and jus' to prove that I am wrong, he's tryin' to find it; but he's found himself to be the worst mistook man in this county, in spite of all he says he knows about mines and ores, and that sort of thing."

Mr. Turby's rugged face was turned severely upon Enoch. "Mistook, eh?" he growled. "That's all you know about it! I don't mind sayin' that I make it my business to know what sort of land there is in every part of this county, and I don't make no mistakes nuther. And, to prove it, I say there is iron on Enoch Bullripple's place. I don't say there's enough of it to make the land worth anything, which everybody knows it isn't now; but it's there, for all that."

Enoch laughed derisively. "It is easy enough to say that," he cried, "but you couldn't show me a piece of ore on my land as big as a hickory nut. I dare you to do it."

Enoch's contemptuous tone was very irritating to Mr. Turby.

"Now, to show you and the rest of these people what sort of fool you are, Enoch Bullripple, I'll jus' take you over to your own farm

and let you see the ore that you haven't got sense enough to know is there till I come to p'int it out to you. And anybody can come along that chooses."

"All right!" said Enoch. "If you want a chance to show you don't know anythin', I'm ready to give it to you." And he went out to his horse.

Mr. Turby's sulky was tied near by, and the tavern loungers did not mind a walk of a mile or so to find out which was the fool, Zenas Turby or Enoch Bullripple. Enoch called upon Pat, the stable-man, to come along and bring a spade and pickaxe, for he did not wish, he said, that Mr. Turby should fail in the search because his own little pick would not grub deep enough.

The party proceeded by the road for a considerable distance, and then they tied their horses to a fence and went over the fields until they came to the spot where Zenas had been digging.

"There's iron ore here," he said, "for I found it myself just about this spot."

"You have a great eye for spots," said Enoch, assuming to take no notice of the little pile of stones, "and you can dig here jus' as well as anywhere, for you won't find nothin'."

"We'll see about that," said Zenas. "You can begin there," turning to Pat and pointing to the place where the soil had been disturbed.

Pat made a blow with his pick, and scattered some loose dirt and stones; then again he brought down the heavy implement, and its point penetrated to some distance into the earth, where it appeared to fasten itself. The stout Pat gave a dexterous double-twist and jerked it out, and low upon its point there hung an old and somewhat rusty flat-iron.

Everybody started with surprise, and then there was a yell of laughter.

"Upon my word!" shouted Enoch, "my sile has got iron in it, after all! Go ahead, Pat!"

The laughing Irishman went ahead with right good will, and in a few moments he brought out of the hole a piece of old chain, two or three horseshoes, and several pieces of broken stove-pipe.

Everybody was in a roar of delight except Mr. Turby, who stood purple-red and furious. "I'll pay you for this, you, Bullripple!" he said, shaking his fist at his old enemy. And without another word, he marched away.

If his anger had not dulled his usually sharp wits, he might have stopped long enough to show that there really was iron in the soil. But the boisterous derision of the little party made him forget everything else.

"Good-bye, Zenas," shouted Enoch after him. "I'll give in that you are right and I am

wrong. Nobody can say now that there ain't no iron on my land, for you've come here yourself and p'nted it out."

And a fresh burst of laughter followed the retreating Turby.

Enoch now related with much glee how he had planned out and created this novel mineral deposit; how he had gone to the village in the hope that he could find Turby and stir him up to come and get himself caught in this trap. And then the jubilant little company departed, to tell to whomsoever they could find to listen this capital joke upon an old curmudgeon whom nobody liked.

"Ef iver he ses ouarn ore agin," said the jovial Pat, "it's shure there'll be somebody to fetch him a bit of a sthove-poipe, and axin him ef that's the sort he's afer."

The first person to whom Enoch had the chance to tell the tale was his sister, whom he met as he was leading his horse homeward across the fields. Mrs. People had seen the men on the hill, and, true to her promise and her curiosity, had hurried off to find out what they were going to dig up. Rapid progress was impossible for her, and she did not arrive in time; but Enoch's story so warmed her with delight that the clouds and fogs that had come up on account of the Matilda Stull disappointment melted and vanished away, and the disposition of Mrs. People again dwelt under its natural sunny sky.

Mr. Turby drove directly home to his county town, and on the way he turned over this matter in his mind. He had made a blunder in allowing to slip from him in his anger the admission that he had found iron ore on the Bullripple farm. But, after all, the case was not as bad as it might be. The result of the joke would be to cause those giggling fools to believe that there was no ore there, and that suited him exactly. But he would make Enoch Bullripple pay for his trick; and the first stroke in this present labor of hate would be to write to Mr. Stull and inform him that, having made renewed investigations on the Bullripple farm, he had found large deposits of iron.

"If that stirs him up," said Mr. Turby to himself, "to start out fresh ag'in after that land, he's the man to git it. And when he's got it, it'll be my turn to do the grinnin'!"

#### XXVI.

WHEN Horace Stratford returned from the sea-shore to his summer home on the Bullripple farm, his mind was in a state of uncertainty which was not usual to it. This was occasioned by doubts in regard to the proper conduct of his relations with Gay Armatt. Everything was

now very different from what it had been. In his former intercourse with her the two had been separated by a barrier which protected them both, and, while it separated them, actually gave them a sense of freedom in their social relations which they could not have felt had they not always been able to see that the engagement with Crisman stood between them. That barrier no longer existed, and Stratford could not but ask himself if Gay and he could continue to move in close parallel lines without a bar between them. Would not their lines be ever liable to meet? Would not the world wonder if they did not meet? Would not Gay herself wonder?

But he was not at all willing to create an effectual barrier of space by removing his line to a great and safe distance from that of Gay. He knew nothing of the new bonds into which Mr. Crisman had entered, and he had not that faith in the absolute sundering of his relations with Gay which he would have liked to have. If the two should come together,—the one a little lonely, still loyal as far as principle could go, and always apt to be tender-hearted, and the other repentant of his brutal folly, and with renewed desire to possess that treasure on which he had turned his back,—Stratford would be very fearful of the consequences. And if those consequences should be a reengagement, the last condition of Gay would be far worse than the first, for she would take a man whom she knew to be unworthy of her, and this step would give his unworthiness peculiar advantages in their future life.

Looking at the matter in this light, it was plain enough that Gay should not be left to feel the want of that companionship to which she had been accustomed during this bright summer, and to miss that support and stimulation which Stratford had given her almost ever since he had known her, and which, in his opinion, had been productive of such good results. He could not forget that the devil finds some mischief still for idle minds as well as for idle hands, and he wished that Gay's mind should be worthily and industriously engaged with something which should not be Crisman.

If Stratford had been asked why he had not before considered the possibility of this dilemma, he would have answered that the present state of affairs came about much more suddenly than he had expected. He had believed that Gay would gradually be led to see her false position, and as the problems of the case formed themselves, the solutions would also appear. But now there was no time for the natural growth of solutions. They must be artificially constructed, and Stratford felt the task a very difficult one. If he could have been taken into the confidence of Miss Matilda

Stull, his mind would have been very much easier.

In this mental condition Stratford went to visit Mrs. Justin, and when he had been ten minutes in the company of Gay, all his doubts and uncertainties regarding his proper course of action were dissipated. This was in consequence, first, of the girl's demeanor, for she met him with the same frank and earnest friendliness which she had shown to him on the last day they had met. "She has not changed in regard to me," he said to himself, "and why should I change in regard to her?"

In the second place, Stratford was affected by the girl's appearance. There was something of sadness about her, and while he could not determine exactly how this sadness showed itself, he could see that it was there. She had lost none of her bloom, her freshness, or her beauty; but, apart from her friendliness and her delight in meeting him again, she was not exactly the same Gay.

"Poor child!" thought Stratford, "she has been touched more deeply than I supposed, and I must do what I can for her."

Therefore it was that the next morning the old readings were recommenced on the piazza; and therefore it was that on many days afterwards Stratford staid to dinner, and often to supper; and that the beautiful country freely yielded its pleasures, sometimes to the three of them, and sometimes to the two. Stratford was very anxious to see the full joyousness of Gay's nature assert itself. He thought it due to her character that there should disappear from her demeanor as soon as possible all vestige of regret for a step which her own good sense and high honor had impelled her to take. He knew nothing of that second blow, that revelation of the fact that not only had she no lover, but that she never had had a lover. To be affianced now to Matilda Stull, Crisman must always have been false to her. So thought Gay Armatt.

The full joyousness did not appear, but Gay entered with great earnestness and hearty good will into everything that Stratford proposed, whether it were study or pleasure. She had not known before how much restraint she had been used to put upon herself in her intercourse with this friend. She now knew that not only had there been a good deal of restraint, but that it had all disappeared. As the days passed on, she became Stratford's disciple. No one ever more thoroughly believed in a master than she believed in him.

With the exceedingly friendly intimacy which resulted from all this, Mrs. Justin did not interfere. She had thought Stratford's course wrong in the beginning, and she thought it wrong now. She did not believe

it was right in a man who had just broken off a match to step forward so promptly to turn the rupture to his own advantage. And yet she could not deny to herself that no greater good could have happened to Gay than her delivery from Crisman. And neither could she believe that any possible good could now come to the girl which would be greater than a marriage with Stratford. She had opposed that which she believed to be evil which was being done that good might come of it, and the good had come in spite of her opposition. She now considered that she had done enough. She would oppose no more.

It was on a warm morning, well forward in August, that Stratford was very much surprised by a visit from Arthur Thorne. It was such an unusual, in fact such an unheard-of thing for Thorne to make a visit without either being invited or announcing his intention, that Stratford did not attempt to conceal his astonishment when he met his friend.

"I thought you would be somewhat amazed," said Mr. Thorne, as he took a seat on the Bullripple porch and fanned himself with his straw hat, "but I didn't suppose your emotion would really injure your constitution, and as I wanted to come, I came. I'll tell you all about it as soon as I get a little cooled off."

In a few minutes Mr. Thorne became more comfortable, and then he settled himself back in the big wooden arm-chair, and asked his friend for a pipe.

"A pipe!" exclaimed Stratford. "You don't mean to say you smoke!"

"Yes, I do," said Thorne. "Why shouldn't I smoke? In fact, I like to smoke. The family don't object to it out here, do they?"

"Of course nobody objects to it," said the other, "but I must admit that I am surprised to find that you want to smoke, and especially a pipe."

Stratford brought the pipe and one for himself, and the two friends composed themselves for a chat.

"I can talk so much better when I am smoking," said Arthur.

"That is a new thing, isn't it?" remarked Stratford.

"Rather newish," said his friend. "And indeed there seems to be a tendency towards newishness with me. Now, I am well aware that it isn't proper for me to come here without knowing whether you want me or not, or even writing to let you know I intended to do it. But I just took it into my head to come, and here I am. If it is not entirely convenient for you to have me, I can go to the tavern in the village. I dare say it is a very good tavern."

"Convenient!" said Stratford. "Of course it is entirely convenient. Here is the room which you had before, all ready for you."

"That is very good of you," said Thorne, "and I don't mind in the least telling you why I came down here, or up, whichever it is. It is all on account of Miss Armatt. I never had anything take possession of me as that girl has! I have tried to be proper about it, but it's of no use. In fact, I am tired of being proper. It doesn't pay. Sometimes it makes me sick to see everything straight and proper about me, for I am just the other way myself. I have worked hard at one thing, and I have worked hard at another; that doesn't help me at all; I am thinking of her all the time.—Then I sat down, and said to myself: 'This trying to do the right thing is all stuff and nonsense. There is Stratford; he doesn't trouble himself about anything of the sort, and he is happy. If he likes a girl, he makes himself agreeable to her, he spends his time with her, and he carries out his theories. It doesn't make any difference to him that she is engaged to be married to some one else; now, why should it make a difference to

me? I cannot expect to make myself agreeable to her, nor to spend my time with her, and I have no theories to carry out, but I can go there and look at her again.' And that I determined to do. Now, I know very well that even this is not right; that it is unjust to myself, and unjust to the man who is engaged to Miss Armatt. But, as I said before, I am tired of doing right. That sort of thing doesn't help me any. It simply gives me the worst of everything and puts me in the background; and I have made up my mind to drop it. Of course this is all very astonishing to you, Stratford, but I determined to be quite frank and open with you, and let you see everything just as it stands."

Stratford drew a long breath. "I wish to be perfectly frank and open with *you*," he said, "and therefore deem it my duty to tell you that Miss Armatt is not under promise to marry any one. Her engagement with Mr. Crisman has been broken off."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Thorne, springing up so suddenly that his chair fell backward on the porch.

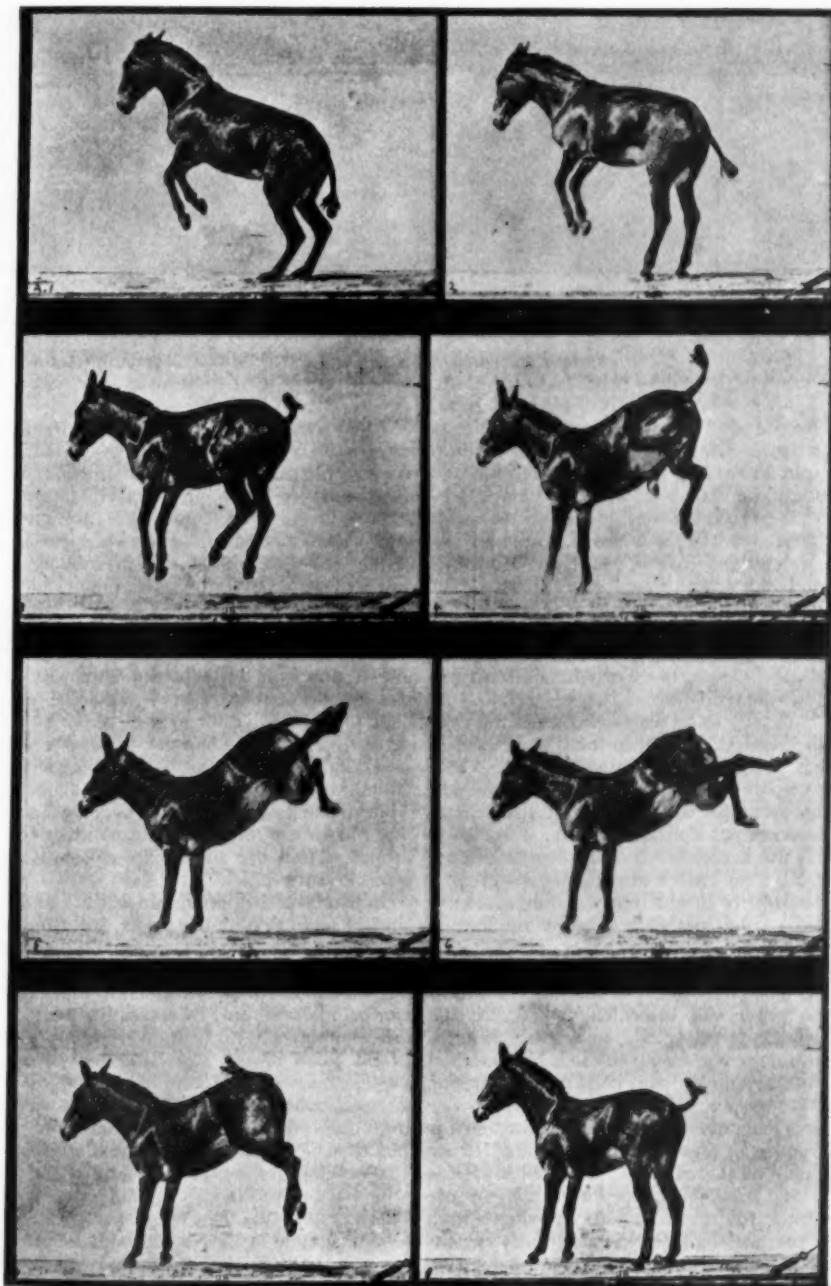
(To be continued.)

Frank R. Stockton.

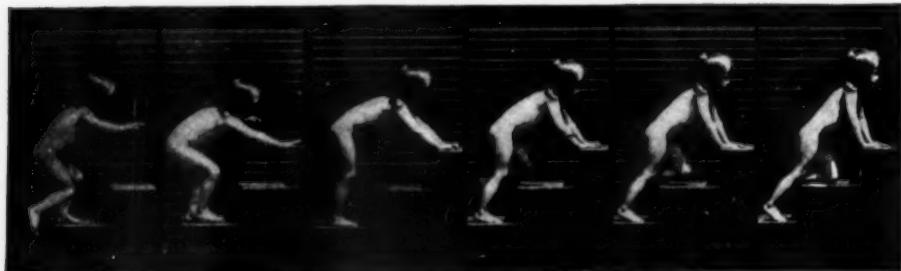
#### ANIMAL LOCOMOTION IN THE MUYBRIDGE PHOTOGRAPHS.

 It is now nine years since the photographs of Eadweard Muybridge, taken in California, surprised the world by challenging all received conceptions of animal motion. Their subsequent publication in "The Horse in Motion," in 1882, constitutes the most considerable record on the subject hitherto accessible. In the interval since their appearance, it has become clear that what was at first presented as altering the portrayal of living movement was in reality an important addition to the instruments of scientific research, by extending observation along a path where the limits of human sense had barred advance. For the past four years the University of Pennsylvania, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. William Pepper, its Provost, has furnished Mr. Muybridge the apparatus and the scientific supervision requisite to widen the record and extend the research of instantaneous photography into the method and mechanism of animal motion. Whether animals should be drawn as they appear in the camera is still *sub judice*; but there is no question whatever that in no other way can they be seen for the study of their locomotion.

We see with a camera whose drop-shutter winks in a thirtieth of a second, but on whose plate impressions last for from a sixteenth to an eighth of a second, so that moving objects for any space they cover in this time appear either as blurred, like the shimmer of a turning wheel, or continuous, like the circle left by a whirling and lighted stick. To read this record takes the brain an appreciable fraction of time—at least one five-hundredth of a second. If the four feet of a quadruped are in consideration, there is the absolute dead-wall that when a leg moves there are five points to think about together and the mind can only carry four objects at once in consciousness—as more than one confused observer has found in trying to catch and carry the sequence of footfalls in the slowest walk of horse or cow. These limits of brain and eye, not in what is unseen but in what is seen, are less easy to appreciate and accept as fundamental than those with which we are more familiar. That we cannot see under a certain size or beyond a certain distance, that the retina makes no accounting of the photographic dark beyond the violet and knows naught of the heat dark this side the red, that in the world of unheard sound about us some notes we cannot hear because they are too high and some because



BULL BUCKING AND KICKING.



CHILD WALKING AND CRAWLING UPSTAIRS.

they are too low, that we live in a world of odors of which to our grave loss we smell a bare hundredth part of what a healthy dog smells,—these limitations we daily act upon, and the use of all instruments of precision rests upon them. The use of instantaneous photography in reading the secret of motion was as much the introduction of a new instrument of precision to supply the lack of sense as the use of the microscope, and had the same limitations in its application. More was claimed than was meet, and less admitted than was true, of the revelations of Mr. Muybridge. Art is one long convention which accepts the ordinary impressions of sense in interpreting nature. "Flowers, like everything else that is lovely in the visible world," says Mr. John Ruskin, "are only to be seen rightly with the eyes which the God who made them gave us, and neither with microscopes nor spectacles." The artist responds to science, not in her discoveries, but in their influence in changing the general and average perception of nature. Landscape art has not been altered by geological discoveries, but their collective influence has created an atmosphere in which an artist breathes uneasily if he has put slate débris at the foot of a basalt cliff.

The real discovery which Mr. Muybridge made was, therefore, the addition of a new method of research, which put before the eye what it could not see unaided.

To obtain the results of this new method through a complete and consecutive series of observations, carried on with a definite purpose under a scientific direction as proposed by the University of Pennsylvania, required in an abundant measure both time and money. The late Mr. J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, whose interest in the lower animals had shown itself by his repeated gifts to the veterinary department of the university, was much interested in the investigation, and liberally advanced the preliminary expenses. Additional advances were made by a committee of five guarantors, under the stipulation that the scientific

conduct of the work should rest in the hands of the university through a commission appointed from its faculties to supervise the work.

When the work, begun four years ago, was completed, \$30,000 had been expended, and 100,000 plates exposed; and the final results, as reproduced by a photo-gelatine process, extend, in the completed work, through 781 folio sheets, presenting over 20,000 positions assumed by men, women, and children, draped and nude, and by birds and animals in motion. Human action is extended through all the round of work and play, for both sexes and all ages; the Zoölogical Garden was drawn upon for animals, the university hospital for instances of disease, and the entire field of athletic action was covered by university students, some of them "record-breakers." The photographs of moving animals taken in this work nearly equal all others, while those taken by Mr. Muybridge covering a series of motions automatically timed are many fold the successive exposures ever made elsewhere.

The merest beginner can spring a drop-shutter so as to obtain a single exposure of a moving object. To secure a series of such pictures accurately divided in time and evenly distributed in space is a different matter, and can be achieved only by successively exposing different plates or exposing successive portions of the same plate. The latter has been the favorite method of Monsieur E. J. Marey, the French investigator in this field, who whirls a perforated disk over an instantaneous plate before which the object is moving. This is the principle of the zoëtrope, but with the plate where the eye is in the toy and with the slit whirling, instead of the painted ring of figures. When a man turns a somersault before this apparatus, the developed plate shows him flinging himself in successive positions across it, as each successive slit in the perforated disk lets in a new image as it passes. A "battery" of cameras in a row, tripped in suc-

cession as the object moves before them, has been the method usually employed in this country. In the familiar illustrations taken in California, each camera was exposed by a thread which the moving horse broke as he went across the field. In the present researches, an electric circuit worked by a chronometric apparatus opened and closed each shutter. The studio through which this great defile of life-studies passed was a fenced space open to the sky. A screen, before which the object moved, reticulated in small squares of 2 inches and large ones of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  (5 and 50 centimeters), whose net-work appears on the background of some illustrations, faced a "battery" of from 12 to 24 cameras. At right angles stood another row, arranged perpendicularly, and for many movements a third set was employed. Each act was therefore raked fore and aft as well as registered in passage, and was often covered from top to bottom besides. Sloping white screens "threw up" the under lights. Beyond all, there was above neither roof, glass, nor sky-light, nothing but the clear and open sky. For photography which has to do with the human figure, so rarely exposed to the frank, kindly, and searching light of the heavens, this is a difference, not of degree, but of kind. There is no mirror, no reflector for diffusing a perfect light like the perfect arch of the sky. To one familiar with work from the model, and knowing the chill and steady north light of the studio and the life-class, dead to changes, there was full suggestion in this long succession of studies and poses in the complete light of day, complex, intricate, but full of teaching in form, in motion, in texture, and in color. It will be a broad service to art if the study of these photographs suggests to some one the possibility of putting under the searching sky work from the life. It would change its *motif*, as landscape art has been transfigured by a like translation to the haven and heaven of nature.

Minute photographs were taken by the cameras in action, and were enlarged from the small representations of beast or bird to the illustrations used in this article, which picture but portions of the original plates. Full light, careful manipulation, and perfect lenses enabled these enlargements to be made without distortion, replacing the silhouettes which are the usual and familiar result of instantaneous work by prints distinct, defined, and determinate. A new device, opened and closed by the automatic action of an electric circuit, reduced the exposures to a point apparently much below any previous record. Careful calculation tends to show that the exposures of a number of plates must have been less than  $\frac{1}{2000}$  of a second, and not impossibly as low as  $\frac{1}{5000}$ . In

practical work, however,  $\frac{1}{100}$  to  $\frac{1}{80}$  of a second proved fully short enough to catch the phase of a stride of a horse, and  $\frac{1}{200}$  of a second was used for most of the slower movements. No clock can measure these brief intervals, but a tuning-fork, keyed to one hundred vibrations in the second, left its tell-tale dots on a moving cylinder where the opening circuit which tripped the cameras made their marks. It is possible that elements of error as to time exist in such a method absent from M. Marey's, but they are counterbalanced for popular exposition by better pictorial results.

The great body of records secured by these methods makes no such special revelation as Mr. Muybridge's earlier photographs. The attitudes which amazed the world then were accepted by most, as they were by Mr. George E. Waring in an article in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1882,\* as settling the manner, method, and mechanism of progression by the horse and dog.

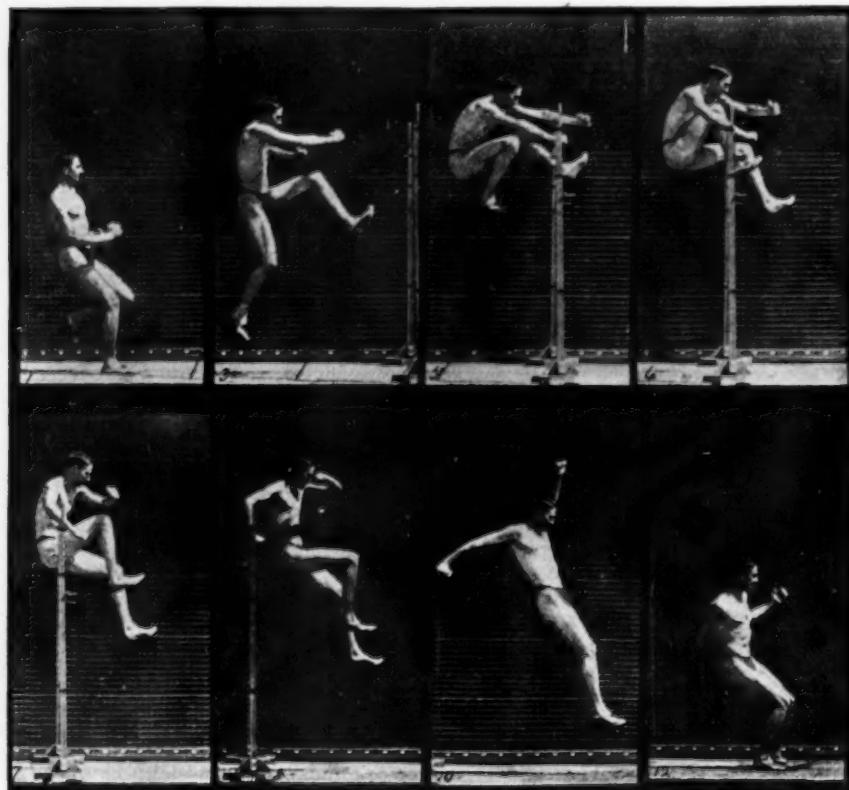
But, now that a broader record is presented, there is tolerably certain to be something of a reaction to the more familiar views of movement. The wet-plates of a decade ago gave simple outlines and not rounded pictures. Greater skill and care in manipulation, and more numerous examples, make it clear to any one who examines the photographs presented here, that the impression of automatism left by the earlier illustrations disappears in these later views of motion. The character of the stride, certain simple facts in the sequence of footfalls, and the alternation of support were reasonably well conveyed; but less apparent manifestations, which convey both the character of the individual animal and the characteristics of each motion, disappeared in the dense shadows of the earlier silhouettes. If, as Mr. Waring said of them five years ago, "the testimony of the zoëtrope, and, later, of the zoöpraxiscope, has silenced all skepticism, and one can no longer hesitate to concede the truth and simplicity of what at first seemed complicated and absurd," still, I take it that no one who had ridden a horse or loved a dog but felt a certain outraged sensibility in being assured that creatures whose footfalls, the slip and swell of whose shoulders, and the gathering arch and spring of whose back had an individuality all their own, as distinct as the pressure of a friend's hand or the tone of his voice, were four-legged machines chiefly occupied in balancing on one toe, straining a pastern to breaking, or gathering their legs in a disorderly bundle on their stomachs. These photographs, taken under more favorable conditions, give each of the remarkable positions

\* "The Horse in Motion," by George E. Waring, Jr. *CENTURY*, Vol. 24, p. 381.

which repetition has made familiar and to which even repetition can scarcely reconcile us; but they are given with subtle variations, with change and alteration, with departures from the automatic sequence first suggested, which show how individual is the movement, not merely of each species, but of each animal.

The University Commission intrusted to Dr. Harrison Allen, emeritus professor of physiology in the university and a comparative anatomist of high rank, the work of studying

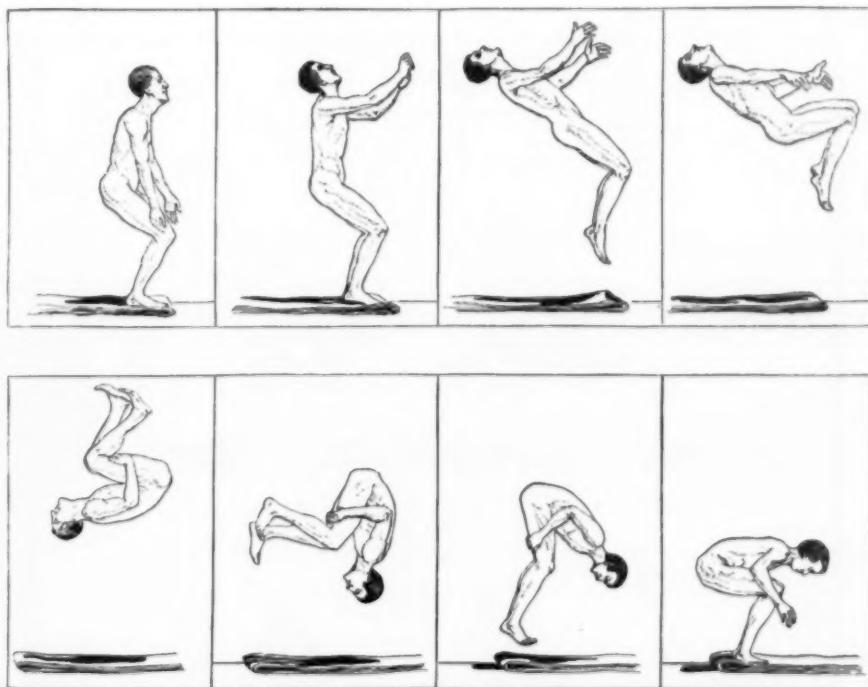
the "Horse in Motion," led its author to assert that in the work of propulsion and support the fore limb "does more than its share of both offices." Dr. Allen offers a different theory. These rounded photographs of the play and action of muscle suggest that the history of animal movement is the development of the rear limbs for use as a spring and source of energy and of the fore limbs as a basis of support. For the race-horses, the fore limbs are vaulting poles. To them, when the hind-quarters have given



RUNNING STRAIGHT HIGH JUMP.

the entire series, with the view of eliciting and illustrating the laws of animal motion and muscular action shown by it. Dr. Allen has published his conclusions as a preface to the memoir on the series, in which will also appear the results reached by other investigators. These conclusions somewhat redeem the unaided human eye from failure to catch the principle of animal locomotion. The apparent spring from the fore foot, which was the most conspicuous revelation of the photographs of

their powerful impulse, he passes; on them he balances; and from them he moves on to the next gathering launch of his haunches. Through generations of adaptation, the slender, "clean" fore leg has become a straight but springy column of support. The great muscular system of the shoulder is, in Dr. Allen's view, little able to give the leg impulse, and is arranged for support about the firm shoulder-bones which hug the spine — the horse has no collar-bone to smash like a bow bent beyond its limits, as his



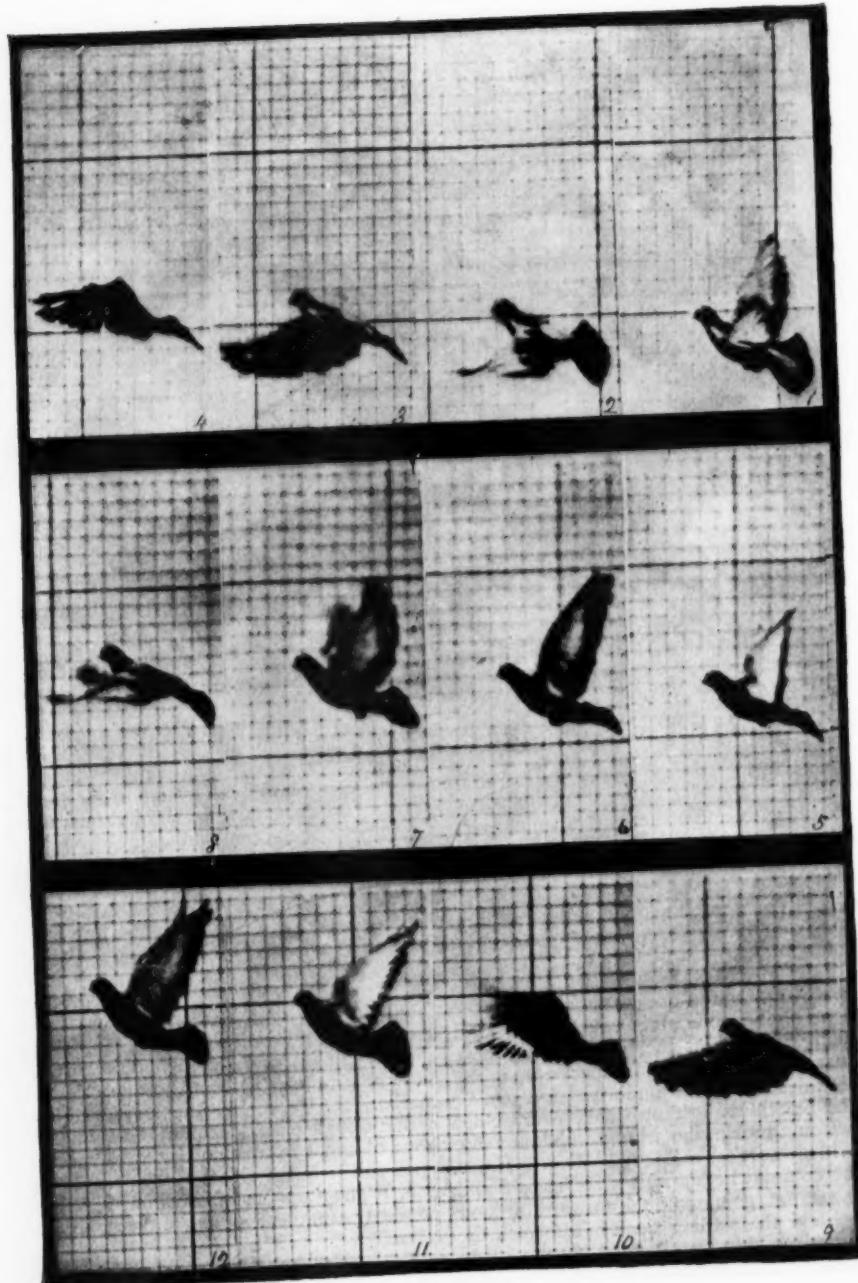
BACK SOMERSAULT.

rider's does when both go headlong in an ugly cropper. These muscles catch and diffuse the shock with which a horse in his forward stride lands on his fore legs. Each joint, which rolls so simply with smooth surfaces in animals less highly organized for speed, has become in the horse tongued and grooved at elbow, wrist, and knuckle,— to apply to "shoulder," "knee," and "pastern" joints their human analogues,— the fore hoof has widened to a larger support than the hind, largest of all in draught-horses, where the fore feet are the fulcrum on which the push of the hind-quarters turns, until the straight elastic column is equal to its task, breaking, if at all, at the springy joint whose flex carries off the shock of impact even in the rushing descent in the figure on page 367.

The breathless instant which every child knows on a rocking-horse, and which any one of vivid memory for childhood will recall, when doubt comes whether this time rocker and rider are not going to pitch forward on their noses, and the settling back in safety on the hind rockers, illustrate very fairly the swing by which a horse passes from stride to stride — with the advantage in the horse that he swings his hind rockers forward as his body launches on past the perpendicular support of

the fore leg, until this too has passed from under the center of gravity and the hind legs are ready in place to offer support for the next stride. For this impulse, the hind-quarter riets into the back-bone, whose lumbar vertebrie can double like a curving spring under the pull of the great system of muscles whose sheathing swell is so plainly apparent in the figure on page 367 as the horse flings his weight over the hurdle. How far this spring of the loins can go stands graphically forth in the figure on page 367. The buck, first with one foot and then with both, the return to the ground, and the vicious lash behind, fall well short of half a second; but there is time in this to show at once how rigid and how flexible is this mechanism. Or, as Dr. Allen says, with a scientific elegance and accuracy no layman can hope to equal in touching at a safe remove upon this frequent object of the paragrapher's pen, "The excursus of the hind legs is dependent upon the flexibility of the lumbar vertebrae."

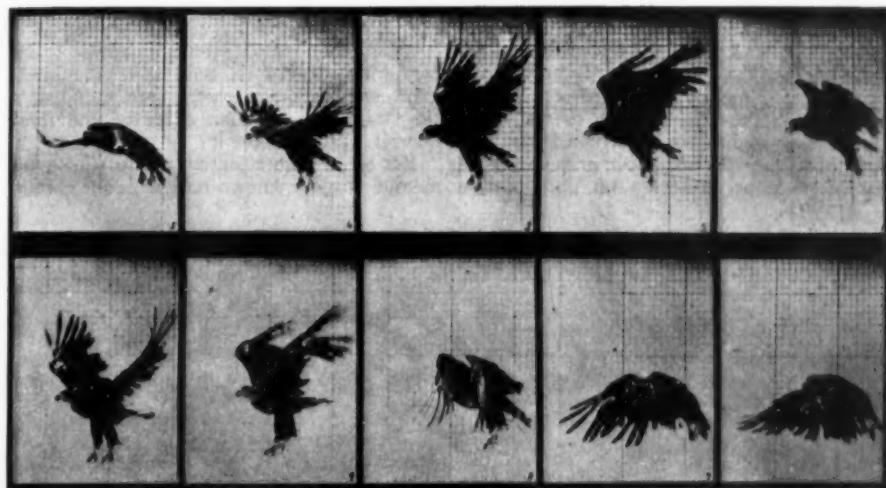
So, too, as an elastic bow suddenly and strongly bent has a tendency to spring to one side and another, the horse's rear limbs, taken as a whole, tend to spring out; and it is this spread outward of the stifle or upper joint



PIGEON, FLYING.

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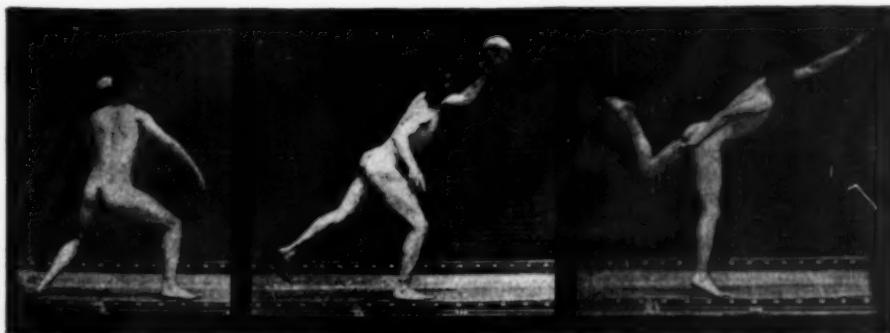


AMERICAN EAGLE, FLYING.

and bend inward of the back or "knee" which gives the "stifle action" whose presence is accepted as the sign of speed present or to be transmitted. In a dog moving at full speed, the back, in furnishing these impulses, doubles like a bent bow, giving those curious foreshortened curves which at swift intervals turn a coursing hound in all appearance to a rolling ball as one rides hard behind; and in more than one instance these photographs show that the impulse of the hind legs is strong enough to keep the fore legs busy through two or three steps as the dog goes balancing forward, shot on by the curving spring of back-bone, haunch, and hind leg.

Such a view of animal movement has its support, Dr. Allen urges, to summarize his views, in the circumstance that the earliest progression was by the hind legs alone, still apparent in the kangaroo, and yet more

striking in the earliest animals. If the path by which vertebral movement has developed be followed, a regular sequence appears, beginning with lizards like the salamander, whose legs are spread straight out on each side and move independently. By degrees and by pairs, first back and then fore, the legs of quadrupeds turn downwards until they have gone through all the successive angles, and reach in man the possibility of fore and aft extension. Just as a series of angles can be drawn beginning with the reptile prone and moving up by a growing angle until man stands at a right angle with the ground, so the legs spread flat in lizards of an early type slowly crook down until they are bent under the crocodile, extend straight down, bent a quarter circle around, below higher quadrupeds, and can at last be placed in a direct line with the trunk in man. *Per*

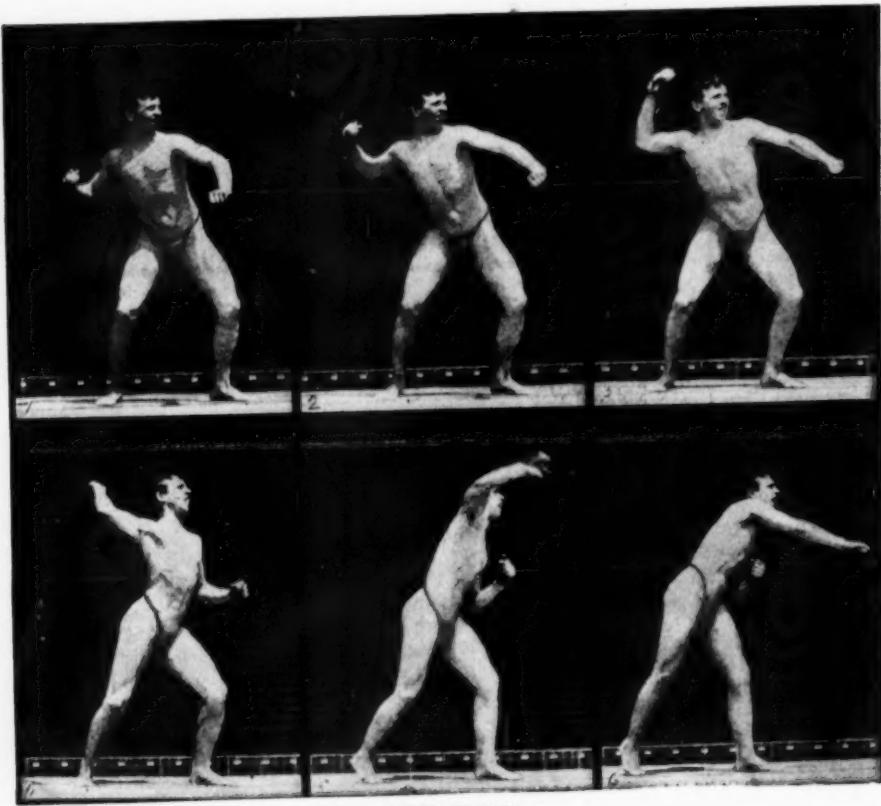


THROWING A TWENTY-POUND ROCK.

*contra*, the bird, which is a slip backwards, a "no thoroughfare" in the ascending series of creation, bends its wings upward to the reverse angle of the quadruped. All the progress of specialized motion, as it grows from the simplicity of the hop, through the leap, the canter, the run, the trot, an artificial gait, and reaches in the walk the most intricate of all natural motions, preserves lift and impulse

in the figure on page 366, such a swing of the rider as suggests that the fore leg as it left the ground has given an impulse of its own. May it not be that while the hind-quarters in a sense overcome inertia, and start the stride, the muscular office of the fore-quarters is to preserve it?

But apart from scientific results whose full measure can be known only after the careful



BASEBALL-THROWING.

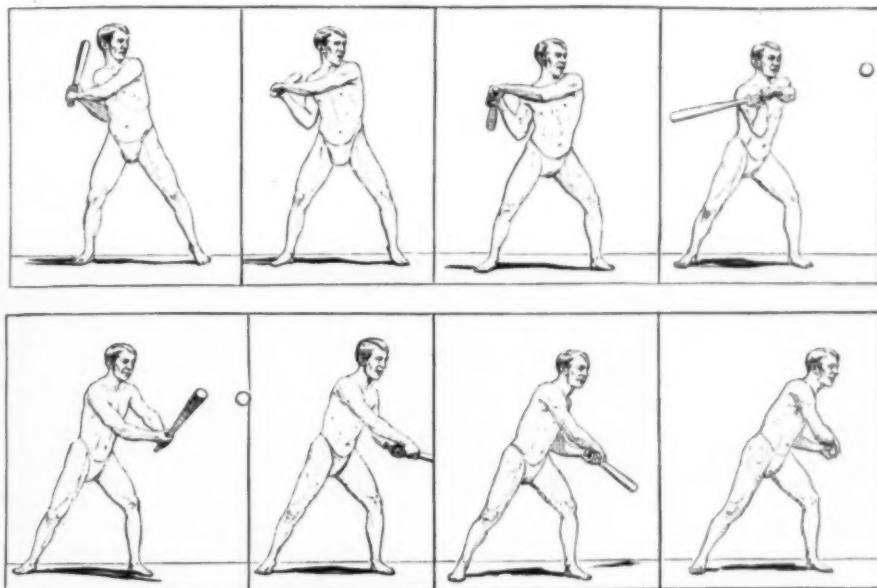
from hind-quarters and the spring-balance and moving support of fore.

This theory of animal motion being a reaction from the first position assumed on the subject, it is not impossible that the ultimate decision will rest somewhere between. Without assuming to pass upon an issue whose decision requires special training, I question whether any one who has felt, under the edges of his saddle-leathers, the powerful action of a horse's fore-quarters at high speed will be ready to admit that these surging muscles merely stiffen and hold in place the bending fore leg. An observant eye will catch also,

study by many investigators of these plates, they have an interest of their own in the light they give the ordinary observer, and still more the artist, upon the usual facts of nature. Flight is a daily puzzle, and the instantaneous photographs of the pigeon and the American eagle (pp. 362, 363) tell more of the secrets of flight than any group of illustrations accessible outside of a special paper or two in "translations." The "sharp stroke and long recover" which has revolutionized college boating because it used speed and a sharp "catch" where force was exerted, and wasted none of the energy of action in hasty preparation, is apparent

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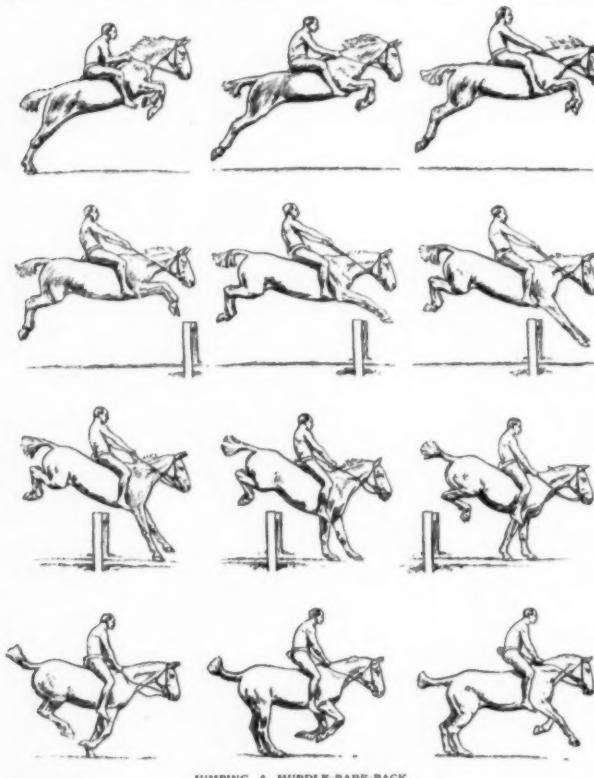
BASEBALL-BATTING.

in the oarage through the air of each of these birds. In every flying-machine, the "recover" is all the battle. The lifting stroke is easily dealt, but to get the wing back has overtaxed the invention of two centuries devoted to the problem. In the bird, through all the period in which the pinion is brought forward for recovery,—and this occupies three-fifths of the time employed in the acts,—the wing slides along tail-end down, front edge raised, and the bird passes up kite-fashion on the impulse which the stroke has given. The real recover only begins when the head has been almost hidden by the arched and hooding wing, and then — every feather whirled about like the slats of a Venetian blind by a single pull of the muscle lying at the quill-pits—the wing is thrown over the head by a single twist of wrist and elbow: feathers are only finger-nails, ready for the next stroke. Up to this point the bird has been rising. Here for an instant it drops, to begin rising again with the next stroke, giving the wavy line of progression, apparent in the series, but lost to the eye in the straight path a pigeon usually seems to follow.

The flight in these photographs is nowhere swift. As it is, moving slowly, the downward rush of the pigeon's wing, catching the air in a curving line like a propeller flange, has outstripped the speed of an instantaneous plate. The bird in this flight is moving through the

twelve views only a yard or so (one meter) in  $\frac{23}{60}$  of a second,—about thirteen feet a second, or a mile in a little over seven minutes. A pigeon under favorable circumstances is equal not to ten but to sixty and eighty miles an hour. The constant habit in drawing a wing is to present it as a plane of simple form and curve, which a wing never is, and to overlook the separate action of the long quill-feathers. The Japanese do neither. The rudest sketch of bird-flight made in Japan by an artisan rather than an artist, which can be picked up for a few cents, gives the wing its double screw curve and opens the moving feathers, which, at every stroke, turn backwards and forwards. To find an eagle whose ragged and opening feathers give the impression of life and action apparent in the figure on page 363, we must turn back to the vigorous eagle whose spreading wings fill the space on the coins of an early Ptolemy. Ragged, unkempt, and weak as the great bird was from long confinement when he winged his brief flight across this field with neither "the pride nor ample pinion that the Theban eagle bears," there is still about the stretch and sweep of these great vans, their easy curve and sharp recover, such suggestion of free flight as it would be hard to match in any drawing, familiar though the subject be and tried of scores of pencils.

The lesson of this extended series illustrating animal motion is in the lower animals one



JUMPING A HURDLE-BARE-BACK.

of mechanism rather than form; in man it is one rather of form than of mechanism. There is no one of the plates given in this article, for instance, if the figure on page 360 be excepted, in which a new attitude is presented. There, the sharp ingathering of all four limbs, in a manner which suggests the cramped legs of a racer between strides, varies widely from the conventional type of a running jump, which represents the jumper as shooting over the bar, bent, but with arms and legs straight. The others, vigorous as they are in their speaking attitudes, give no new positions; but they emphasize the difficulty of exactly catching and fixing, without the memoranda offered by photographs like these, the successive changes of pose and muscle which the simplest physical act brings about or the new posture in which it leaves the body. The series on page 364 cover in time a half second from first to last, and the alterations in posture, which modify so wholly the profile of the figure, are separated from each other by a tenth of a second each. The trained eye misses much of the rapid swell and subsidence of muscle and flex of trunk in these brief intervals; the un-

trained eye misses both altogether. All are recorded in this accurate portraiture. The complete transformation of figure which takes place in batting, from Figs. 1 to 8 on page 365, is worked in three-quarters of a second. When we speak of nervous energy transmitted at a speed of 90 feet (30 meters) a second or a muscle contracting in from  $\frac{1}{66}$  to  $\frac{9}{100}$  of a second, the statement furnishes a shallow conception of the rapidity with which the trained and coördinated muscles of the human trunk and arms go through the myriad changes which are needed in some act which familiarity has brought to the edge of automatism. Yet in these swiftly changing relations are hidden the secret and revelation of living action as it is. It were bald error, open to ridicule, to suggest that the notation of the photograph can compare with the study of these changes in the living figure; but the data furnished by these series of photographs give ma-

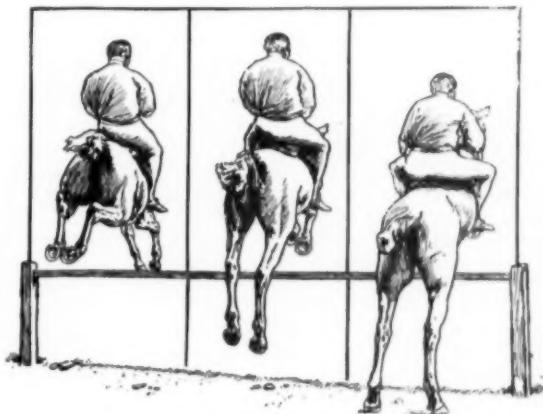
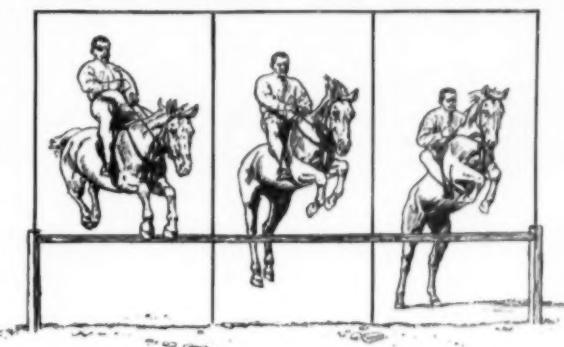
terial for the study of the altering positions of action akin to, and, within just limit and in its proper place and station, comparable with the familiar knowledge obtained by the study of artistic anatomy carried on in the only method in which its lessons can be adequately acquired.

It is well to be mindful of the value of the records here presented and provided on a still larger scale by these researches of the University of Pennsylvania, because a sense of surface and of the precise forces at work beneath it is one of the broad marks of difference which separate modern sculpture, if a few examples be excepted, from ancient. The eye grows accustomed to what it sees fully, frequently, and in freedom. Its capacity for appreciation — turning aside from the point of view involved in production to a more general and generous attitude towards art — grows by what it feeds upon. Limited as is the teaching and narrow the lesson given by these sharply defined shadows of action caught and crystallized by the camera, they are still broad enough to suggest, I venture to say, a somewhat new measure and method of criticism for much hitherto overlooked and little understood by recep-

tive but untrained laymen; and art, if it is to succeed at all, must be built up on a broad foundation of lay appreciation. Its plant withers or grows to distorted shapes, if it is denied this soil in deep and well-cultivated measure. The resemblance between the last figure on page 363 and the familiar Mercury of John of Bologna is a trite matter, interesting, but not important of itself. But I question greatly if, in this most suggestive series, any one will follow from the start in putting the stone the changes which finally launch the twenty-pound weight, without a new sense, not merely of the light, airy, and splendid figure so long admired, which the sculptor of the Renaissance poised on the breath of the west wind, but of the truth and vigor with which that masterpiece suggests and expresses swift, continuous, and powerful motion. In that appreciative anxiety to admire the right thing at all pain and hazard to past predilection which is at once the curse, characteristic, and, in due season, let one hope, promise, of the present average American attitude towards most art, the training of perception in such matters as these is indispensable to progress in public taste.

Suggestions of this order, although nowhere else linked to so remarkable and typical an example, run through the instances of more swift and violent and therefore less familiar action in the photographs of the running, straight high jump (page 360), and of the back somersault (page 361). In the jump, as in putting the heavy weight, the models in each case were university students whose success in contests was the best test of their fit proficiency, a circumstance of which the reader can scarcely fail to be sensible, even before he is informed of the fact. The running high jump, involving a high lift rather than a far throw of the body, is less rapid than most violent exertions. From first to last one second elapses for all the illustrations. With this time the subject is often enough attempted by clever English draughtsmen; but even here where the camera has least relatively to tell, there is fresh suggestion in the fashion, already touched upon, in

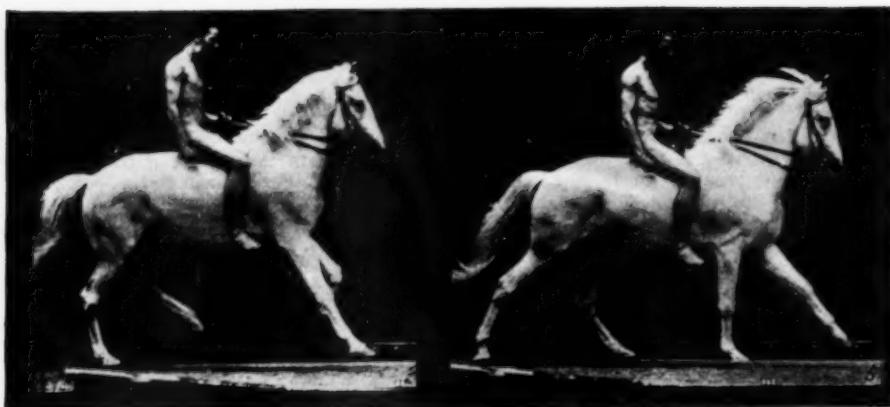
which the gathering of the legs and arms follows the same act in the mid-stride of four-footed animals; and the straight line in which the body shoots towards the ground, tense as a crucifix, gives sense of movement not easily surpassed. But if the jump is slow, the somersault is not. The span of time, from the instant the ground is left until the feet touch the ground again, is less than half a second; and in this space the body has been whirled around in air through the



JUMPING A HURDLE — SADDLE.

moving arc of a ball shot forward, twisting as it goes.

The advance of instantaneous photography in recent years, not less than the excellence of the method employed in this inquiry, has its best measure in the figures of a gray mare taking a hurdle in a single easy flight, smooth and straight as a swallow's (page 366). The impulse for this leap has already been given before this series opens. Its character, the swelling strain of the hind-quarters, is better caught in another leap (page 367). The seven exposures which carry the mare from the time



CANTER-BARE-BACK.

her hind feet leave the ground until her fore legs catch it again cover a bare third of a second ( $\frac{60}{1000}$  to each interval). The twenty-one feet of the leap from hind hoof to hind hoof are passed in half a second. So far as mere position and outline go, this is an old story, but the modeling, the balance, and the action are all new, and all dependent for interest on evanescent phases only apparent to the camera's supersensitive plate. The rigid swell of the powerful muscles which sheathe the thigh and give the lift to both leaps lasts, at longest, less than one-tenth of a second, and yet on the proper portrayal of this rests the vraisemblance of the flight, the ocular persuasion of a force exerted equal to its successful doing (page 367). M. Taine has somewhere said that human progression lost the possibility of grace when the yielding arch of the foot was shod with the stiff-soled and heeled boot of modern life. Something akin to this will occur at the contrast between the flexible changing grace of the leap bare-back and the same spring in a saddle. The rigid pad of leather and wood, light as it may be, is a bar to free and common action by horse and rider. The full meaning of this shines in each figuring of the horse and his nude bare-back rider on this page. The slender youthful rider and his

horse give us again the Greek seat of the frieze of the Parthenon, with its drooping hand and swaying motion, its simplicity of outline, of treatment, and of poise. Nor can I better emphasize and express the value and worth of these photographs of living motion in directing criticism and stimulating appreciation, than by saying that so well trained an observer and conscientious a critic as the late Mr. Charles C. Perkins, in his "Historical Hand-book of Italian Sculpture," did not hesitate to say of Donatello's equestrian statue, at Padua, of Eramos di Narni, that "it shows the closest study of nature in all but one particular; namely, that the horse moves by lifting his two right legs simultaneously from the ground." "This error, common to other sculptors, both ancient and modern," as Mr. Perkins writes, is the position caught above; and it is the position selected by keener and better-trained eyes than Mr. Perkins's,—the position of Verrocchio's colossal bronze of Colleoni at Venice; of more than one of the figures in the Panathenaic procession; of the statue of Balbus found at Pompeii; and of that matchless semblance of a matchless man, the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

*Talcott Williams.*

[The illustrations in this article are taken by permission from "Animal Locomotion," an electro-photographic investigation of consecutive phases of animal movements, by Eadweard Muybridge, published under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania.]

#### DIVINE PARADOXES.

IT seems impossible to understand  
How Joy and Sorrow may be hand in hand;  
Yet God created when the Earth was born  
The changeless paradox of Night and Morn.

*William H. Hayne.*

## THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.



BUILDING IN WHICH THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION WAS DRAWN.

### THE LECOMPTON CONSTITUTION.

THE year 1857 brings us to a decided change in the affairs of Kansas, but to no less remarkable occurrences. Active civil war gradually ceased in the preceding autumn,—a result due to the vigorous and impartial administration of Governor Geary and the arrival of the inclement winter weather.

On the evening of the day the legislature met (January 12th, 1857), the pro-slavery party held a large political convention, in which it was confessed that they were in a hopeless minority in the territory, and the general conclusion was reached that it was no longer worth while to attempt to form a slave State in Kansas.† Many of its hitherto active leaders immediately and definitely abandoned the struggle. But the Missouri cabal, intrenched in the various territorial and county offices, held to their design, though their labors now assumed a somewhat different character. They denounced Governor Geary in their reso-

lutions, and devised legislation to further their intrigues.‡ By the middle of February, under their inspiration, a bill providing for a convention to frame a State constitution was perfected and enacted. The governor immediately sent the legislature his message, reminding them that the leading idea of the organic act was to leave the actual *bona fide* inhabitants of the territory "perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way," and vetoing the bill because "the legislature has failed to make any provision to submit the constitution when

framed to the consideration of the people for their ratification or rejection."§ The governor's argument was wasted on the predetermined legislators. They promptly passed the act over his veto.

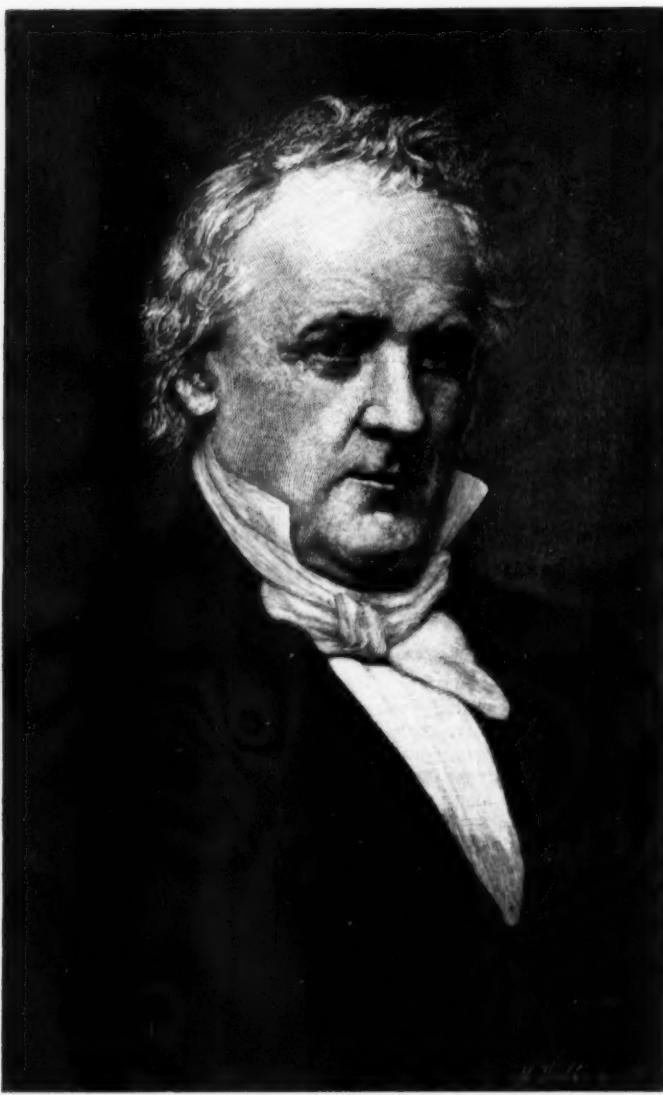
The cabal was in no mood to be thwarted, and under a show of outward toleration, if not respect, their deep hostility found such means of making itself felt that the governor began to receive insult from street ruffians, and to become apprehensive for his personal safety. In such a contest he was single-handed against the whole pro-slavery town of Lecompton. The foundation of his authority was gradually sapped; and finding himself no longer sustained at Washington, where the private appeals and denunciations of the cabal were more influential than his official reports, he wrote his resignation on the day of Buchanan's inauguration, and a week later left the territory in secrecy as a fugitive. Thus, in less than three years, three successive Democratic executives had been resisted, disgraced, and overthrown by the political conspiracy which ruled the territory; and Kansas had indeed become, in the phraseology of the day, "the graveyard of governors."

The Kansas imbroglio was a political scandal of such large proportions, and so clearly threatened a dangerous schism in the Demo-

† January 12th, 1857. Wilder, *Annals of Kansas*, p. 113. Bell, *Speech in Senate*, March 18th, 1858. Appendix to Cong. Globe, p. 137.

‡ Geary to Marcy, January 19th, 1857. *Senate Docs.*, 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. VI., Ex. Doc. 17, p. 131.

§ Geary, *Veto Message*, February 18th, 1857. *Senate Docs.*, 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. VI., Ex. Doc. 17, p. 167.



JAMES BUCHANAN, PRESIDENT, 1857-61. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

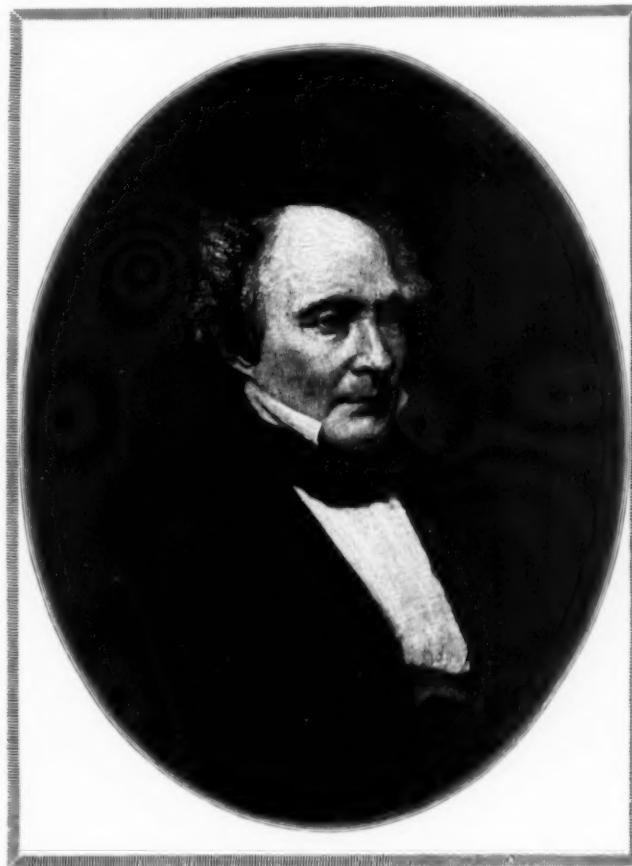
cratic party, that the new President, Buchanan, and his new Cabinet, proceeded to its treatment with the utmost caution. The subject was fraught with difficulties not of easy solution. The South, to retain her political supremacy, or even her equality, needed more slave States to furnish additional votes in the United States Senate. To make a slave State of Kansas, the Missouri Compromise had been repealed, and a bogus legislature elected and supported by

the successive Missouri invasions and the guerrilla war of 1856. All these devices had, however, confessedly failed of their object. Northern emigration and antislavery sentiment were clearly in possession of Kansas, and a majority of voters stood ready upon fair occasion to place her in the column of free States. It had become a game on the chessboard of national politics. The moving pieces stood in Missouri and Kansas, but the

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players sat in Washington. In reality it was a double game. There was plot and under-plot. Beneath the struggle between free States and slave States were the intrigue and deception carried on between Northern Dem-

tional fame, who had been senator and Secretary of the Treasury. Walker, realizing fully the responsibility and danger of the trust, after repeated refusals finally accepted upon two distinct conditions: first, that General



GOVERNOR ROBERT J. WALKER.

ocrats and Southern Democrats. The Kansas-Nebraska act was a double-tongued statute, and the Cincinnati platform a Janus-faced banner. Momentary victory was with the Southern Democrats, for they had secured the nomination and election of President Buchanan, a "Northern man with Southern principles."

Determined to secure whatever prestige could be derived from high qualification and party influence, Buchanan tendered the vacant governorship of Kansas to his intimate personal and political friend, Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, a man of great ability and na-

Harney should be "put in special command in Kansas with a large body of troops, and especially of dragoons and a battery,"\* and retained there subject to his military directions until the danger was over; and second, that he "should advocate the submission of the constitution to the vote of the people for ratification or rejection."<sup>†</sup>

This latter had now become a vital point in the political game. The recent action of the territorial legislature and Geary's already

\* Walker to Cass, July 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 32.

<sup>†</sup> Walker to Cass, Dec. 15th, 1857. *Ibid.*, p. 122.

mentioned veto message were before the President and his Cabinet.\* But much more important than this move of the Kansas pieces was the prior determination of prominent Washington players. During the Kansas civil war and the Presidential campaign of the previous year, by way of offset to the Topeka constitution, both Senator Douglas† and Senator Toombs‡ wrote and introduced in the Senate bills to enable Kansas to form a State constitution. The first by design, and the second by accident, contained a clause to submit such constitution, when formed, to a vote of the people. Both these bills were considered not only by the Senate Committee on Territories, of which Douglas was chairman, but also by a caucus of Democratic senators. Said Senator Bigler :

"It was held, by those most intelligent on the subject, that in view of all the difficulties surrounding that Territory, [and] the danger of any experiment at that time of a popular vote, it would be better that there should be no such provision in the Toombs bill; and it was my understanding, in all the intercourse I had, that that convention would make a constitution and send it here without submitting it to the popular vote."§

This Toombs bill was, after modification in other respects, adopted by Douglas, and duly passed by the Senate; but the House with an opposition majority refused its assent. All these preliminaries were well known to the Buchanan Cabinet, and of course also to Douglas. It is fair to assume that under such circumstances Walker's emphatic stipulation was deliberately and thoroughly discussed. Indeed, extraordinary urging had been necessary to induce him to reconsider his early refusals. Douglas personally joined in the solicitation.|| Because of the determined opposition of his own family, Walker had promised his wife that he would not go to Kansas without her consent; and President Buchanan was so anxious on the point that he personally called on Mrs. Walker and persuaded her to waive her objections.|| Under influences like these Walker finally accepted the appointment, and the President and Cabinet accepted his conditions without reserve. He wrote his inaugural address in Washington, using the following language :

\* Geary to Marcy, Feb. 21st, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. VI, Ex. Doc. 17, p. 178.

† March 7th, 1856. ‡ June 25th, 1856.

§ Bigler, Senate Speech, Dec. 9th, 1857. Globe, Part I., p. 21. See also Bigler, Senate Speech, Dec. 21st, 1857. Globe, Part I., p. 113.



FREDERICK P. STANTON. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

"I repeat then as my clear conviction that unless the convention submit the constitution to the vote of all the actual resident settlers, and the election be fairly and justly conducted, the constitution will be and ought to be rejected by Congress."

He submitted this draft of his inaugural to President Buchanan, who read and approved the document and the promise. Secretary Cass wrote his official instructions in accordance with it. On Walker's journey West he stopped at Chicago and submitted his inaugural to Douglas, who also indorsed his policy.|| The new governor fondly believed he had removed every obstacle to success, and every possibility of misunderstanding or disapproval by the Administration, such as had befallen his predecessors. But President Buchanan either deceived him at the beginning, or betrayed him in the end.

With Governor Walker there was sent a new territorial secretary. Woodson, who had

|| Douglas, Milwaukee Speech, October 13th, 1860.

|| Walker, Testimony before the Covode Committee. Reports of Committees H. R. 1st Sess. 36th Cong., Vol. V., pp. 105, 6.

\*\* Douglas, Milwaukee Speech, October 13th, 1860.

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so often abused his powers during his repeated service as acting governor, was promoted to a more lucrative post to create the vacancy. Frederick P. Stanton, of Tennessee, formerly a representative in Congress, a man of talent and, as the event proved, also a man of courage, was now made Secretary. Both Walker and Stanton being from slave States, it may be presumed that the slavery question was considered safe in their hands. Walker, indeed, entertained sentiments somewhat more valuable to the South in this conjuncture. He believed in the balance of power; he preferred that the people of Kansas should make it a slave State; he was "in favor of maintaining the equilibrium of the government by giving the South a majority in the Senate, while the North would always necessarily have a majority in the House of Representatives."\* Both also entered on their mission with the feelings entertained by the President and the Democratic party; namely, that the free-State men were a mischievous insurrectionary faction, willfully disturbing the peace and defying the laws. Gradually, however, their personal observation convinced them that this view was a profound error.

Governor Walker arrived in the Territory late in May, and it required but short investigation to satisfy him that any idea of making Kansas a slave State was utterly preposterous. Had everything else been propitious, climate alone seemed to render it impossible. But popular sentiment was also overwhelmingly against it; he estimated that the voters were for a free State more than two to one.† All the efforts of the pro-slavery party to form a slave State seemed to be finally abandoned. If he could not make Kansas a slave State, his next desire was to make her a Democratic State. "And the only plan to accomplish this was to unite the free-State Democrats with the pro-slavery party, and all those whom I regarded as conservative men, against the more violent portion of the Republicans."‡ He therefore sought by fair words to induce the free-State men to take part in the election of delegates to the constitutional convention. His inaugural address, quoting the President's instructions, promised that such election should be free from fraud and violence; that the delegates should be protected in their deliberations; and that if unsatisfactory, "you may by a subsequent vote defeat the ratification of the constitution."§

This same policy was a few weeks later urged

at Topeka, where a mass meeting of the free-State men was called to support and instruct another sitting of the "insurrectionary" free-State legislature elected under the Topeka constitution. The governor found a large assemblage, and a very earnest discussion in progress, whether the "legislature" should pursue only nominal action, such as would in substance amount to a petition for redress of grievances, or whether they should actually organize their State government, and pass a complete code of laws. The moderate free-State men favored the former, the violent and radical the latter course. When their mass meeting adjourned, they proceeded to the governor's lodgings and called him out in a speech, in which he renewed the counsels and promises of his inaugural address. "The legislature," said he, "has called a convention to assemble in September next. That constitution they will or they will not submit to the vote of a majority of the then actual resident settlers of Kansas. If they do not submit it, I will join you, fellow-citizens, in lawful opposition to their course. And I cannot doubt, gentlemen, that one much higher than I, the Chief Magistrate of the Union, will join you in that opposition."|| His invitation to them to participate in the election of a convention produced no effect; they still adhered to their resolve to have nothing to do with any affirmative proceedings under the bogus laws or territorial legislature. But the governor's promise of a fair vote on the constitution was received with favor. "Although this mass convention," reports the governor, "did not adopt fully my advice to abandon the whole Topeka movement, yet they did vote down by a large majority the resolutions prepared by the more violent of their own party in favor of a complete State organization and the adoption of a code of State laws."

If the governor was gratified at this result as indicative of probable success in his official administration, he rejoiced yet more in its significance as a favorable symptom of party politics. "The result of the whole discussion at Topeka," he reports, "was regarded by the friends of law and order as highly favorable to their cause, and as the commencement of a great movement essential to success; viz., the separation of the free-State Democrats from the Republicans, who had to some extent heretofore cooperated under the name of the free-State party."\*\* Another party symptom gave

\* Walker, Testimony, Covode Committee Report, p. 109.

† Walker to Buchanan, June 28th, 1857. Covode Committee Report, p. 115.

‡ Walker, Testimony, Covode Committee Report, p. 107.

§ Walker, Inaugural, May 27th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 11.

|| Walker, Topeka Speech, June 6th, 1857, in "Washington Union" of June 27th, 1857.

\*\* Walker to Cass, July 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 27.

the governor equal, if not greater, encouragement. On the 2d and 3d of July the "National Democratic" or pro-slavery party of the Territory met in convention at Lecompton. The leaders were out in full force. The hopelessness of making Kansas a slave State was once more acknowledged, the governor's policy indorsed, and a resolution "against the submission of the constitution to a vote of the people was laid on the table as a test vote by a vote of forty-two to one."\* The governor began already to look upon his counsels and influence as a turning-point in national destiny. "Indeed," he writes, "it is universally admitted here that the only real question is this: whether Kansas shall be a conservative, constitutional, Democratic, and ultimately free State, or whether it shall be a Republican and abolition State; and that the course pursued by me is the only one which will prevent the last most calamitous result, which, in my opinion, would soon seal the fate of the republic."†

In his eagerness to reform the Democratic party of Kansas, and to strengthen the Democratic party of the nation against the assaults and dangers of "abolitionism," the governor was not entirely frank; else he would at the same time have reported, what he was obliged later to explain, that the steps taken to form a constitution from which he hoped so much were already vitiated by such defects or frauds as to render them impossible of producing good fruit. The territorial law appointing the election of delegates provided for a census and a registry of voters, to be made by county officers appointed by the territorial legislature. These officers so neglected or failed to discharge their duty, that in nearly half the organized counties of the interior no attempt whatever was made to obtain the census or registration;‡ and in the counties lying on the Missouri border, where the pro-slavery party was strong, the work of both was exceedingly imperfect, and in many instances with notorious discrimination against free-State voters. While the disfranchised counties had a comparatively sparse population, the number of voters in them was too considerable to be justly denied their due representation.§ The apportionment of delegates was based upon this defective registration and census, and this alone would have given the pro-slavery party a disproportionate power in the convention. But at the election

\* Walker to Cass, July 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess., 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 29.

† Walker to Cass, July 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess., 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 30.

‡ F. P. Stanton's Speech, Philadelphia, February 8th, 1858.

§ "These fifteen counties in which there was no registry gave a much larger vote at the October election,

of delegates on the 15th of June, the free-State men, following their deliberate purpose and hitherto unvarying practice of non-conformity to the bogus laws, abstained entirely from voting. "The consequence was that out of the 9250 voters whose names had been registered . . . there were in all about 2200 voters cast, and of these the successful candidates received 1800."||

"The black Republicans," reported the governor, "would not vote, and the free-State Democrats were kept from voting by the fear that the constitution would not be submitted by the convention, and that by voting they committed themselves to the proceeding of the convention. But for my inaugural, circulated by thousands, and various speeches all urging the people to vote, there would not have been one thousand votes polled in the Territory, and the convention would have been a disastrous failure."||

But this was not the only evil. The apportionment of the members of the territorial legislature to be chosen the ensuing autumn was also based upon this same defective registry and census. Here again disproportionate power accrued to the pro-slavery party, and the free-State men loudly charged that it was a new contrivance for the convenience of Missouri voters. Governor Walker publicly deplored all these complications and defects; but he counseled endurance, and constantly urged in mitigation that in the end the people should have the privilege of a fair and direct vote upon their constitution. That promise he held aloft as a beacon-light of hope and redress. This attitude and policy, frequently reported to Washington, was not disavowed or discouraged by the President and Cabinet.

The governor, however, soon found a storm brewing in another quarter. When the newspapers brought copies of his inaugural address, his Topeka speech, and the general report of his Kansas policy back to the Southern States, there arose an ominous chorus of protest and denunciation from the whole tribe of fire-eating editors and politicians. What right had the governor to intermeddle? they indignantly demanded. What call to preach about climate, what business to urge submission of the constitution to popular vote, or to promise his own help to defeat it if it were not submitted; what author-

even with the six months' qualification, than the whole vote given to the delegates who signed the Lecompton constitution on the 7th November last."—[Walker to Cass, December 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess., 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 128.]

|| F. P. Stanton, Speech, Philadelphia, Feb. 8th, 1858.

¶ Walker to Buchanan, June 28th, 1857. Report Covode Committee, p. 118.

ity to pledge the President and Administration to such a course? The convention was sovereign, they claimed, could do what it pleased, and no thanks to the governor for his impertinent advice. The Democratic State Convention of Georgia took the matter in hand, and by resolution denounced Walker's inaugural address, and asked his removal from office. The Democratic State Convention of Mississippi followed suit, and called the inaugural address an unjust discrimination against the rights of the South, and a dictatorial intermeddling with the high public duty intrusted to the convention.

Walker wrote a private letter to Buchanan, defending his course, and adding:

"Unless I am thoroughly and cordially sustained by the Administration here, I cannot control the convention, and we shall have anarchy and civil war. With that cordial support the convention (a majority of whose delegates I have already seen) will do what is right. I shall travel over the whole Territory, make speeches, rouse the people in favor of my plan, and see all the delegates. But your cordial support is indispensable, and I never would have come here, unless assured by you of the cordial co-operation of all the Federal officers. . . . The extremists are trying your nerves and mine, but what can they say when the convention submits the constitution to the people and the vote is given by them? But we must have a slave State out of the south-western Indian Territory, and then a calm will follow; Cuba be acquired with the acquiescence of the North; and your Administration, having in reality settled the slavery question, be regarded in all time to come as a re-signing and re-sealing of the constitution. . . . I shall be pleased soon to hear from you. Cuba! Cuba! (and Porto Rico, if possible) should be the countersign of your Administration, and it will close in a blaze of glory." \*

The governor had reason to be proud of the full and complete reendorsement which this appeal brought from his chief. Under date of July 12th, 1857, the President wrote in reply:

"On the question of submitting the constitution to the *bond fide* resident settlers of Kansas I am willing to stand or fall. In sustaining such a principle we cannot fall. It is the principle of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; the principle of popular sovereignty; and the principle at the foundation of all popular government. The more it is discussed the stronger it will become. Should the convention of Kansas adopt this principle, all will be settled harmoniously, and with the blessing of Providence you will return triumphantly from your arduous, important, and responsible mission. The strictures of the Georgia and Mississippi conventions will then pass away and be speedily forgotten. In regard to Georgia, our news from that State is becoming better every day; we have not yet had time to hear much from Mississippi. Should you answer the resolutions of the latter, I would advise you to make the great principle of the submission of the constitution to the *bond fide* residents of Kansas conspicuously prominent. On this you will be irresistible." †

The delegates to the constitutional convention, chosen in June, met according to law

\* Walker to Buchanan, June 28th, 1857. Report Covode Committee, pp. 117-119.

at Lecompton, September 7th, and, having spent five days in organization, adjourned their session to October 19th. The object of this recess was to await the issue of the general election of October 5th, at which a full territorial legislature, a delegate to Congress, and various county officers were to be chosen.

By the action of the free-State men this election was now made a turning-point in Kansas politics. Held together as a compact party by their peaceful resistance to the bogus laws, emigration from the North had so strengthened their numbers that they clearly formed a majority of the people of the Territory. A self-constituted and self-regulated election held by them for sundry officials under their Topeka constitution revealed a numerical strength of more than seven thousand voters. Feeling that this advantage justified them in receding from their attitude of non-conformity, they met in convention toward the end of August, and while protesting against the "wicked apportionment," resolved that "whereas Governor Walker has repeatedly pledged himself that the people of Kansas should have a full and fair vote, before impartial judges, at the election to be held on the first Monday in October, . . . we the people of Kansas, in mass convention assembled, agree to participate in said election." †

Governor Walker executed his public promises to the letter. A movement of United States troops to Utah was in progress, and about two thousand of these were detained by order until after election day. Stationed at ten or twelve different points in the Territory, they served by their mere presence to overawe disorder, and for the first time in the history of Kansas the two opposing parties measured their strength at the ballot-box. The result was an overwhelming triumph for the free-State party. For delegate in Congress, Ransom, the Democratic candidate, received 3799 votes; Parrott, the Republican candidate, 7888,—a free-State majority of 4089. For the legislature, even under the defective apportionment, the council stood 9 free-State members to 4 Democrats, and the House 24 free-State members to 15 Democrats.

That the pro-slavery cabal would permit power to slip from their grasp without some extraordinary effort was scarcely to be expected. When the official returns were brought from the various voting-places to the governor's office, there came from Oxford, a single precinct in Johnson county, "a roll of paper, 40 or 50 feet long, containing names as thickly

† Buchanan to Walker, July 12th, 1857. Report Covode Committee, p. 112.

† Wilder, p. 133.

as they could be written,"\* and a large part of which were afterward discovered to have been literally copied from an old Cincinnati directory. This paper purported to be a return of 1628 votes for the 11 pro-slavery candidates for the legislature in that district, and if counted, it would elect 8 members of the House and 3 of the council by a trifling majority, and thereby change the political complexion and power of the legislature. Inspection showed the document to be an attempt to commit a stupendous fraud; and after visiting the locality ("a village with six houses, including stores, and without a tavern")† and satisfying himself of the impossibility of such a vote from such a place, Governor Walker rejected the whole return from Oxford precinct for informality, and gave certificates of election to the free-State candidates elected as appeared by the other regular returns. A similar paper from McGee county with more than 1200 names was treated in like manner.‡ Judge Cato issued his writ of mandamus to compel the governor to give certificates to the pro-slavery candidates, but without success. The language of Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton in a proclamation announcing their action deserves remembrance and imitation.

"The consideration that our own party by this decision will lose the majority in the legislative assembly does not make our duty in the premises less solemn and imperative. The elective franchise would be utterly valueless, and free government itself would receive a deadly blow, if so great an outrage as this could be shielded under the cover of mere forms and technicalities. We cannot consent in any manner to give the sanction of our respective official positions to such a transaction. Nor can we feel justified to relieve ourselves of the proper responsibility of our offices, in a case where there is no valid return, by submitting the question to the legislative assembly, and in that very act giving the parties that might claim to be chosen by this spurious vote the power to decide upon their own election."§

The decisive free-State victory, the Oxford and McGee frauds,|| and the governor's fearless action in exposing and rejecting them, called forth universal comment; and under the new political conditions which they re-

vealed, created intense interest in the further proceedings of the Lecompton Constitutional Convention. That body reassembled according to adjournment on the 19th of October. Elected in the preceding June without any participation by free-State voters, the members were all pro-slavery, and were presided over by John Calhoun (the same man who, as county surveyor of Sangamon county, Illinois, employed Abraham Lincoln as his deputy in 1832).

At the June election, while he and his seven colleagues from Douglas county were yet candidates for the convention, they had circulated a written pledge that they would submit the constitution to the people for ratification. This attitude was generally maintained by them till the October election. But when by that vote they saw their faction overwhelmed with defeat, they and others undertook to maintain themselves in power by an unprecedented piece of political jugglery. Calhoun, who was surveyor-general of the Territory, employed a large number of subordinates, and was one of the most able and unscrupulous leaders in the pro-slavery cabal. A large majority of the convention favored the establishment of slavery; only the question of a popular vote on ratification or rejection excited controversy.

An analysis shows that the principle of delegated authority had become attenuated to a remarkable degree. The defective registration excluded a considerable number (estimated at about one-sixth) of the legal voters. Of the 9250 registered, only about 2200 voted, all told. Of these 2200, only about 1800 votes were given for the successful candidates for delegate. Of the whole 60 delegates alleged to have been chosen, "but 43," says a Committee Report,

"participated in the work of the convention. Sessions were held without a quorum, and the yeas and nays often show that but few above thirty were present. It is understood, and not denied, that but 28 of these — less than half of a full house of 60 — decided the pro-slavery or free-State question; and upon the question of submission of their work to the will of the people, the pro-slavery party carried the point by a majority of two votes only. It was quite in keeping

Agency underwent such suspicious handling that an investigating commission of the Legislature, by aid of a search-warrant, found them secreted in a candle-box buried under a wood-pile near Calhoun's "Surveyor-General's office" at Lecompton. A forged list of 379 votes had been substituted for the original memorandum of only 43 votes cut from the certificate of the judges; the votes on the forged list being intended for the pro-slavery candidates. During the investigation Calhoun was arrested, but liberated by Judge Cato on *habeas corpus*, after which he immediately went to Missouri, and from there to Washington. The details and testimony are found in House Com. Reports, 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. III., Report No. 377.

\* Stanton, Speech at Philadelphia, February 8th, 1858.

† Walker, Proclamation, October 19th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 103.

‡ Ibid., pp. 104-6.

§ Walker, Proclamation, October 19th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Ex. Doc. 8, p. 104.

|| The ingenuity which evolved 1600 Kansas votes from an old Cincinnati directory and 1200 more from an uninhabited county, was not exhausted by that prodigious labor. The same influences, and perhaps the same manipulators, produced a companion piece known by the name of the "candle-box fraud." At the election of January 4th, 1858, for officers under the Lecompton constitution, the returns from Delaware

with the character of this body and its officers to find the journal of its proceedings for the last days missing."

Their allotted task was completed in a short session of about three weeks; the convention adjourned November 7th, 43 of the 50 delegates present having been induced to sign the constitution. When the document was published the whole country was amazed to see what perversity and ingenuity had been employed to thwart the unmistakable popular will. Essentially a slave-State constitution of the most pronounced type, containing the declaration that the right of property in slaves is "before and higher than any constitutional sanction," it made the right to vote upon it depend on the one hand on a test oath to "support this constitution" in order to repel conscientious free-State voters, and on the other hand on mere inhabitancy on the day of election to attract nomadic Missourians; it postponed the right to amend or alter for a period of seven years; it kept the then existing territorial laws in force until abrogated by State legislation; it adopted the late Oxford fraud as a basis of apportionment; it gave to Calhoun, the presiding officer, power to make the precincts, the judges of election, and to decide finally upon the returns in the vote upon it, besides many other questionable or inadmissible provisions. Finally the form of submission to popular vote to be taken on the 21st of December was prescribed to be, "constitution with slavery" or "constitution with no slavery," thus compelling the adoption of the constitution in any event.

There is a personal and political mystery underlying this transaction which history will probably never solve. Only a few points of information have come to light, and they serve to embarrass rather than aid the solution. The first is that Calhoun, although the friend and protégé of Douglas, and also himself personally pledged to submission, came to the governor and urged him to join in the new programme as to slavery,—alleging that the Administration had changed its policy, and now favored this plan,—and tempted Walker with a prospect of the Presidency if he would concur. Walker declared such a change impossible, and indignantly spurned the proposal.† The second is that one Martin, a department clerk, was, after confidential instructions from Secretary

Thompson and Secretary Cobb, of Buchanan's Cabinet, sent to Kansas in October, ostensibly on department business; that he spent his time in the lobby and the secret caucuses of the convention. Martin testifies that these Cabinet members favored submission, but that Thompson wished it understood that he was unwilling to oppose the admission of Kansas "if a pro-slavery constitution should be made and sent directly to Congress by the convention."‡ A wink was as good as a nod with that body, or rather with the cabal which controlled it; and after a virtuous dumb-show of opposition, it made a pretense of yielding to the inevitable, and acted on the official suggestion. This theory is the more plausible because Martin testifies further that he himself drafted the slavery provision which was finally adopted.§ The third point is that the President inexcusably abandoned his pledges to the governor and adopted this Cobb-Thompson-Calhoun contrivance, instead of keeping his word and dismissing Calhoun, as honor dictated. This course becomes especially remarkable in view of the fact that the change did not occur until after Walker's rejection of the fraudulent Oxford returns, which action placed the legislative power of the Territory in the hands of the newly elected free-State legislature, as already related. On the same day (October 22d, 1857) on which Walker and Stanton issued their proclamation rejecting the fraudulent returns, President Buchanan wrote another highly commendatory letter to Governor Walker. As it has never before been published, its full text will have special historical interest.

"WASHINGTON CITY, 22d October, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the tenth instant by Captain Pleasonton and am rejoiced to learn from you, what I had previously learned from other less authentic sources, that the convention of Kansas will submit the constitution to the people. It is highly gratifying that the late election passed off so peacefully; and I think we may now fairly anticipate a happy conclusion to all the difficulties in that Territory. Your application for a month's leave of absence has been granted to commence after the adjournment of the convention. During its session your presence will be too important to be dispensed with. I shall be glad to see you before you publish anything. The whole affair is now gliding along smoothly. Indeed, the revulsion in the business of the country seems to have driven all thoughts of 'bleeding Kansas' from the public mind. When and in what manner anything shall be published to revive the feeling, is a question of serious importance. I am persuaded that with every passing day the public are more and more disposed to

the submission clause of the schedule, and the authenticity of the document rests upon the signatures and the certificate of John Calhoun.

† Walker, Testimony. Report Covode Committee, p. 110.

‡ Martin, Testimony. Report Covode Committee, p. 159.

§ Report Covode Committee, pp. 170-1.

\* Minority Report, Select Com. of Fifteen. Report No. 377, page 109, Vol. III., H. R. Reports, 1st Sess. 35th Cong.

This "missing link," no less than the remaining portion of the journal printed in the proceedings of the investigating committee, is itself strong circumstantial proof of the imposture underlying the whole transaction. Many sections of the completed constitution are not even mentioned in the journal: it does not contain

do you justice. You certainly do injustice to Harris, the editor of the 'Union.' In the beginning I paid some attention to the course of the paper in regard to yourself, and I think it was unexceptionable: I know he stood firm amidst a shower of abuse from the extremists. I never saw nor did I ever hear of the communication published in the 'Union' to which you refer, and Harris has no recollection of it. I requested him to find me the number and send it to me; but this he has not done. He is not responsible in any degree for the non-publication of the letters to which you refer.\* I knew nothing of them until after the receipt of yours; and upon inquiry I found their publication had been prevented by Mr. Cobb under a firm conviction that they would injure both yourself and the Administration. Whether he judged wisely or not I cannot say, for I never saw them. That he acted in fairness and friendship I have not a doubt. He was anxious that General Whitfield should publish a letter and prepared one for him, expecting he would sign it before he left. He sent this letter after him for his approval and signature; but it has not been returned. I know not what are its contents. General W. doubtless has the letter in his possession. Beyond all question, the motives of Mr. Cobb were proper. Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Bache have just left me after a half hour's very agreeable conversation. Mrs. Walker desires me to inform you the family are all well and sends her love.

"From your friend, very respectfully,

"JAMES BUCHANAN.

"Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER."†

The question naturally occurs, for whom did Calhoun speak when he approached Governor Walker, offering him the bribe of the Presidency and assuring him that the Administration had changed its mind? That was before, or certainly not long after, the probable receipt of this letter in Kansas, for the governor left the Territory (November 16th) about one week after the adjournment of the Lecompton convention. The question becomes still more pressing owing to Governor Walker's testimony that when he reached Washington, "the President himself distinctly and emphatically assured me that he had not authorized anybody to say that he had approved of that [Lecompton] programme."‡ On whose authority, then, did Calhoun declare that the Administration had changed its mind?

This query brings us to another point in President Buchanan's letter of October 22d, in which he mentions that Secretary Cobb, of his Cabinet, had without his knowledge suppressed the publication of certain letters in the "Washington Union." These were, as we learn elsewhere, § the letters in which some of

\* "Dr. Tebbs and General Whitfield a month since left very strong letters for publication with the editor of the 'Union' which he promised to publish. His breach of this promise is a gross outrage. If not published immediately our success in convention materially depends on my getting an immediate copy at Lecompton. My friends here all regard now the 'Union' as an enemy and encouraging by its neutrality the fire-eaters not to submit the constitution. Very well, the facts are so clear that I can get along without the 'Union,' but he had no right to suppress

the Kansas pro-slavery leaders repeated their declaration of the hopelessness of any further contest to make Kansas a slave State. Why this secret suppression by Secretary Cobb? There is but one plausible explanation of this whole chain of contradictions. The conclusion is almost forced upon us that a Cabinet intrigue, of which the President was kept in ignorance, was being carried on, under the very eyes of Mr. Buchanan, by those whom he himself significantly calls "the extremists,"—a plot to supersede his own intentions and make him falsify his own declarations. As in the case of similar intrigues by the same agents a few years later, he had neither the wit to perceive nor the will to resist.

The protest of the people of the Territory against the extraordinary action of the Lecompton convention almost amounted to a popular revolt. This action opened a wide door to fraud, and invited Missouri over to an invasion of final and permanent conquest. Governor Walker had quitted the Territory on his leave of absence, and Secretary Stanton was acting governor. "The people in great masses," he says, "and the legislature that had been elected, with almost an unanimous voice called upon me to convene the legislature, in order that they might take such steps as they could to counteract the misfortune which they conceived was about to befall them in the adoption of this constitution."|| As already stated, Stanton had come to Kansas with the current Democratic prejudices against the free-State party. But his whole course had been frank, sincere, and studiously impartial, and the Oxford fraud had completely opened his eyes. "I now discovered for the first time to my entire satisfaction why it was that the great mass of the people of the Territory had been dissatisfied with their government, and were ready to rebel and to throw it off."|| Having, like Walker, frequently and earnestly assured the people of their ultimate right to ratify or reject the work of the convention, he was personally humiliated by the unfairness and trickery of which that body was guilty. Under the circumstances he could not hesitate in his duty. By proclamation he convened the new legislature in extra session.

The members respected the private pledge

Dr. Tebbs's letter. I shall in due time expose that transaction."—[R. J. Walker to James Buchanan, October, 1857. Extract.]

† For this autograph letter and other interesting manuscripts, we are indebted to General Duncan S. Walker, a son of the governor, now residing in Washington, D. C.

‡ Report Covode Committee, p. 111.

§ John Bell, Senate Speech, March 18th, 1858.

|| Stanton, Philadelphia Speech, Feb. 8th, 1858.

¶ Ibid.

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they had given him to engage in no general legislation; but provided by law for an investigation of the Oxford and McGee frauds, and for an election to be held on January 4th, 1858 (the day fixed by the Lecompton constitution for the election of State officers and a State legislature), at which the people might vote for the Lecompton constitution or against it. Thus in course of events two separate votes were taken on this notorious document. The first, provided for in the instrument itself, took place on the 21st of December, 1857. Detachments of troops were stationed at several points; the free-State men abstained from voting; the election was peaceable; and in due time Calhoun proclaimed that 6143 ballots had been cast "for the constitution with slavery," and 589 "for the constitution with no slavery." But the subsequent legislative investigation disclosed a gross repetition of the Oxford fraud, and proved the actual majority, in a one-sided vote, to have been only 3423. The second election occurred on January 4th, 1858, under authority of the legislative act. At this election the pro-slavery party voted for the State officers, but in its turn abstained from voting on the constitution, the result being,—against the Lecompton constitution, 10,226; for the Lecompton constitution with slavery, 138; for the Lecompton constitution without slavery, 24.\*

This emphatic rejection of the Lecompton constitution by a direct vote of the people of Kansas sealed its fate. We shall see further on what persistent but abortive efforts were made in Congress to once more galvanize it into life. The free-State party was jubilant; but the pro-slavery cabal, foiled and checked, was not yet dismayed or conquered. For now there was developed, for the first time in its full proportions, the giant pro-slavery intrigue which proved that the local conspiracy of the Atchison-Missouri cabal was but the image and fraction of a national combination, finding its headquarters in the Administration, first of President Pierce, and now of President Buchanan; working as patiently and insidiously as the order of Jesuits in the Church of Rome, through successive efforts to bring about a practical subversion of the whole theory and policy of the American government. It linked the action of Border Ruffians, presidential as-

pirants, senates, courts, and cabinets into efficient coöperation; leading up, step by step, from the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, through the Nebraska bill, border conquest, the Dred Scott decision, the suppression of the submission clause in the Toombs bill, and the extraordinary manipulation and machinery of the Lecompton constitution, toward the final overthrow of the doctrine that "all men are created equal," and the substitution of the dogma of property in man; toward the judicial construction that property rights in human beings are before and above constitutional sanction, and that slavery must find protection and perpetuity in States as well as in Territories.

The first weather-sign came from Washington. On the day after Acting Governor Stanton convened the October Legislature in special session, and before news of the event reached him, Secretary Cass transmitted to him advance copies of the President's annual message, in which the Lecompton constitution was indorsed in unqualified terms.† A week later he was admonished to conform to the views of the President in his official conduct.‡ At this point the State Department became informed of what had taken place, and the acting governor had short shrift. On December 11th Cass wrote to J. W. Denver, Esq.: "You have already been informed that Mr. Stanton has been removed from the office of Secretary of the Territory of Kansas and that you have been appointed in his place." Cass further explained that the President

"was surprised to learn that the secretary and acting governor had, on the 1st of December, issued his proclamation for a special session of the territorial legislature on the 7th instant, only a few weeks in advance of its regular time of meeting, and only fourteen days before the decision was to be made on the question submitted by the convention. This course of Mr. Stanton, the President seriously believes, has thrown a new element of discord among the excited people of Kansas, and is directly at war, therefore, with the peaceful policy of the Administration. For this reason he has felt it his duty to remove him."§

Walker, already in Washington on leave of absence, could no longer remain silent. He was as pointedly abandoned and disgraced by the Administration as was his subordinate. In a dignified letter justifying his own course, which, he reminded them, had never been criticised or disavowed, he resigned the governorship.

"From the events occurring in Kansas as well as here," he wrote, "it is evident that the question is passing from theories into practice; and that as governor of Kansas I should be compelled to carry out new instructions, differing on a vital question from those received at the date of my appointment. Such instructions I could not execute consistently with my views of the Federal Constitution, of the Kansas and

\* Under an Act of Congress popularly known as the "English Bill," this same Lecompton constitution was once more voted upon by the people of Kansas on August 2d, 1858, with the following result: for the proposition, 1785; against it, 11,300.—[Wilder, pp. 186-8.]

† Cass to Stanton, December 2d, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Doc. 8, p. 112.

‡ Cass to Stanton, December 8th, 1857. *Ibid.*, p. 113.

§ Cass to Denver, December 11th, 1857. *Ibid.*, p. 120.

Nebraska bill, or with my pledges to the people of Kansas." "The idea entertained by some that I should see the Federal Constitution and the Kansas-Nebraska bill overthrown and disregarded, and that, playing the part of a mute in a pantomime of ruin, I should acquiesce by my silence in such a result, especially where such acquiescence involved, as an immediate consequence, a disastrous and sanguinary civil war, seems to me most preposterous."\*

The conduct and the language of Walker and Stanton bear a remarkable significance when we remember that they had been citizens of slave States and zealous Democratic partisans, and that only hard practical experience and the testimony of their own eyes had forced them to join their predecessors in the political "graveyard." "The ghosts on the banks of the Styx," said Seward, "constitute a cloud scarcely more dense than the spirits of the departed governors of Kansas, wandering in exile and sorrow for having certified the truth against falsehood in regard to the elections between Freedom and Slavery in Kansas."†

#### THE REVOLT OF DOUGLAS.

THE language of President Buchanan's annual message, the summary dismissal of Acting Governor Stanton, and the resignation of Governor Walker, abruptly transferred the whole Lecompton question from Kansas to Washington; and even before the people of the Territory had practically decided it by the respective popular votes of December 21st, 1857, and January 4th, 1858, it had become the dominant political issue in the Thirty-fifth Congress, which convened on December 7th, 1857. The attitude of Senator Douglas on the new question claimed universal attention. The Dred Scott decision, affirming constitutional sanction and inviolability for slave property in Territories, had rudely damaged his theory. But we have seen how in his Springfield speech he ingeniously sought to repair and rehabilitate "popular sovereignty" by the sophism that a master's abstract constitutional right to slave property in a Territory was a "barren and a worthless right unless sustained, protected, and enforced by appropriate police regulations," which could only be supplied by the local territorial legislatures; and that the people of Kansas thus still possessed the power of indirect prohibition.

To invent and utter this sophism for home consumption among his distant constituents on the 12th of June (a few days before the Lecompton delegates were elected), and in so unobtrusive a manner as scarcely to attract

a ripple of public notice, was a light task compared with that which confronted him as Senator, at the meeting of Congress in December, in the light of John Calhoun's doings and powers, of the scandal of the Oxford fraud, and of the indignation of Northern Democrats against the betrayal of Walker and Stanton.

One of his first experiences was a personal quarrel with Buchanan. When he reached Washington, three days before the session, he went to the President to protest against his adopting the Lecompton constitution and sending it to Congress for acceptance. Buchanan insisted that he must recommend it in his annual message. Douglas replied that he would denounce it as soon as it was read. The President, excited, told him to remember "that no Democrat ever yet differed from an administration of his own choice without being crushed. Beware of the fate of Tallmadge and Rives," added he. "Mr. President," retorted Douglas, "I wish you to remember that General Jackson is dead."‡

In the election of Mr. Buchanan as President the South had secured a most important ally for the work of pro-slavery reaction. Trained in the belief that the South had hitherto been wronged, he was ready on every occasion to appear as her champion for redress; and the Southern politicians were now eager to use his leadership to make their views of public policy and constitutional duty acceptable to the North. Mediocre in talent and feeble in will, he easily submitted to control and guidance from a few Southern leaders of superior intellectual force. In his inaugural, he sought to prepare public opinion for obedience to the Dred Scott decision, and since its publication he had undertaken to interpret its scope and effect. Replying to a memorial from certain citizens of New England, he declared in a public letter, "Slavery existed at that period, and still exists in Kansas, under the Constitution of the United States. This point has at last been finally decided by the highest tribunal known to our laws. How it could ever have been seriously doubted is a mystery."§ In the same letter he affirmed the legality of the Lecompton convention, though he yet clearly expressed his expectation that the constitution to be framed by it would be submitted to popular vote for "approbation or rejection."

But when that convention adjourned, and made known its cunningly devised work, the whole South instantly became clamorous to secure the sectional advantages which lay in its

\* Walker to Cass, Dec. 15, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Doc. 8, pp. 131, 130.

† Seward, Senate Speech, April 30th, 1858.

‡ Douglas, Milwaukee Speech, October 13th, 1860.

§ Buchanan to Silliman and others, Aug. 15th, 1857. Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong., Vol. I., Doc. 8, p. 74.



JOHN CALHOUN. (FROM A PAINTING BY D. C. FABRONIUS, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, OWNED BY JOSEPH LEDLIE, ESQ.)

technical regularity, its strong affirmation of the "property" theory, and the extraordinary power it gave to John Calhoun to control the election and decide the returns. This powerful reactionary movement was not lost upon Mr. Buchanan. He reflected it as unerringly as the vane moves to the change of the wind. Long before the meeting of Congress, the Administration organ, the "Washington Union," heralded and strongly supported the new departure. When, on the 8th of December, the President's annual message was transmitted and read, the Lecompton constitution, as framed and submitted, was therein warmly endorsed and its acceptance indicated as the future Administration policy.

The language of this message discloses with what subtle ingenuity words, phrases, definitions, ideas, and theories were being invented and plied to broaden and secure every coigne of vantage, every conquest of the pro-slavery reaction. An elaborate argument was made to defend the enormities of the Lecompton constitution. The doctrine of the Silliman letter, that "slavery exists in Kansas under the Constitution of the United States," was assumed as a conceded theory. "In emerging from the condition of territorial dependence into that of a sovereign State," the people might vote "whether this important domestic institution should or should not continue to

exist." "Domestic institutions" was defined to mean slavery. "Free to form and regulate their domestic institutions"—the phrase employed in the Kansas-Nebraska act—was construed to mean a vote to continue or discontinue slavery. And "if any portion of the inhabitants shall refuse to vote, a fair opportunity to do so having been presented, . . . they alone will be responsible for the consequences." "Should the constitution without slavery be adopted by the votes of the majority, the rights of property in slaves now in the Territory are reserved. . . . These slaves were brought into the Territory under the Constitution of the United States and are now the property of their masters. This point has at length been finally decided by the highest judicial tribunal of the country."\*

However blind Buchanan might be to the fact that this extreme interpretation shocked and alarmed the sentiment of the North; that if made before the late presidential campaign it would have defeated his own election; and that if rudely persisted in, it might destroy the Democratic ascendancy in the future, the danger was obvious and immediately vital to Douglas. His senatorial term was about to expire. To secure a reelection he must carry the State of Illinois in 1858, which had on an issue less pronounced than this defeated his colleague Shields in 1854, and his lieutenant Richardson in 1856. But more than this, his own personal honor was as much involved in his pledges to the voters of Illinois as had been that of Governor Walker to the voters of Kansas. His double-dealing caucus bargain had thus placed him between two fires,—party disgrace at Washington and popular disgrace in Illinois. In such a dilemma his choice could not be doubtful. At all risk he must endeavor to sustain himself at home.

He met the encounter with his usual adroitness and boldness. Assuming that the President had made no express recommendation, he devoted his speech mainly to a strong argument of party expediency, repelling without reserve and denouncing without stint the work of the Lecompton convention.

"Stand by the doctrine," said he, "that leaves the people perfectly free to form and regulate their institutions for themselves, in their own way, and your party will be united and irresistible in power. Abandon

\* Buchanan, Annual Message, Dec. 8th, 1857.

that great principle, and the party is not worth saving, and cannot be saved after it shall be violated. I trust we are not to be rushed upon this question. Why shall it be done? Who is to be benefited? Is the South to be the gainer? Is the North to be the gainer? Neither the North nor the South has the right to gain a sectional advantage by trickery or fraud. . . . But I am told on all sides, 'Oh! just wait; the pro-slavery clause will be voted down.' That does not obviate any of my objections; it does not diminish any of them. You have no more right to force a free-State constitution on Kansas than a slave-State constitution. If Kansas wants a slave-State constitution she has a right to it; if she wants a free-State constitution she has a right to it. It is none of my business which way the slavery clause is decided. I care not whether it is voted down or voted up. Do you suppose, after the pledges of my honor, that I would go for that principle and leave the people to vote as they choose, that I would now degrade myself by voting one way if the slavery clause be voted down, and another way if it be voted up? I care not how that vote may stand. . . . Ignore Lecompton; ignore Topeka; treat both those party movements as irregular and void; pass a fair bill—the one that we framed ourselves when we were acting as a unit; have a fair election—and you will have peace in the Democratic party, and peace throughout the country, in ninety days. The people want a fair vote. They will never be satisfied without it. . . . But if this constitution is to be forced down our throats in violation of the fundamental principle of free government, under a mode of submission that is a mockery and insult, I will resist it to the last."\*

President Buchanan and the strong pro-slavery faction which was directing his course paid no attention whatever to this proposal of a compromise. Shylock had come into court to demand his bond, and would heed no pleas of equity or appeals to grace. The elections of December 21st and January 4th were held in due time, and with what result we have already seen. John Calhoun counted the votes on January 13th, and declared the "Lecompton constitution with slavery" duly adopted, prudently reserving, however, any announcement concerning the State officers or legislature under it. This much accomplished, he hurried away to Washington, where he was received with open arms by the President and his advisers, who at once proceeded with a united and formidable effort to legalize the transparent farce by Congressional sanction.

On the second day of February, 1858, President Buchanan transmitted to Congress the Lecompton constitution, "received from J. Calhoun, Esq., and 'duly certified by himself.' The President's accompanying special message argues that the organic law of the Territory conferred the essential rights of an enabling act; that the free-State party stood in the attitude of willful and chronic revolution; that their various refusals to vote were a sufficient bar to complaint and objection; that the several steps in the creation and work

of the Lecompton convention were regular and legal.

"The people of Kansas have, then, 'in their own way,' and in strict accordance with the organic act, framed a constitution and State government, have submitted the all-important question of slavery to the people, and have elected a governor, a member to represent them in Congress, members of the State legislature, and other State officers. They now ask admission into the Union under this constitution, which is Republican in form. It is for Congress to decide whether they will admit or reject the State which has thus been created. For my own part I am decidedly in favor of its admission and thus terminating the Kansas question."

The vote of January 4th against the constitution he declared to be illegal because it was "held after the Territory had been prepared for admission into the Union as a sovereign State, and when no authority existed in the territorial legislature which could possibly destroy its existence or change its character." His own inconsistency was lightly glossed over.

"For my own part, when I instructed Governor Walker in general terms, in favor of submitting the constitution to the people, I had no object in view except the all-absorbing question of slavery. . . . I then believed, and still believe, that under the organic act the Kansas convention were bound to submit this all-important question of slavery to the people. It was never, however, my opinion that independently of this act they would have been bound to submit any portion of the constitution to a popular vote, in order to give it validity."

To the public at large, the central point of interest in this special message, however, was the following dogmatic announcement by the President:

"It has been solemnly adjudged by the highest judicial tribunal known to our laws that slavery exists in Kansas by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. Kansas is, therefore, at this moment as much a slave State as Georgia or South Carolina. Without this, the equality of the sovereign States composing the Union would be violated, and the use and enjoyment of a territory acquired by the common treasure of all the States would be closed against the people and the property of nearly half the members of the Confederacy. Slavery can, therefore, never be prohibited in Kansas except by means of a constitutional provision, and in no other manner can this be obtained so promptly, if a majority of the people desire it, as by admitting it into the Union under its present constitution."

In the light of subsequent history this extreme pro-slavery programme was not only wrong in morals and statesmanship, but short-sighted and fool-hardy as a party policy. But to the eyes of President Buchanan this latter view was not so plain. The country was apparently in the full tide of a pro-slavery reaction. He had not only been elected President, but the Democratic party had also re-

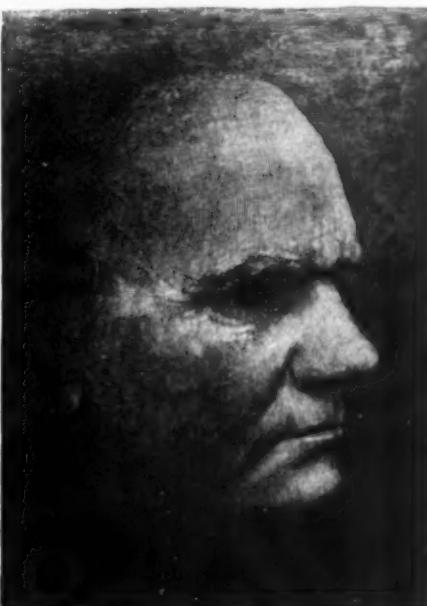
\* Douglas, Senate Speech, Dec. 9th, 1857.

covered its control of Congress. The presiding officer of each branch was a Southerner. Out of 64 members of the Senate, 39 were Democrats, 20 Republicans, and 5 Americans. Of the 237 members of the House, 131 were Democrats, 92 Republicans, and 14 Americans. Here was a clear majority of 14 in the upper and 25 in the lower House. This was indeed no longer the formidable legislative power which repealed the Missouri Compromise, but it seemed perhaps a sufficient force to carry out the President's recommendation. His error was in forgetting that this apparent popular indorsement was secured to him and his party by means of the double construction placed upon the Nebraska bill and the Cincinnati platform, by the caucus bargain between the leaders of the South and the leaders of the North. The moment had come when this unnatural alliance needed to be exposed and in part repudiated.

The haste with which the Southern leaders advanced step by step, forced every issue, and were now pushing their allies to the wall was, to say the least, bad management, but it grew logically out of their situation. They were swimming against the stream. The leading forces of civilization, population, wealth, commerce, intelligence, were bearing them down. The balance of power was lost. Already there were 16 free States to 15 slave States. Minnesota and Oregon, inevitably destined also to become free, were applying for admission to the Union.

Still, the case of the South was not hopeless. Kansas was apparently within their grasp. Existing law provided for the formation and admission of four additional States to be carved out of Texas, which would certainly become slave States. Then there remained the possible division of California, and a race for the possession of New Mexico and Arizona. Behind all, or, more likely, before all except Kansas, in the order of desired events, was the darling ambition of President Buchanan, the annexation of Cuba. As United States Minister to England, he had publicly declared, that if Spain refused to sell us that coveted island, we should be justified in wresting it from her by force;\* as presidential candidate he had confidentially avowed, amid the first blushes of his new honor, "If I can be instrumental in settling the slavery question upon the terms I have mentioned, and then add Cuba to the Union, I shall, if President, be willing to give up the ghost, and let Breckinridge take the government."† Thus,

even excluding the more problematical chances which lay hidden in filibustering enterprises, there was a possibility, easily demonstrable to the sanguine, that a decade or two might change mere numerical preponderance from the free to the slave States. Nor could this possibility be waved aside by any affectation of incredulity. Not alone Mr. Buchanan, but the whole Democratic party was publicly pledged to annexation. "Resolved," said the Cincinnati platform, "that the Democratic party will expect of the next Administration that every proper effort will be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of



LIFE-MASK OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, TAKEN BY LEONARD W. VOLK.

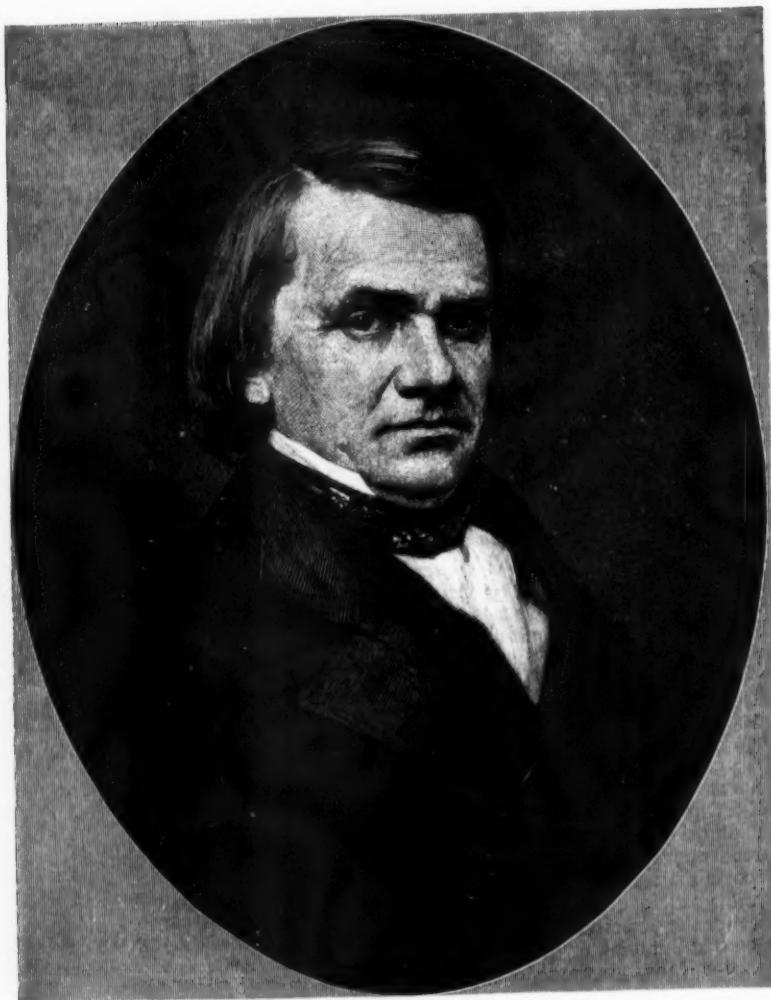
Mexico"; while another resolution declaring sympathy with efforts to "regenerate" Central America was no less significant.‡

But to accomplish such marvels, they must not sit with folded hands. The price of slavery was fearless aggression. They must build on a deeper foundation than presidential elections, party majorities, or even than votes in the Senate. The theory of the government must be reversed, the philosophy of the republic interpreted anew. In this subtler effort they had made notable progress. By the Kansas-Nebraska act they had paralyzed the legislation of half a century. By the Dred Scott decision they had changed the Constitution and blighted the Declaration of Independence. By the Lecompton trick they would show that

\* Ostend Manifesto, Oct. 9th, 1854.

† Senator Brown to Adams, June 18th, 1856. Am. Conflict, Vol. I., p. 278.

‡ Official proceedings, pamphlet.



STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

in conflict with their dogmas the public will was vicious, and in conflict with their intrigues the majority powerless. They had the President, the Cabinet, the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, and, by no means least in the immediate problem, John Calhoun with his technical investiture of far-reaching authority. The country had recovered from the shock of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and rewarded them with Buchanan. Would it not equally recover from the shock of the Lecompton constitution?

It was precisely at this point that the bent bow broke. The great bulk of the Democratic

party followed the President and his Southern advisers, even in this extreme step; but to a minority sufficient to turn the scale, the Lecompton scandal had become too offensive for further tolerance.

In the Senate, with its heavy Democratic majority, the Administration easily secured the passage of a bill to admit Kansas with the Lecompton constitution. Out of eleven Democratic Senators from free States, only three—Douglas of Illinois, Broderick of California, and Stuart of Michigan—took courage to speak and vote against the measure. In the House of Representatives, however, with a narrower

margin of political power, the scheme, after an exciting discussion running through about two months, met a decisive defeat. A formidable popular opposition to it had developed itself in the North, in which speeches and letters from Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton in denunciation of it were a leading feature and a powerful influence. The lower House of Congress always responds quickly to currents of public sentiment; but in this case it caught direction all the more promptly because its members were to be chosen anew in the ensuing autumn. However much they might have party subordination and success at heart, some of them felt that they could not defend before their antislavery constituencies the Oxford frauds, the Calhoun dictatorship, the theory that slave property is above constitutional sanction, and the dogma that "Kansas is therefore at this moment as much a slave State as Georgia or South Carolina." When the test vote was taken on April 1st, out of the 53 Democratic representatives from the free States 31 voted for Lecompton; but the remaining 22,\* joining their strength to the opposition, passed a substitute, originating with Mr. Crittenden of the Senate, which in substance directed a resubmission of the Lecompton constitution to the people of Kansas; — if adopted, the President to admit the new State by a simple proclamation; if rejected, the people to call a convention and frame a new instrument.

As the October vote had been the turning-point in the local popular struggle in the Territory, this adoption of the Crittenden-Montgomery substitute, by a total vote of 120 to 112 in the House of Representatives, was the culmination of the National intrigue to secure Kansas for the South. It was a narrow victory for freedom; a change of 5 votes would have passed the Lecompton bill and admitted the State with slavery, and a constitutional prohibition against any change for seven years to come. With his authority to control election returns, there is every reason to suppose that Calhoun would have set up a pro-slavery State legislature, to choose two pro-slavery senators, whom in its turn the strong Lecompton majority in the United States Senate would have admitted to seats; and thus the whole chain of fraud and usurpation back to the first Border-Ruffian invasion of Kansas would have become complete, legal, and irrevocable, on plea of mere formal and technical regularity.

\* From California, 1; Illinois, 5; Indiana, 3; New Jersey, 1; New York, 2; Ohio, 6; Pennsylvania, 4.

For Lecompton: California, 1; Connecticut, 2; Indiana, 3; New Jersey, 2; New York, 10; Ohio, 2; Pennsylvania, 11.

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Foiled in its main object, the Administration made another effort which served to break somewhat the force and humiliation of its first and signal defeat. The two houses of Congress having disagreed as stated, and each having once more voted to adhere to its own action, the President managed to make enough converts among the anti-Lecompton Democrats of the House to secure the appointment of a committee of conference. This committee devised what became popularly known as the "English bill," a measure which tendered a land grant to the new State, and provided that on the following August 3d the people of Kansas might vote "proposition accepted" or "proposition rejected." Acceptance should work the admission of the State with the Lecompton constitution, while rejection should postpone any admission until her population reached the ratio of representation required for a member of the House. "Hence it will be argued," explained Douglas, "in one portion of the Union that this is a submission of the constitution, and in another portion that it is not." The English bill became a law; but the people of Kansas once more voted to reject the "proposition" by nearly ten thousand majority.

Douglas opposed the English bill as he had done the Lecompton bill, thus maintaining his attitude as the chief leader of the anti-Lecompton opposition. In proportion as he received encouragement and commendation from Republican and American newspapers, he fell under the ban of the Administration journals. The "Washington Union" especially pursued him with denunciation. "It has read me out of the Democratic party every other day at least, for two or three months," said he, "and keeps reading me out; and, as if it had not succeeded, still continues to read me out, using such terms as 'traitor,' 'renegade,' 'deserter,' and other kind and polite epithets of that nature." He explained that this arose from his having voted in the Senate against its editor for the office of public printer; but he also pointed out that he did so because that journal had become pro-slavery to the point of declaring "that the emancipation acts of New York, of New England, of Pennsylvania, and of New Jersey were unconstitutional, were outrages upon the right of property, were violations of the Constitution of the United States." "The proposition is advanced," continued he, "that a Southern man has a right to move from South Carolina with his negroes into Illinois, to settle there and hold them there as slaves, anything in the constitution and laws of Illinois to the contrary notwithstanding." Douglas further intimated broadly that the President and Cabinet were inspiring these editorials of the Administration organ, as part

and parcel of the same system and object with which they were pushing the Lecompton constitution with its odious "property" doctrine; and declared, "if my protest against this interpolation into the policy of this country or the creed of the Democratic party is to bring me under the ban, I am ready to meet the issue."\*

He had not long to wait for the issue. The party rupture was radical, not superficial. It was, as he had himself pointed out, part of the contest for national supremacy between slavery and freedom. From time to time he still held out the olive-branch of an accommodation, and pointed wistfully to the path of reconciliation. But the reactionary faction which ruled Mr. Buchanan never forgave Douglas for his part in defeating Lecompton, and more especially for what they alleged to be his treachery to his caucus bargain, in refusing to accept and defend all the logical consequences of the Dred Scott decision.

#### THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

THE anti-Lecompton recusancy of Douglas baffled the plotting extremists of the South and created additional dissension in the Democratic ranks; and this growing Democratic weakness and the increasing Republican ardor and strength presaged a possible Republican success in the coming Presidential election. While this condition of things gave national politics an unusual interest, the State of Illinois now became the field of a local contest which for the moment held the attention of the entire country in such a degree as to involve and even eclipse national issues.

In this local contest in Illinois, the choice of candidates on both sides was determined long beforehand by a popular feeling, stronger and more unerring than ordinary individual or caucus intrigues. Douglas, as author of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as a formidable Presidential aspirant, and now again as leader of the anti-Lecompton Democrats, could, of course, have no rival in his party for his own Senatorial seat. Lincoln, who had in 1854 gracefully yielded his justly won Senatorial honors to Trumbull, and who alone bearded Douglas in his own State throughout the whole anti-Nebraska struggle, with anything like a show of equal political courage and intellectual strength, was as inevitably the leader and choice of the Republicans. Their State convention met in Springfield on the 16th of June, 1858, and, after its ordinary routine work, passed with acclamation a separate resolution, which declared "that Abraham Lincoln is the first and only choice of the Republicans of Illinois for the

United States Senate as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas." The proceedings of the convention had consumed the afternoon, and an adjournment was taken. At 8 o'clock that same evening, the convention having reassembled in the State-house, Lincoln appeared before it, and made what was perhaps the most carefully prepared speech of his whole life. Every word of it was written, every sentence had been tested; but the speaker delivered it without manuscript or notes. It was not an ordinary oration, but, in the main, an argument, as sententious and axiomatic as if made to a bench of jurists. Its opening sentences contained a political prophecy which not only became the groundwork of the campaign, but heralded one of the world's great historical events. He said:

"If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated, with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."†

Then followed his demonstration, through the incidents of the Nebraska legislation, the Dred Scott decision, and present political theories and issues, which would by and by find embodiment in new laws and future legal doctrines. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the language of the Nebraska bill, which declared slavery "subject to the Constitution," the Dred Scott decision, which declared that "subject to the Constitution" neither Congress nor a territorial legislature could exclude slavery from a Territory,—the argument presented point by point and step by step with legal precision the silent subversion of cherished principles of liberty. "Put this and that together," said he, "and we have another nice little niche, which we may ere long see filled with another Supreme Court decision, declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a State to exclude slavery from its limits. . . . Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. . . . We shall lie down," continued the orator, "pleasantly

\* Douglas, Senate Speech, March 22d, 1858.

† Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 1.

dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their State free; and we shall awake to the reality instead, that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State."

His peroration was a battle-call:

"Our cause then must be intrusted to and conducted by its own undoubted friends, those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then to falter now? — now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail — if we stand firm we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come."

Lincoln's declaration that the cause of slavery restriction "must be intrusted to its own undoubted friends" had something more than a general meaning. We have seen that while Douglas avowed he did not care "whether slavery was voted down or voted up" in the Territories, he had opposed the Lecompton constitution on the ground of its non-submission to popular vote, and that this opposition caused the Buchanan Democrats to look upon and treat him as an apostate. Many earnest Republicans were moved to strong sympathy for Douglas in this attitude, partly for his help in defeating the Lecompton iniquity, partly because they believed his action in this particular a prelude to further political repentance, partly out of that chivalric generosity of human nature which sides with the weak against the strong. In the hour of his trial and danger many wishes for his successful reelection came to him from Republicans even of national prominence. Greeley, in the

New York "Tribune" as well as in private letters, made no concealment of such a desire. Burlingame in a fervid speech in the House of Representatives called upon the young men of the country to stand by the Douglas men. It was known that Colfax and other influential members of the House were holding confidential interviews with Douglas, the object of which it was not difficult to guess.\* There were even rumors that Seward intended to interfere in his behalf. This report was bruited about so industriously that he felt it necessary to permit a personal friend to write an emphatic denial, so that it might come to Lincoln's knowledge.† On the other hand, newspapers ventured the suggestion that Lincoln might retaliate by a combination against Seward's Presidential aspirations.

Rival politicians in Illinois were suspicious of each other, and did not hesitate to communicate their suspicions to Lincoln.‡ Personal friends, of course, kept him well informed about these various political under-currents, and an interesting letter of his shows that he received and treated the matter with liberal charity.

"I have never said or thought more," wrote he, "as to the inclination of some of our Eastern Republican friends to favor Douglas, than I expressed in your hearing on the evening of the 21st April, at the State Library in this place. I have believed — do believe now — that Greeley, for instance, would be rather pleased to see Douglas reelected over me or any other Republican; and yet I do not believe it is so because of any secret arrangement with Douglas — it is because he thinks Douglas's superior position, reputation, experience, and ability, if you please, would more than compensate for his lack of a pure Republican position, and, therefore, his reelection do the general cause of Republicanism more good than would the election of any one of our better undistinguished pure Republicans. I do not know how you estimate Greeley, but I consider him incapable of corruption or falsehood. He denies that he directly is taking part in favor of Douglas, and I believe him.§ Still his feeling constantly manifests itself in his paper, which, being so

\* See Hollister, "Life of Colfax," pp. 119-22.

† J. Watson Webb to Bates, June 9th, 1858. MS.

‡ Wentworth to Lincoln, April 19th, 1858. MS.

§ It is interesting to compare with Lincoln's a letter from Greeley to a Chicago editor on the same subject:

"New York, July 24th, 1858.

"**MY FRIEND:** You have taken your own course — don't try to throw the blame on others. You have repelled Douglas, who might have been conciliated and attached to our own side, whatever he may *now* find it necessary to say, or do, and, instead of helping us in other States, you have thrown a load upon us that may probably break us down. You knew what was the almost unanimous desire of the Republicans of other States; and you spurned and insulted them. Now go ahead and fight it through. You are in for it, and it does no good to make up wry faces. What I have said in the 'Tribune' since the fight was resolved on, has been in good faith, intended to help you through. If Lincoln would fight up to the work also, you might get through — if he apologizes, and retreats, he is lost, and all others go down with him. His first Springfield speech (at

the convention) was in the right key; his Chicago speech was bad; and I fear the new Springfield speech is worse. If he dare not stand on broad Republican ground, he cannot stand at all. That, however, is *his* business; he is nowise responsible for what I say. I shall stand on the broad anti-slavery ground, which I have occupied for years. I cannot change it to help your fight; and I should only damage you if I did. You have got your Elephant — you would have him — now shoulder him! He is not so very heavy, after all. As I seem to displease you equally when I try to keep you out of trouble, and when, having rushed in in spite of me, I try to help you in the struggle you have unwisely provoked, I must keep neutral, so far as may be hereafter.

Yours,

(Signed) "HORACE GREELEY.

"J. MEDILL, Esq., Chicago, (very) Ill.

"What have I ever said in favor of 'Negro equality' with reference to your fight? I recollect nothing."

The above is from a manuscript copy of Greeley's letter, and the authors cannot vouch for its literal accuracy, though it bears internal evidence of genuineness.

extensively read in Illinois, is, and will continue to be, a drag upon us. I have also thought that Governor Seward, too, feels about as Greeley does; but not being a newspaper editor, his feeling in this respect is not much manifested. I have no idea that he is, by conversation or by letter, urging Illinois Republicans to vote for Douglas.

"As to myself, let me pledge you my word that neither I nor any friend, so far as I know, has been setting stake against Governor Seward. No combination has been made with me, or proposed to me, in relation to the next presidential candidate. The same thing is true in regard to the next governor of our State. I am not directly or indirectly committed to any one; nor has any one made any advance to me upon the subject. I have had many free conversations with John Wentworth; but he never dropped a remark that led me to suspect that he wishes to be governor. Indeed it is due to truth to say that while he has uniformly expressed himself for me, he has never hinted at any condition. The signs are that we shall have a good convention on the 16th, and I think our prospects generally are improving some every day. I believe we need nothing so much as to get rid of unjust suspicions of one another."\*

While many alleged defections were soon disproved by the ready and loyal avowals of his friends in Illinois and elsewhere, there came to him a serious disappointment from a quarter whence he little expected it. Early in the canvass Crittenden began to hear that Crittenden of Kentucky favored the reëlection of Douglas, and had promised so to advise the Whigs of Illinois by a public letter. Deeming it well-nigh incredible that a Kentucky Whig like Crittenden could take such a part against an Illinois Whig of his own standing and service, to help a life-long opponent of Clay and his cherished plans, Lincoln addressed him a private letter making the direct inquiry. "I do not believe the story," he wrote, "but still it gives me some uneasiness. If such was your inclination, I do not believe you would so express yourself. It is not in character with you as I have always estimated you."† Crittenden's reply, however, confirmed his worst fears. He said he and Douglas had acted together to oppose Leecompton. For this Douglas had been assailed, and he thought his reëlection was necessary to rebuke the Buchanan administration.‡ In addition Crittenden also soon wrote the expected letter for publication, in which phraseology of apparent fairness covered an urgent appeal in Douglas's behalf.§

In the evenly balanced and sensitive condition of Illinois politics this ungracious outside interference may be said to have insured Lincoln's defeat. While it gave him pain to be thus wounded in the house of his friends, he yet more deeply deplored the inexcusable

blunder of weak and blind leaders whose misplaced sympathy put in jeopardy the success of a vital political principle. In his convention speech he had forcibly stated the error and danger of such a step.

"How can he [Douglas] oppose the advances of slavery? He don't care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the 'public heart' to care nothing about it. . . . For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new Territories. Can he possibly show that it is less a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than in Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property. . . . Now as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Judge Douglas's position, question his motives, or do aught that can be personally offensive to him. Whenever, if ever, he and we can come together on principle so that our great cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But clearly he is not now with us—he does not pretend to be—he does not promise ever to be."||

Lincoln in no wise underrated the severity of the political contest in which he was about to engage. He knew his opponent's strong points as well as his weak ones—his energy, his adroitness, the blind devotion of his followers, his greater political fame.

"Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown," he said. "All the anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly at no distant day to be the President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargé-ships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him, and give him marches, triumphal entries, and receptions, beyond what even in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are disadvantages all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and upon principle alone."¶

Douglas and his friends had indeed entered upon the canvass with an unusual flourish of trumpets. Music, banners, salutes, fireworks, addresses, ovation, and jubilation with enthusiasm genuine and simulated, came and went in almost uninterrupted sequence; so much of the noise and pomp of electioneering had not been seen since the famous hard-cider campaign of Harrison. The "Little Giant," as he was proudly nicknamed by his adherents, arrived

\* Lincoln to Wilson, June 1st, 1858. MS.

† Lincoln to Crittenden, July 7th, 1858. Mrs. Cole-  
man, "Life of Crittenden," Vol. II., p. 162.

‡ Crittenden to Lincoln, July 29th, 1858. *Ibid.*, p. 163.

§ Crittenden to Dickey, Aug. 1st, 1858. *Ibid.*, p. 164.

|| Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 4.

¶ Lincoln, Springfield Speech, July 17th, 1858. Debates, p. 55.

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in Illinois near midsummer, after elaborate preparation and heralding, and made speeches successively at Chicago, Bloomington, and Springfield on the 9th, 16th, and 17th of July. The Republicans and their candidate were equally alert to contest every inch of ground. Mr. Lincoln made speeches in reply at Chicago on the 10th and at Springfield on the evening of Douglas's day address; and in both instances with such force and success as foreshadowed a fluctuating and long-continued struggle.

For the moment the personal presence of Douglas not only gave spirit and fresh industry to his followers, but the novelty impressed the indifferent and the wavering. The rush of the campaign was substituting excitement for inquiry, blare of brass bands and smoke of gunpowder for intelligent criticism. The fame and prestige of the "Little Giant" was beginning to incline the vibrating scale. Lincoln and his intimate and political advisers were not slow to note the sign of danger; and the remedy devised threw upon him the burden of a new responsibility. It was decided in the councils of the Republican leaders that Lincoln should challenge Douglas to joint public debate.

There is no need to reproduce here the challenge sent by Lincoln on July 24th and the correspondence in which Douglas proposed that they should meet at the towns of Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesborough, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton, each speaker alternately to open and close the discussion; Douglas to speak one hour at Ottawa, Lincoln to reply for an hour and a half, and Douglas to make a half hour's rejoinder. In like manner Lincoln should open and close at Freeport, and so on alternately. Lincoln's note of July 31st accepts the proposal as made. "Although by the terms," he writes, "as you propose, you take four openings and closes to my three, I accede and thus close the arrangement." Meanwhile each of the speakers made independent appointments for other days and places than these seven; and in the heat and dust of midsummer traveled and addressed the people for a period of about one hundred days, frequently making the necessary journeys by night, and often making two and sometimes even three speeches in a single day. To the combat of intellectual skill was thus added an ordeal of physical endurance.\*

Lincoln entered upon the task which his party friends had devised with neither bravado nor misgiving. He had not sought these public discussions; neither did he shrink from them. Throughout his whole life he appears

to have been singularly correct in his estimate of difficulties to be encountered and of his own powers for undertaking them. Each of these seven meetings, comprising both the Republican and Democratic voters of the neighboring counties, formed a vast, eager, and attentive assemblage. It needed only the first day's experience to show the wisdom of the Republican leaders in forcing a joint discussion upon Douglas. Face to face with his competitor, he could no longer successfully assume airs of superiority, or wrap himself in his Senatorial dignity and prestige. They were equal spokesmen, of equal parties, on an equal platform, while applause and encouragement on one side balanced applause and encouragement on the other.

In a merely forensic sense, it was indeed a battle of giants. In the whole field of American politics no man has equaled Douglas in the expeditious and strategy of debate. Lacking originality and constructive logic, he had great facility in appropriating by ingenious restatement the thoughts and formulas of others. He was tireless, ubiquitous, unseizable. It would have been as easy to hold a globule of mercury under the finger's tip as to fasten him to a point he desired to evade. He could almost invert a proposition by a plausible paraphrase. He delighted in enlarging an opponent's assertion to a forced inference ridiculous in form and monstrous in dimensions. In spirit he was alert, combative, aggressive; in manner, patronizing and arrogant by turns.

Lincoln's mental equipment was of an entirely different order. His principal weapon was direct, unswerving logic. His fairness of statement and generosity of admission had long been proverbial. For these intellectual duels with Douglas, he possessed a power of analysis that easily outran and circumvented the "Little Giant's" most extraordinary gymnastics of argument. But, disdaining mere quibbles, he pursued lines of concise reasoning to maxims of constitutional law and political morals. If we may borrow a comparison from the combats of the Roman arena, Douglas was a gladiator who fought with the net and trident of party catchwords, while Lincoln carried the helmet, sword, and buckler of logic and principle. Both speakers used plain words and pithy sentences. Platitude and declamation could not have held the crowds that listened to them hour after hour in sun and rain. Douglas was always forcible in statement and bold in assertion; but Lincoln was his superior in quaint originality, aptness of phrase, and subtlety of was between July 9th and November 2d, 1858, just one hundred days, exclusive of Sundays.

\* "Last year in the Illinois canvass I made just 130 speeches." — [Douglas, Wooster (O.) Speech.] This

definition; and oftentimes Lincoln's philosophic vision and poetical fervor raised him to flights of eloquence which were not possible to the fiber and temper of his opponent

It is, of course, out of the question to abridge the various Lincoln-Douglas discussions of which the text fills a good-sized volume. Only a few points of controversy may be stated. Lincoln's convention speech, it will be remembered, declared that in his belief the Union could not endure permanently half slave and half free, but must become all one thing or all the other. Douglas in his first speech of the campaign attacked this as an invitation to a war of sections, declaring that uniformity would lead to consolidation and despotism. He charged the Republicans with intent to abolish slavery in the States; said their opposition to the Dred Scott decision was a desire for negro equality and amalgamation; and prescribed his principle of popular sovereignty as a panacea for all the ills growing out of the slavery agitation.

To all this Lincoln replied that Republicans did not aim at abolition in the slave States, but only the exclusion of slavery from free Territories; they did not oppose the Dred Scott decision in so far as it concerned the freedom of Dred Scott, but they refused to accept its dicta as rules of political action. He repelled the accusation that the Republicans desired negro equality or amalgamation, saying:

"There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary, but I hold that notwithstanding all this there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence,—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man. I agree with Judge Douglas he is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment; but in the right to eat the bread without the leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas and the equal of every living man."\*

In return he pressed upon Douglas his charge of a political conspiracy to nationalize slavery, alleging that his "don't care" policy was but the convenient stalking-horse under cover of which a new Dred Scott decision would make slavery lawful everywhere.

"It is merely for the Supreme Court to decide that no State under the Constitution can exclude it, just as they have already decided that under the Constitution

neither Congress nor the territorial legislature can do it. When that is decided and acquiesced in, the whole thing is done. This being true, and this being the way, as I think, that slavery is to be made national, let us consider what Judge Douglas is doing every day to that end. In the first place, let us see what influence he is exerting on public sentiment. In this and like communities public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."†

"The Democratic policy in regard to that institution will not tolerate the merest breath, the slightest hint, of the least degree of wrong about it. Try it by some of Judge Douglas's arguments. He says he 'don't care whether it is voted up or voted down' in the Territories. I do not care myself, in dealing with that expression, whether it is intended to be expressive of his individual sentiments on the subject, or only of the national policy he desires to have established. It is alike valuable for my purpose. Any man can say that who does not see anything wrong in slavery, but no man can logically say it who does see a wrong in it; because no man can logically say he don't care whether a wrong is voted up or voted down. He may say he don't care whether an indifferent thing is voted up or down, but he must logically have a choice between a right thing and a wrong thing. He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have if it is not a wrong. But if it is a wrong, he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that upon the score of equality slaves should be allowed to go into a new Territory, like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal, his argument is entirely logical. But if you insist that one is wrong and the other right, there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong. You may turn over everything in the Democratic policy from beginning to end, whether in the shape it takes on the statute book, in the shape it takes in the Dred Scott decision, in the shape it takes in conversation, or the shape it takes in short maxim-like arguments—it everywhere carefully excludes the idea that there is anything wrong in it.

"That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle, in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."‡

As to the vaunted popular sovereignty principle, Lincoln declared it

"the most arrant quixotism that was ever enacted before a community. . . . Does he mean to say that he has been devoting his life to securing to the people of the Territories the right to exclude slavery from the Territories? If he means so to say, he means to deceive; because he and every one knows that the decision of the Supreme Court, which he approves and makes especial ground of attack upon me for disap-

\* Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 75.

† Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 82.

‡ Lincoln-Douglas Debates, pp. 233-4.

proving, forbids the people of a Territory to exclude slavery. This covers the whole ground from the settlement of a Territory till it reaches the degree of maturity entitling it to form a State constitution. So far as all that ground is concerned, the Judge is not sustaining popular sovereignty, but absolutely opposing it. He sustains the decision which declares that the popular will of the Territories has no constitutional power to exclude slavery during their territorial existence." \*

By no means the least interesting of the many points touched in these debates is Lincoln's own estimate of the probable duration of slavery, or rather of the least possible period in which "ultimate extinction" could be effected, even under the most favorable circumstances.

"Now at this day in the history of the world," said he, in the Charleston debate, "we can no more foretell where the end of this slavery agitation will be than we can see the end of the world itself. The Nebraska-Kansas bill was introduced four years and a half ago, and if the agitation is ever to come to an end, we may say we are four years and a half nearer the end. So too we can say we are four years and a half nearer the end of the world; and we can just as clearly see the end of the world as we can see the end of this agitation. The Kansas settlement did not conclude it. If Kansas should sink to-day, and leave a great vacant space in the earth's surface, this vexed question would still be among us. I say then there is no way of putting an end to the slavery agitation amongst us, but to put it back upon the basis where our fathers placed it, no way but to keep it out of our new Territories — to restrict it forever to the old States where it now exists. Then the public mind will rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction. That is one way of putting an end to the slavery agitation.

"The other way is for us to surrender and let Judge Douglas and his friends have their way and plant slavery over all the States; cease speaking of it as in any way a wrong; regard slavery as one of the common matters of property and speak of negroes as we do of our horses and cattle. But while it drives on in its state of progress as it is now driving, and as it has driven for the last five years, I have ventured the opinion, and I say to-day, that we will have no end to the slavery agitation until it takes one turn or the other. I do not mean to say that when it takes a turn toward ultimate extinction it will be in a day, nor in a year, nor in two years. I do not suppose that in the most peaceful way ultimate extinction would occur in less than a hundred years at least; but that it will occur in the best way for both races, in God's own good time, I have no doubt." †

But the one dominating characteristic of Lincoln's speeches is their constant recurrence to broad and enduring principles, their unremitting effort to lead public opinion to loftier and nobler conceptions of political duty; and nothing in his career stamps him so distinctively an American — "the first American," as Lowell has so happily named him — as his constant eulogy and defense of the philosophical precepts of the Declaration of In-

dependence. The following is one of his indictments of his political opponents on this point:

"At Galesburg the other day, I said, in answer to Judge Douglas, that three years ago there never had been a man, so far as I knew or believed, in the whole world, who had said that the Declaration of Independence did not include negroes in the term 'all men.' I re-assert it to-day. I assert that Judge Douglas and all his friends may search the whole records of the country, and it will be a matter of great astonishment to me if they shall be able to find that one human being three years ago had ever uttered the astounding sentiment that the term 'all men' in the Declaration did not include the negro. Do not let me be misunderstood. I know that more than three years ago there were men who, finding this assertion constantly in the way of their schemes to bring about the ascendency and perpetuation of slavery, denied the truth of it. I know that Mr. Calhoun and all the politicians of his school denied the truth of the Declaration. I know that it ran along in the mouth of some Southern men for a period of years, ending at last in that shameful though rather forcible declaration of Pettit of Indiana, upon the floor of the United States Senate, that the Declaration of Independence was in that respect 'a self-evident lie' rather than a self-evident truth. But I say, with a perfect knowledge of all this hawking at the Declaration without directly attacking it, that three years ago there never had lived a man who had ventured to assail it in the sneaking way of pretending to believe it and then asserting it did not include the negro. I believe the first man who ever said it was Chief-Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case, and the next to him was our friend, Stephen A. Douglas. And now it has become the catch-word of the entire party. I would like to call upon his friends everywhere to consider how they have come in so short a time to view this matter in a way so entirely different from their former belief! to ask whether they are not being borne along by an irresistible current, whither they know not?" ‡

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"The Declaration of Independence was formed by the representatives of American liberty from thirteen States of the Confederacy, twelve of which were slaveholding communities. We need not discuss the way or the reason of their becoming slaveholding communities. It is sufficient for our purpose that all of them greatly deplored the evil and that they placed a provision in the Constitution which they supposed would gradually remove the disease by cutting off its source. This was the abolition of the slave trade. So general was the conviction, the public determination, to abolish the African slave trade, that the provision which I have referred to as being placed in the Constitution declared that it should not be abolished prior to the year 1808. A constitutional provision was necessary to prevent the people, through Congress, from putting a stop to the traffic immediately at the close of the war. Now if slavery had been a good thing, would the Fathers

\* Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 56.

† Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 157.

‡ Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 225.

definition; and oftentimes Lincoln's philosophic vision and poetical fervor raised him to flights of eloquence which were not possible to the fiber and temper of his opponent.

It is, of course, out of the question to abridge the various Lincoln-Douglas discussions of which the text fills a good-sized volume. Only a few points of controversy may be stated. Lincoln's convention speech, it will be remembered, declared that in his belief the Union could not endure permanently half slave and half free, but must become all one thing or all the other. Douglas in his first speech of the campaign attacked this as an invitation to a war of sections, declaring that uniformity would lead to consolidation and despotism. He charged the Republicans with intent to abolish slavery in the States; said their opposition to the Dred Scott decision was a desire for negro equality and amalgamation; and prescribed his principle of popular sovereignty as a panacea for all the ills growing out of the slavery agitation.

To all this Lincoln replied that Republicans did not aim at abolition in the slave States, but only the exclusion of slavery from free Territories; they did not oppose the Dred Scott decision in so far as it concerned the freedom of Dred Scott, but they refused to accept its dicta as rules of political action. He repelled the accusation that the Republicans desired negro equality or amalgamation, saying:

"There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality; and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary, but I hold that notwithstanding all this there is no reason in the world why the negro is not entitled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence,—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man. I agree with Judge Douglas he is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment; but in the right to eat the bread without the leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas and the equal of every living man."\*

In return he pressed upon Douglas his charge of a political conspiracy to nationalize slavery, alleging that his "don't care" policy was but the convenient stalking-horse under cover of which a new Dred Scott decision would make slavery lawful everywhere.

"It is merely for the Supreme Court to decide that no State under the Constitution can exclude it, just as they have already decided that under the Constitution

neither Congress nor the territorial legislature can do it. When that is decided and acquiesced in, the whole thing is done. This being true, and this being the way, as I think, that slavery is to be made national, let us consider what Judge Douglas is doing every day to that end. In the first place, let us see what influence he is exerting on public sentiment. In this and like communities public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment, nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."†

"The Democratic policy in regard to that institution will not tolerate the merest breath, the slightest hint, of the least degree of wrong about it. Try it by some of Judge Douglas's arguments. He says he 'don't care whether it is voted up or voted down' in the Territories. I do not care myself, in dealing with that expression, whether it is intended to be expressive of his individual sentiments on the subject, or only of the national policy he desires to have established. It is alike valuable for my purpose. Any man can say that who does not see anything wrong in slavery, but no man can logically say it who does see a wrong in it; because no man can logically say he don't care whether a wrong is voted up or voted down. He may say he don't care whether an indifferent thing is voted up or down, but he must logically have a choice between a right thing and a wrong thing. He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have if it is not a wrong. But if it is a wrong, he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that upon the score of equality slaves should be allowed to go into a new Territory, like other property. This is strictly logical if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal, his argument is entirely logical. But if you insist that one is wrong and the other right, there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong. You may turn over everything in the Democratic policy from beginning to end, whether in the shape it takes on the statute book, in the shape it takes in the Dred Scott decision, in the shape it takes in conversation, or the shape it takes in short maxim-like arguments—it everywhere carefully excludes the idea that there is anything wrong in it.

"That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time; and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle, in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to beset the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."‡

As to the vaunted popular sovereignty principle, Lincoln declared it

"the most arrant quixotism that was ever enacted before a community. . . . Does he mean to say that he has been devoting his life to securing to the people of the Territories the right to exclude slavery from the Territories? If he means so to say, he means to deceive; because he and every one knows that the decision of the Supreme Court, which he approves and makes especial ground of attack upon me for disap-

\* Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 75.

† Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 82.

‡ Lincoln-Douglas Debates, pp. 233-4.

proving, forbids the people of a Territory to exclude slavery. This covers the whole ground from the settlement of a Territory till it reaches the degree of maturity entitling it to form a State constitution. So far as all that ground is concerned, the Judge is not sustaining popular sovereignty, but absolutely opposing it. He sustains the decision which declares that the popular will of the Territories has no constitutional power to exclude slavery during their territorial existence."\*

By no means the least interesting of the many points touched in these debates is Lincoln's own estimate of the probable duration of slavery, or rather of the least possible period in which "ultimate extinction" could be effected, even under the most favorable circumstances.

"Now at this day in the history of the world," said he, in the Charleston debate, "we can no more foretell where the end of this slavery agitation will be than we can see the end of the world itself. The Nebraska-Kansas bill was introduced four years and a half ago, and if the agitation is ever to come to an end, we may say we are four years and a half nearer the end. So too we can say we are four years and a half nearer the end of the world; and we can just as clearly see the end of the world as we can see the end of this agitation. The Kansas settlement did not conclude it. If Kansas should sink to-day, and leave a great vacant space in the earth's surface, this vexed question would still be among us. I say then there is no way of putting an end to the slavery agitation amongst us, but to put it back upon the basis where our fathers placed it, no way but to keep it out of our new Territories — to restrict it forever to the old States where it now exists. Then the public mind will rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction. That is one way of putting an end to the slavery agitation.

"The other way is for us to surrender and let Judge Douglas and his friends have their way and plant slavery over all the States; cease speaking of it as in any way a wrong; regard slavery as one of the common matters of property and speak of negroes as we do of our horses and cattle. But while it drives on in its state of progress as it is now driving, and as it has driven for the last five years, I have ventured the opinion, and I say to-day, that we will have no end to the slavery agitation until it takes one turn or the other. I do not mean to say that when it takes a turn toward ultimate extinction it will be in a day, nor in a year, nor in two years. I do not suppose that in the most peaceful way ultimate extinction would occur in less than a hundred years at least; but that it will occur in the best way for both races, in God's own good time, I have no doubt."†

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\* Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 56.

† Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 157.

‡ Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 225.

of the Republic have taken a step calculated to diminish its beneficent influences among themselves, and snatch the boon wholly from their posterity? These communities, by their representatives in old Independence Hall, said to the whole world of men: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' This was their majestic interpretation of the economy of the Universe. This was their lofty, and wise, and noble understanding of the justice of the Creator to his creatures. Yes, gentlemen, to all his creatures, to the whole great family of man. In their enlightened belief, nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded, and imbruted by its fellows. They grasped not only the whole race of man then living, but they reached forward and seized upon the farthest posterity. They erected a beacon to guide their children, and their children's children, and the countless myriads who should inhabit the earth in other ages. Wise statesmen as they were, they knew the tendency of prosperity to breed tyrants, and so they established these great self-evident truths, that when in the distant future some man, some faction, some interest, should set up the doctrine that none but rich men, or none but white men, or none but Anglo-Saxon white men, were entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, their posterity might look up again to the Declaration of Independence and take courage to renew the battle which their fathers began, so that truth and justice and mercy and all the humane and Christian virtues might not be extinguished from the land; so that no man would hereafter dare to limit and circumscribe the great principles on which the temple of liberty was being built.

"Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence; if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in those inalienable rights enumerated by our chart of liberty, let me entreat you to come back. Return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. Think nothing of me — take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever — but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles. You may not only defeat me for the Senate, but you may take me and put me to death. While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every paltry and insignificant thought for

\* Lincoln's Lewiston Speech, August 17th, 1858. Chicago "Press and Tribune."

† See questions and answers below.

‡ A local nickname by which the southern or pro-slavery portion of Illinois was familiarly known.

§ Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 68.

|| Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 87.

#### † DOUGLAS'S QUESTIONS AND LINCOLN'S ANSWERS.

"Question 1. 'I desire to know whether Lincoln to-day stands, as he did in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive-slave law.'

*Answer.* I do not now, nor ever did, stand in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive-slave law.

*Q. 2.* 'I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to-day, as he did in 1854, against the admission of any more slave States into the Union even if the people want them.'

any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of Humanity — the Declaration of American Independence.'"

#### THE FREEPORT DOCTRINE.

WHAT has been thus far quoted has been less to illustrate the leading lines of discussion, than to explain more fully the main historical incident of the debates. In the first joint discussion at Ottawa, in the northern or anti-slavery part of Illinois, Douglas read a series of strong antislavery resolutions which he erroneously alleged Lincoln had taken part in framing and passing. He said:

"My object in reading these resolutions was to put the question to Abraham Lincoln this day whether he now stands and will stand by each article in that creed and carry it out. . . . I ask Abraham Lincoln these questions † in order that when I trot him down to lower Egypt ‡ I may put the same questions to him." §

In preparing a powerful appeal to local prejudice, Douglas doubtless knew he was handling a two-edged sword; but we shall see that he little appreciated the skill with which his antagonist would wield the weapon he was placing in his hands.

At their second joint meeting at Freeport, also in northern Illinois, Lincoln, who now had the opening speech, said, referring to Douglas's speech at Ottawa:

"I do him no injustice in saying that he occupied at least half of his reply in dealing with me as though I had refused to answer his interrogatories. I now propose that I will answer any of the interrogatories, upon condition that he will answer questions from me not exceeding the same number. I give him an opportunity to respond. The judge remains silent. I now say that I will answer his interrogatories, whether he answers mine or not; and that after I have done so, I shall propound mine to him." ||

Lincoln then read his answers to the seven questions which had been asked him, and proposed four in return, the second one of

*A. I do not now, nor ever did, stand pledged against the admission of any more slave States into the Union.*

*Q. 3. 'I want to know whether he stands pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make.'*

*A. I do not stand pledged against the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make.*

*Q. 4. 'I want to know whether he stands to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.'*

*A. I do not stand to-day pledged to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.*

*Q. 5. 'I desire him to answer whether he stands pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States.'*

which ran as follows: "Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution?"\*

To comprehend the full force of this interrogatory, the reader must recall the fact that the "popular sovereignty" of the Nebraska bill was couched in vague language, and qualified with the proviso that it was "subject to the Constitution." The caucus which framed this phraseology agreed, as a compromise between Northern and Southern Democrats, that the courts should interpret and define the constitutional limitations, by which all should abide. The Dred Scott decision declared in terms that Congress could not prohibit slavery in Territories nor authorize a territorial legislature to do so. The Dred Scott decision had thus annihilated "popular sovereignty." Would Douglas admit his blunder in law, and his error in statesmanship?

He had already faced and partly evaded this dilemma in his Springfield speech of 1857, but that was a local declaration and occurred before his Lecompton revolt, and the ingenious sophism then put forth had attracted little notice. Since that time things had materially changed. He had opposed Lecompton, become a party recusant, and been declared a party apostate. His Senatorial term was closing, and he had to look to an evenly balanced if not a hostile constituency for reëlection. The Buchanan administration was putting forth what feeble strength it had in Illinois to insure his defeat. His Democratic rivals were scrutinizing every word he uttered. He stood before the people to whom he had pledged his word that the voters of Kansas might regulate their own domestic concerns. They would tolerate no juggling nor evasion. There remained no resource but to answer *Yes*, and he could conjure up no justification of such an answer except the hollow subterfuge he had invented the year before.

*A.* I do not stand pledged to the prohibition of the slave trade between the different States.

*Q. 6.* 'I desire to know whether he stands pledged to prohibit slavery in all the Territories of the United States, north as well as south of the Missouri Compromise line.'

*A.* I am impliedly if not expressly pledged to a belief in the right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories.

*Q. 7.* 'I desire him to answer whether he is opposed to the acquisition of any new territory unless slavery is first prohibited therein.'

*A.* I am not generally opposed to honest acquisition of territory; and, in any given case, I would or would not oppose such acquisition accordingly as I might think such acquisition would or would not aggravate the slavery question among ourselves.'—[Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 88.]

Lincoln clearly enough comprehended the dilemma and predicted the expedient of his antagonist. He had framed his questions and submitted them to a consultation of shrewd party friends. This one especially was the subject of anxious deliberation and serious disagreement. Nearly a month before, Lincoln in a private letter accurately foreshadowed Douglas's course on this question. "You shall have hard work to get him directly to the point whether a territorial legislature has or has not the power to exclude slavery. But if you succeed in bringing him to it — though he will be compelled to say it possesses no such power — he will instantly take ground that slavery cannot actually exist in the Territories unless the people desire it, and so give it protection by territorial legislation. If this offends the South, he will let it offend them, as at all events he means to hold on to his chances in Illinois." There is a tradition that on the night preceding this Freeport debate Lincoln was catching a few hours' rest, at a little railroad center named Mendota, to which place the converging trains brought after midnight a number of excited Republican leaders, on their way to attend the great meeting at the neighboring town of Freeport. Notwithstanding the late hour, Mr. Lincoln's bedroom was soon invaded by an improvised caucus, and the ominous question was once more brought under consideration. The whole drift of advice ran against putting the interrogatory to Douglas; but Lincoln persisted in his determination to force him to answer it. Finally his friends in a chorus cried out, "If you do, you can never be Senator." "Gentlemen," replied Lincoln, "I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this."

When Lincoln had finished his opening speech in the Freeport debate, and Douglas in his reply came to interrogatory number two, which Lincoln had propounded, he answered as follows:

#### \* LINCOLN'S QUESTIONS.

"*Question 1.* If the people of Kansas shall, by means entirely unobjectionable in all other respects, adopt a State constitution, and ask admission into the Union under it, before they have the requisite number of inhabitants according to the English bill,—some 93,000,—will you vote to admit them?"

*Q. 2.* Can the people of a United States Territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution?

*Q. 3.* If the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that States cannot exclude slavery from their limits, are you in favor of acquiescing in, adopting, and following such decision as a rule of political action?

*Q. 4.* Are you in favor of acquiring additional territory, in disregard of how such acquisition may affect the nation on the slavery question?"—[Lincoln-Douglas Debates, p. 90.]

"The next question propounded to me by Mr. Lincoln is, Can the people of a Territory in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from their limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution? I answer emphatically, as Mr. Lincoln has heard me answer a hundred times from every stump in Illinois, that in my opinion the people of a Territory can, by lawful means, exclude slavery from their limits, prior to the formation of a State constitution. Mr. Lincoln knew that I had answered that question over and over again. He heard me argue the Nebraska bill on that principle all over the State in 1854, in 1855, and in 1856, and he has no excuse for pretending to be in doubt as to my position on that question. It matters not what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may or may not go into a Territory under the Constitution, the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it, as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery they will elect representatives to that body who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its extension. Hence, no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court may be on that abstract question, still the right of the people to make a slave Territory or a free Territory is perfect and complete under the Nebraska bill. I hope Mr. Lincoln deems my answer satisfactory on that point."

The remarkable theory here proposed was immediately taken up and exhaustively discussed by the leading newspapers of all parts of the Union, and thereby became definitely known under the terms "unfriendly legislation" and "Freeport doctrine." Mr. Lincoln effectually disposed of it in the following fashion in the joint debate at Alton:

"I understand I have ten minutes yet. I will employ it in saying something about this argument Judge Douglas uses, while he sustains the Dred Scott decision, that the people of the Territories can still somehow exclude slavery. The first thing I ask attention to is the fact that Judge Douglas constantly said, before the decision, that whether they could or not, was a question for the Supreme Court. But after the court has made the decision he virtually says it is not a question for the Supreme Court, but for the people. And how is it he tells us they can exclude it? He said it needs 'police regulations,' and that admits of 'unfriendly legislation.' Although it is a right established by the Constitution of the United States to take a slave into a Territory of the United States and hold him as property, yet unless the territorial legislature will give friendly legislation, and, more especially, if they adopt unfriendly legislation, they can practically exclude him. Now, without meeting this proposition as a matter of fact, I pass to consider the real constitutional obligation. Let me take the gentleman who looks me in the face before me, and let us suppose that he is a member of the territorial legislature. The first thing he will do will be to swear that he will support the Constitution of the United States. His neighbor by his side in the Territory has slaves and needs territorial legislation to enable him to enjoy that constitutional right. Can he withhold the legislation which his neighbor needs for the enjoyment of a right which is fixed in his favor in the Constitution of the United States, which he has sworn to support? Can he withhold it without violating his oath? and more

especially, can he pass unfriendly legislation to violate his oath? Why this is a monstrous sort of talk about the Constitution of the United States! There has never been so outlandish or lawless a doctrine from the mouth of any respectable man on earth. I do not believe it is a constitutional right to hold slaves in a Territory of the United States. I believe the decision was improperly made, and I go for reversing it. Judge Douglas is furious against those who go for reversing a decision. But he is for legislating it out of all force while the law itself stands. I repeat that there has never been so monstrous a doctrine uttered from the mouth of a respectable man."

The announcement and subsequent defense by Douglas of his "Freeport doctrine" proved, as Lincoln had predicted, something more important than a mere campaign incident. It was the turning-point in Douglas's political fortunes. With the whole South, and with a few prominent politicians of the North, it served to put him outside the pale of party fellowship. Compared with this his Lecompton revolt had been a venial offense. In that case he had merely contended for the machinery of a fair popular vote. This was the avowal of a principle as obnoxious to the slavery propaganda as the unqualified abolitionism of Giddings or Lovejoy. Henceforth all hope of reconciliation, atonement, or chance of Presidential nomination by the united Democratic party was out of the question. Before this, newspaper zealots had indeed denounced him for his Lecompton recusancy as a traitor and renegade, and the Administration had endeavored to secure his defeat; now, however, in addition, the party high-priests put him under solemn ban of ex-communication. How they felt and from what motives they acted is stated with singular force and frankness in a Senate speech, soon after the Charleston convention, by Senator J. P. Benjamin of Louisiana, one of the ablest and most persistent of the conspirators to nationalize slavery, and who, not long after, was one of the principal conspirators and actors in the great Rebellion:

"Up to the years 1857 and 1858 no man in this nation had a higher or more exalted opinion of the character, the services, and the political integrity of the senator from Illinois [Douglas] than I had. . . . Sir, it has been with reluctance and sorrow that I have been obliged to pluck down my idol from his place on high, and to refuse to him any more support or confidence as a member of the party. I have done so, I trust, upon no light or unworthy ground. I have not done so alone. The causes that have operated on me have operated on the Democratic party of the United States, and have operated an effect which the whole future life of the Senator will be utterly unable to obliterate. It is impossible that confidence thus lost can be restored. On what ground has that confidence been forfeited, and why is it that we now refuse him our support and fellowship? I have stated our reason to day. I have appealed to the record. I have not followed him back in the false issue or the feigned traverse that he makes in relation to matters that are not now in contest between him and the Democratic party.

The question is not what we all said or believed in 1840 or in 1856. How idle was it to search ancient precedents and accumulate old quotations from what Senators may have at different times said in relation to their principles and views. The precise point, the direct arraignment, the plain and explicit allegation made against the Senator from Illinois is not touched by him in all of his speech.

"We accuse him for this, to wit: that having bargained with us upon a point upon which we were at issue, that it should be considered a judicial point; that he would abide the decision; that he would act under the decision, and consider it a doctrine of the party; that having said that to us here in the Senate, he went home, and under the stress of a local election, his knees gave way; his whole person trembled. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten; and lo! he is the candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States. The Senator from Illinois faltered. He got the prize for which he faltered; but lo! the grand prize of his ambition to-day slips from his grasp because of his faltering in his former contest, and his success in the canvass for the Senate, purchased for an ignoble price, has cost him the loss of the Presidency of the United States." \*

The Senatorial canvass in Illinois came to a close with the election on the 2d of November and resulted in a victory for Douglas. The Republicans, on their State ticket, polled 125,430 votes; the Douglas Democrats, 121,609; the Buchanan Democrats, 5071. By this plurality the Republican State officers were chosen. But in respect to members of the legislature the case stood differently, and when in the following January the Senatorial election took place in joint session of the two Houses, Douglas received the vote of every Democrat, 54 members, and Lincoln the vote of every Republican, 46 members, whereupon Douglas was declared elected Senator of the United States for 6 years from the 4th of March, 1859.

The main cause of Lincoln's defeat was the unfairness of the existing apportionment, which was based upon the census of 1850. A fair apportionment, based on the changes of population which had occurred, would have given northern Illinois a larger representation; and it was there the Republicans had recruited their principal strength in the recent transformation of parties. The Republicans estimated that this circumstance caused them a loss of 6 to 10 members.

But the unusual political combinations also had a large influence in the result. Lincoln, in an Ohio speech made in the following year, addressing himself to Kentuckians, thus summarized the political forces that contributed to his defeat:

"Douglas had three or four very distinguished men of the most extreme antislavery views of any men in the Republican party expressing their desire for his reelection to the Senate last year. That would of itself have

\* Benjamin, Senate Speech, May 22d, 1860.

† Lincoln, Cincinnati Speech, Sept. 17th, 1859. Debates, p. 263.

‡ Lincoln to Judd, Nov. 15th, 1858.

seemed to be a little wonderful, but that wonder is heightened when we see that Wise of Virginia, a man exactly opposed to them, a man who believes in the divine right of slavery, was also expressing his desire that Douglas should be reelected; that another man that may be said to be kindred to Wise, Mr. Breckinridge, the Vice-President, and of your own State, was also agreeing with the antislavery men in the North, that Douglas ought to be reelected. Still to heighten the wonder, a Senator from Kentucky, whom I have always loved with an affection as tender and endearing as I have ever loved any man, who was opposed to the antislavery men for reasons which seemed sufficient to him and equally opposed to Wise and Breckinridge, was writing letters to Illinois to secure the reelection of Douglas. Now that all these conflicting elements should be brought, while at daggers' points with one another, to support him, is a feat that is worthy for you to note and consider. It is quite probable that each of these classes of men thought, by the reelection of Douglas, their peculiar views would gain something; it is probable that the antislavery men thought their views would gain something; that Wise and Breckinridge thought so too, as regards their opinions; that Mr. Crittenden thought that his views would gain something although he was opposed to both these other men. It is probable that each and all of them thought they were using Douglas, and it is yet an unsolved problem whether he was not using them all." †

After a hundred consecutive days of excitement, of intense mental strain, and of unremitting bodily exertion, after speech-making and parades, music and bonfires, it must be something of a trial to face at once the mortification of defeat, the weariness of intellectual and physical reaction, and the dull commonplace of daily routine. Letters written at this period show that under these conditions Mr. Lincoln remained composed, patient, and hopeful. Two weeks after election he wrote thus to Mr. Judd, a member of the legislature and chairman of the Republican State Central Committee:

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I am convalescent and hoping these lines may find you in the same improving state of health. Doubtless you have suspected for some time that I entertain a personal wish for a term in the United States Senate; and had the suspicion taken the shape of a direct charge I think I could not have truthfully denied it. But let the past as nothing be. For the future my view is that the fight must go on. The returns here are not yet completed, but it is believed that Dougherty's vote will be slightly greater than Miller's majority over Tracy. We have some hundred and twenty thousand clear Republican votes. That pile is worth keeping together. It will elect a State Treasurer two years hence.

"In that day I shall fight in the ranks, but I shall be in no one's way for any of the places. I am especially for Trumbull's reelection; and, by the way, this brings me to the principal object of this letter. Can you not take your draft of an apportionment law and carefully revise it till it shall be strictly and obviously just in all particulars, and then by an early and persistent effort get enough of the enemies' men to enable you to pass it? I believe if you and Peck make a job of it, begin early and work earnestly and quietly, you can succeed in it. Unless something be done, Trumbull is inevitably beaten two years hence. Take this into serious consideration." ‡

On the following day he received from Mr. Judd a letter informing him that the funds subscribed for the State Central Committee did not suffice to pay all the election bills, and asking his help to raise additional contributions. To this appeal Lincoln replied :

" Yours of the 15th is just received. I wrote you the same day. As to the pecuniary matter, I am willing to pay according to my ability, but I am the poorest hand living to get others to pay. I have been on expenses so long without earning anything that I am absolutely without money now for even household expenses. Still, if you can put in \$250 for me towards discharging the debt of the committee, I will allow it when you and I settle the private matter between us. This, with what I have already paid, and with an outstanding note of mine, will exceed my subscription of \$500. This, too, is exclusive of my ordinary expenses during the campaign, all which being added to my loss of time and business, bears pretty heavily upon one no better off in world's goods than I; but as I had the post of honor, it is not for me to be over-nice. You are feeling badly—'And this too shall pass away.' 'Never fear.' " \*

The sting of personal defeat is painful to most men, and it was doubtless so to Lincoln. Yet he regarded the passing struggle as something more than a mere scramble for office, and drew from it the consolation which all earnest workers feel in the consciousness of a task well done. Thus he wrote to a friend on November 19th as follows :

" You doubtless have seen ere this the result of the election here. Of course I wished, but I did not much expect, a better result. . . . I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age, which I could have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of liberty, long after I am gone." †

\* Lincoln to Judd, Nov. 16th, 1858.

† Lincoln to Dr. Henry, Nov. 19th, 1858. MS.

‡ Lincoln to Asbury, Nov. 19th, 1858.

NOTE.— In the next number will be given an account of Lincoln's Ohio speeches, his Cooper Institute speech, etc.

### LOSS AND GAIN.

If the June rose could guess  
Before the sunbeam wooed her from the bud,  
And reddened into life her faint young blood,  
What blight should fall upon her loveliness,  
What darkness of decay, what shroud of snow—  
Would the rose ever blow ?

Alas, and yet alas,  
For glory of existence that shall pass!  
For pride of beauty and for strength of song!  
Yet were the untried life a deeper wrong.  
Better a single throb of being win,  
Than never to have been!

If the wild lark could feel  
When first between two worlds he caroled clear,  
Voicing the ecstasy of either sphere,  
What apathy of song should o'er him steal,  
What broken accents and what faltering wing—  
Would the lark ever sing?

*Kate Putnam Osgood.*

## THE POTENTIAL ENERGY OF FOOD.

### THE CHEMISTRY AND ECONOMY OF FOOD. III.

"Besides the . . . chemical elements, there is, in the physical world, one agent only, and this is called energy. It may appear, according to circumstances, as motion [heat], chemical affinity, cohesion, electricity, light, magnetism; and from any one of these forms it can be transformed into any of the others."—FR. MOHR.

"I have here a bundle of cotton, which I ignite; it burns and yields a definite amount of heat; precisely that amount of heat was abstracted from the sun, in order to form that bit of cotton; . . . every tree, plant, and flower grows and flourishes by the grace and bounty of the sun. But we cannot stop at vegetable life, for this is the source . . . of all animal life. In the animal body vegetable substances are brought again into contact with their beloved oxygen, and they burn within us as a fire burns in a grate. This is the source of all animal power, . . . all terrestrial power is drawn from the sun."—TYNDALL.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;  
That changed thro' all, and yet in all the same,

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."—POPE.



WITHOUT doubt the two most fruitful ideas which our century has developed are those of evolution and the conservation of energy. The latter principle was, I believe, first clearly and definitely set forth in 1837,\* just half a century ago, by Dr. Mohr, in the words quoted above.

During the years since then, the astronomers and geologists and physicists have been learning and explaining to us how the energy, whose primordial source in our solar system is the sun, warms and lights our planet; how it is stored in coal and petroleum and wood; and how it is transformed into the heat of the furnace, the light of the lamp, the mechanical power of steam, or into electricity and then into light or heat or mechanical power again. The same energy from the sun is stored in the protein and fats and carbohydrates of food, and the physiologists to-day are telling us how it is transmuted into the heat that warms our bodies and into strength for our work and thought. The potential energy of food may appear in still other forms;—in light, in certain animals, in the

"light of the fire-fly lamp,"

for instance, and even as electricity, in the animal body.

\* In an article in the "Zeitschrift für Physik und verwandte Wissenschaften," a journal published in Vienna. It is an interesting fact that these fifty years of unprecedentedly active and brilliant research have only confirmed, while explaining in detail, the principle thus laid down by a young and comparatively unknown German chemist. And it is a striking illustration of

During the epidemic of strikes in the spring of 1886, a church was being built in this city (Middletown, Conn.). When the brick walls were partly laid, the hod-carriers struck for higher pay. The master mason, a man of resources, let them go and got a steam-engine in their place. The brick and the mortar which had been carried up the ladders by Hibernian muscle were lifted by engine and windlass. The work which had been done through the consumption of meat and potatoes in the one case, was accomplished by the combustion of coal in the other, but the underlying principle was the same in both. In each case there was conversion of one form of energy into another. The food which the hod-carriers ate, and the coal which was burned under the boiler, each contained a certain amount of potential energy. That of the food reappeared in the contractile power of muscle, that of the coal in the expansive power of steam.

Before the invention of matches, blacksmiths used to start their fires with iron heated by hammering. The heating of the iron was a case of the conversion of one form of energy into another. The muscular energy of the blacksmith's arm was transformed into the mechanical energy of the descending hammer; when the hammer struck, the energy was imparted to the iron, where it was transmuted into heat, and the iron became red-hot.

The energy came from the blacksmith's food.

the lack of appreciation with which new ideas are often received, that Dr. Mohr's article, which contained this great generalization of modern science, was refused by "Poggendorff's Annalen," the leading German journal of physical science, before it was published in the Austrian journal above named. Dr. Mohr, it is true, did not prove the theory experimentally.

Just how all the potential energy of the food is disposed of in the body, experimental science has not yet told us. But it is certain that part of it is converted into heat and part into the mechanical energy exerted by the muscles. Some of it may be transformed into electricity. There is no doubt that intellectual activity, also, is somehow dependent upon the consumption of material which the brain has obtained from the food, but just what substances are consumed to produce brain and nerve force, and how much of each is required for a given quantity of intellectual labor, are questions which the chemist's balance and the respiration-apparatus do not answer.

#### ENERGY AND THE UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THE introductory chapter of a German treatise on cattle-feeding explains the nebular hypothesis, a procedure which is perfectly rational when we consider that the profitable feeding of cattle is simply the economical management of matter and energy in living organisms, and that the nebular theory helps us, better than anything else, to understand how the forms of matter and of force which we have to do with have come to be what they are.

That the materials which compose this solid globe, the waters on its surface, the atmosphere around it, the things that live upon it, the planets with which it courses round the sun, the sun itself, and all the innumerable hosts of heavenly bodies that make up the material universe, are of common origin, is a doctrine familiar to us all. That in this material universe there are two things, and two things only, matter and energy, has come to be another of the accepted dicta of physical science. And current metaphysics goes a step farther and resolves matter itself into manifestations of energy.

It is this energy which pervades the universe. It comes to us in the light of the farthest star, which, though traveling with almost inconceivable rapidity, requires uncounted years for its journey hither. A reserve supply was accumulated in our sun, untold ages ago, and he has given and is constantly giving it to the earth as heat and light. In the geologic past it has accumulated in subterranean stores of coal, and it is now and all the while being used to build up every plant and animal that lives and grows upon the surface of our earth. The coal and wood we burn, our food, the reserve material of our bodies, are, like the sun, our reservoirs of latent energy.

This energy which, transmuted into the expansive power of steam, impels the ship, draws the railway train, turns the wheels of industry;

which, in the telegraph, can "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes"; and which so conveniently transports men, their works, and their thoughts from one corner of the world to the other that the nations are all becoming one, is the same which, stored in the grass of the field or in the grain of wheat, gives the ox his strength, the race-horse his swiftness, and man his power of muscle and brain. Such are the grand conceptions which advancing knowledge brings us.

This energy is in the cyclone that devastates the land, as in the cooling zephyr of a summer's eve; it is in the awful rolling of the thunder and in the lightning's flash, as in the rustle of the leaves and the gentle cooing of the dove. It is in the tramping of armed hosts, the roar of artillery, and the carnage of battle, as in the soft caress and tender lullaby with which the mother sings and soothes her babe to sleep.

I often think that the greatest creation of human genius is the medieval cathedral. If this be so, and if the grandest music is that which floats through the cathedral aisles, if the loveliest transformations of the sunbeams are in the dim religious light that enters through its stained glass windows, if the holiest thoughts are those of its worshipers; the power that lifted the stones of the cathedral into their places, the light that reveals its grandeur and its beauty, the thought that planned its architecture and composed its music, the vibrations on which its music floats, the motions and the voices of those who bend

"en murmurant sous le vent des cantiques  
Comme au souffle du nord un peuple de roseaux,"

and who, in responsive adoration, express the sentiments of its worship, are all, in one way or another, the products of that energy which once existed in space, rested for eons in the central orb of our system, and part of which, coming to us in those things which we designate as food, abides for a time in our own bodies and our own brains, to give us life and power and thought.

Says Professor Tyndall, in speaking of the law of conservation of energy :

"Waves may change to ripples, and ripples to waves, magnitude may be substituted for number, and number for magnitude, asteroids may aggregate to suns, suns may resolve themselves into floræ and faunæ, and floræ and faunæ melt in air, the flux of power is eternally the same. It rolls in music through the ages, and all terrestrial energy, the manifestations of life, as well as the display of phenomena, are but the modulations of its rhythm."

Nor does he exaggerate, I think, in saying further:

"Presented rightly to the mind, the discoveries and generalizations of modern science constitute a poem

more sublime than has ever yet been addressed to the intellect and imagination of man. The natural philosopher of to-day may dwell amid conceptions which beggar those of Milton. So great and grand are they, that in the contemplation of them a certain force of character is requisite to preserve us from bewilderment."

But, after all, this statement of a physical law is only the scientific form of the poetic thought expressed in the words of Pope quoted at the beginning of this chapter. Another poet, and one, it seems to me, whose soul was more exquisitely attuned to the harmonies of Nature than any other, has clothed this sentiment in still finer habiliment of words:

"And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things."

WORDSWORTH.

What are the relations of this physical energy, whose "flux is eternally the same," to the Supreme Power that "impels all thinking things" and "rolls through all things," and "though changed through all" is "yet in all the same," it is the office of the metaphysician and the theologian rather than the chemist to discuss. But as physicists have found that all the forms of physical energy are really one, and chemists are aspiring to the proof that the different elements of which matter is composed are merely modifications of one primordial form, so I cannot forbear the conception, I might almost say belief, that one day the advance of knowledge will bring men to feel that the ideas thus framed in words by scientist and poet are one, not only with each other, but with the sentiment embodied in the words of an older and grander poet:

"O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep. . . . But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end. . . . Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it. . . . If I ascend up into heaven, thou are there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

"Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Indeed, unless I wrongly apprehend the tendency of the speculation of our time, it is decidedly in this direction. In a late essay on "Religion, a Retrospect and Prospect,"\* Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that "amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that we are ever in

presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed." Such leaders of thought as Professors Lotze in Germany and Bowne in this country, and many other metaphysicians with them, teach that the things that we call matter are only forms of action of energy and that this energy is God immanent in the universe. And in his most exhilarating lectures on "The Idea of God," Mr. John Fiske says: "Instead of the force which persists let us speak of the Power which is always and everywhere manifested in phenomena. . . . The everlasting source of phenomena is none other than the infinite Power that makes for righteousness"; and again: "The infinite and eternal Power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe is none other than the living God."

In adopting these conceptions, then, which do away with the conflict between science and religion by making them one in origin and spirit; which teach us that even in the use of our daily bread we are linked to the Power whom we are taught to pray to give it to us; which help us to understand that without his knowledge, because without his action, not even the sparrow falls to the ground; and which help us to realize that the plainest and homeliest things that concern the welfare of our fellow-creatures are worthy of our most serious study and our profoundest thought; we are only following the current philosophy of the time.

That we do not think of these things every time we eat our bread and meat is very well, but such things are worth thinking of once in a while. If they were not, life would not be worth living. But I am wandering far afield and must come back to my subject.

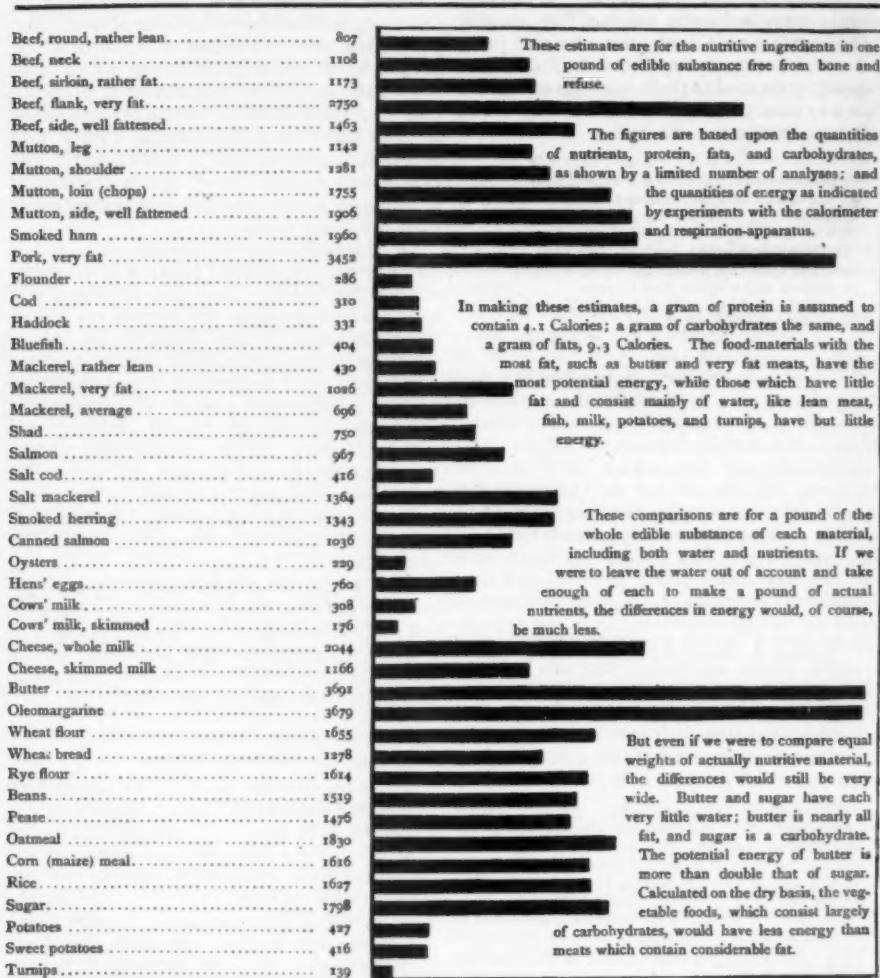
#### AMOUNTS OF POTENTIAL ENERGY IN FOOD-MATERIALS.

MODERN physical science has taught how to measure the potential energy in combustible materials. The apparatus used is called a calorimeter, and the energy is measured by the amount of heat produced in burning the substances with oxygen, the equivalent of the heat in terms of mechanical energy being quite definitely known. The amounts of potential energy in different food-materials have been measured in this way.

Chemists and physiologists have thought for a long while that when the food is consumed in the body it must yield the same quantity of energy as when burned in the calorimeter. In both cases it is burned with oxygen, although the process in the body is far less simple than in the calorimeter. A number of years ago, Professor Frankland, of London, determined the heats of combustion of differ-

## DIAGRAM IV. POTENTIAL ENERGY OF FOOD.

### CALORIES IN THE NUTRIENTS IN ONE POUND OF EACH FOOD-MATERIAL.



The potential energy represents simply the fuel-value of the food, and hence is only an incomplete measure of its whole nutritive value. Besides serving as fuel, our food has other uses, one of which is, if possible, still more important, namely, that of forming and repairing the tissues of the body, the parts of the

machine. This latter work is done by the protein, which has comparatively little potential energy. Protein is the chief nutrient of lean meat and fish. These have, therefore, a high nutritive value, although their energy is comparatively small. (See Diagram III. of first article of this series.)



PROFESSOR EDWARD FRANKLAND.

ent food-materials, and his results have since been taken by many chemists and physiolo-

\* The previous articles of this series have described the different kinds of nutrients of foods. Myosin (lean) of meat, white of egg, casein (curd) of milk, gluten of wheat, etc., are protein compounds. Fat of meat, butter, and oil of corn and wheat are fats. Starch and sugar are carbohydrates.

Since these German researches are very recent and have not yet been made accessible to English readers, I could hardly expect to be excused if I did not give at least an inkling of the details. Here is Dr. Rubner's summary of some of the main results of several long series of experiments, the descriptions of which occupy several hundred pages.

#### ISODYNAMIC VALUES FOR ONE HUNDRED PARTS OF FAT.

<i>Nutritive substances, water-free.</i>	<i>As determined by direct experiments with animals.</i>	<i>As determined by calorimeter.</i>
Myosin .....	235	213
Lean meat .....	243	235
Starch .....	232	229
Cane sugar .....	234	235
Grape sugar .....	256	255

The quantities of the several substances, lean meat, myosin (the chief protein compound of lean meat), starch, etc., are those which were found to yield the same amounts of heat when burned in the calorimeter, or to render the same service as fuel when consumed in the body of the animal, as 100 grams of fat. This explanation of the meaning of the expression "isodynamic values for 100 parts of fat" needs a little qualification to make it perfectly correct, but it is as accurate as I can well make it without going into a discussion too abstruse for the pages of a magazine, and it is really accurate enough for our purpose. The figures mean, then, that the dogs in the respiration-apparatus obtained,

gists as the standard for their fuel-values when they are used for food, although with a certain amount of reserve, because of the lack of proof that the heat generated in the calorimeter is an accurate measure of the energy developed by the same materials in the body. The actual demonstration that this is the case, has been reserved for the refinements of later research.

Within a short time past, feeding-trials with animals in the respiration-apparatus have shown the proportions in which the several classes of nutritive ingredients of food do one another's work in serving as fuel in the body, and more extended experiments, with improved forms of the calorimeter, have given very accurate measurements of the amounts of potential energy in the same materials. The respiration experiments have been made with dogs, in the Physiological Institute in Munich, by Dr. Rubner, who has also made an extended series with the calorimeter. The largest number of the experiments with food-materials in the calorimeter, however, have been conducted by Professor Stohmann, of the University of Leipsic, and his assistants. The results of experiments with the respiration-apparatus and with the calorimeter agree with most remarkable closeness. In supplying the body with fuel, the protein, fats, and carbohydrates\* replaced

on the average, as much heat to keep their bodies warm and energy for the work their muscles had to do, from 243 grams of lean meat (*i. e.*, meat enough to furnish 243 grams of nutritive material after the water had been driven out), as they obtained from 100 grams of fat, while 235 grams of the lean meat, burned to equivalent products in the calorimeter, would yield the same amount of heat as the 100 grams of fat. Considering the great difficulties in experimenting with live animals, these two isodynamic values, 243 by the respiration-apparatus and 235 by the calorimeter, agree very closely indeed. But with starch, the results by the two methods, 232 and 229, are still closer, while with ordinary table sugar and grape sugar they are as good as identical.

Taking our ordinary food-materials as they come, and leaving out slight differences due to the differences in digestibility, etc., Dr. Rubner has made the following general estimate of the amounts of energy in one gram of each of the three principal classes of nutrients. The Calorie, which is the unit commonly employed in these calculations, is the amount of heat which would raise the temperature of a kilogram of water one degree centigrade (or a pound of water 4 degrees Fahrenheit). Instead of this unit of heat we may use a unit of mechanical energy, for instance the foot-ton, which is the force that would lift one ton one ton. One Calorie nearly corresponds to 1.53 foot-tons.

#### POTENTIAL ENERGY IN NUTRIENTS OF FOOD.

	<i>Calories.</i>	<i>Foot-tons.</i>
In one gram of protein .....	4.1	6.3
In one gram of fats .....	9.3	14.2
In one gram of carbohydrates .....	4.1	6.3

These figures mean that when a gram (one twenty-eighth of an ounce) of fat, be it the fat of the food or

each other in almost exact proportion to their heats of combustion. That the living body should thus be proved to use its food with such perfect chemical economy is certainly interesting and important. It is one more fact to add to the long lists that are bringing the functions of life more and more within the domain of ordinary physical and chemical law.

The diagram of "Potential Energy of Food" herewith indicates the amounts of potential energy in different food-materials. The estimates are for one pound of each material; that is to say, for one pound of edible substance, freed from refuse, as for instance, meat without bone or the shell-contents of eggs. It is of course to be understood that the materials vary in composition and that these figures represent averages merely. In fact, both the analyses of the food-materials and the researches upon the potential energy of the nutrients are as yet far too limited in extent to be entirely satisfactory. The diagram is like a map of a new country, based upon the first explorations; in the main correct, but in need of more complete surveys to make it accurate in all its details.

body-fat, is consumed in the body, it will, if its potential energy be all transformed into heat, yield enough to warm a kilogram of water nine and three-tenths degrees of the centigrade thermometer, or, if it be transformed into mechanical energy such as the steam-engine or the muscles use to do their work, it will furnish as much as would raise one ton fourteen and two-tenths feet or fourteen and two-tenths tons one foot. A gram of protein or carbohydrates would yield a little less than half as much energy as a gram of fat. In other words, when we compare the nutrients in respect to their fuel-values, their capacities for yielding heat and mechanical power, an ounce of protein of lean meat or albumen of egg is just about equivalent to an ounce of sugar or starch; and a little over two ounces of either would be required to equal an ounce of the fat of meat or butter or body-fat. The potential energy in the ounce of protein or carbohydrates would, if transformed into heat, suffice to raise the temperature of one hundred and thirteen pounds of water one degree Fahrenheit, while an ounce of fat, if completely burned in the body or in the calorimeter, would yield as much heat as would warm over twice that weight of water one degree.

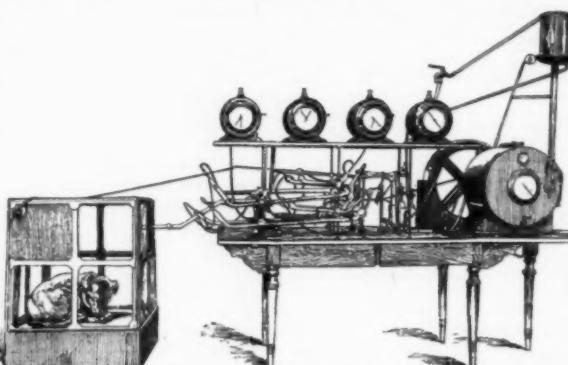
The calculations of Diagram IV. are based upon the figures just given for the potential energy of each nutrient. The figures used for the quantities of each nutrient in each food-material of Diagram IV. are the same as those on which Diagram III. of the first article of this series is based.

By these calculations, a pound of wheat flour contains as much energy, to be converted into the heat which a laboring man needs to keep his body warm, and muscular strength to do his work, as two pounds of lean beef free from bone, while a pound of very fat pork is equal to over four pounds, and a pound of butter to nearly five pounds of the very lean beef. That is, the quantities of latent energy in lean beef, flour, fat pork, and butter, are to each other as one, two, four, and five.

That these food-materials should differ so greatly in fuel-value may, at first sight, seem a little strange. But when we compare the composition of the very fat and the very lean meat, as shown in Diagram III. of the first article of this series (May CENTURY), the reason becomes clear. The very lean meat consists mostly of water, which has no potential energy, while the very fat meat has extremely little water and is composed mainly of fat, which has more potential energy than any other nutrient. The difference between the very fat meat and the wheat flour is not due so much to difference in their proportions of water, for they have nearly the same, but rather to the fact that flour consists largely of starch, which has relatively little potential energy. Butter and oleomargarine lead all the other materials in their quantities of energy. The fat of butter is slightly inferior in this respect, weight for weight, to the fat of meat, the proportions as found by experiment being as 92 to 94, nearly.

I fear I have not yet made quite clear just what these statements and the figures in the diagram actually mean.

A pound of wheat flour is computed to yield energy equal to 1656 calories or 2534 foot-



This apparatus, which is, in principle, identical with the large apparatus described in the previous article of this series, was devised by Prof. Voit, and intended for experiments with dogs, geese, and other small animals. Its object is to provide for analysis of the air before and after it has been breathed by the animal, and thus to show what products of respiration the animal has introduced to it. The box in which the animal is placed is made of wood, and through this box a constant current of air is drawn and measured by the large meter on the table. A small portion of this, however, is drawn through two of the small meters by which it is measured, and through apparatus on the table by which it is analyzed. Air taken from outside the box is at the same time drawn through the other two small meters and apparatus on the table, and thus measured and analyzed in like manner.

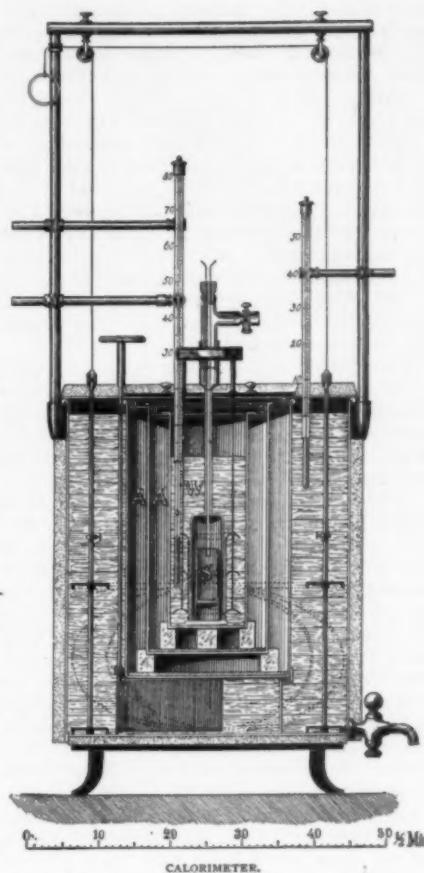
tons. But this of course does not mean that if the pound of flour were made into bread, it would enable our blacksmith, if he should eat it, to lift 2534 tons of iron to a height of one foot, or the hod-carrier to carry a ton of bricks to the height of 2534 feet. He could do only a small fraction of this work with his loaf of bread.

Only a very small proportion of the whole energy of the food is made available for external muscular work, such as the hod-carrier's lifting, the blacksmith's hammering, or other manual labor; the most of it is transformed into heat. A considerable quantity is used for the interior work of the body, breathing, keeping the blood in circulation, digestion, etc., but a large part of this is transformed into heat before it leaves the body. Thus the mechanical energy imparted to the blood by the muscles of the heart is changed to heat by the friction of the blood against the vessels through which it circulates. Indeed, there is an old theory that it is this friction that gives the body its heat.

The heat generated in the body, by the combustion of food and otherwise, is continually given off by radiation. With plenty of clothing we can retain enough to keep ourselves warm even in a cold day. Too much clothing may so interfere with radiation as to make us uncomfortably warm. The amount of heat produced in the body is so large that it has been calculated that, if there were no way for it to escape, there would be enough in an average well-fed man to heat his body to the temperature of boiling water in thirty-six hours.

We have a very familiar illustration of the production of heat along with muscular energy in the heating of our bodies when we exercise our muscles. We cannot transform the energy of our food into muscular force without transmuting part of it into heat at the same time. In the body, indeed, as with the steam-engine, but a small part of the energy of the fuel is transformed into mechanical power for work. But the body is more economical in this respect than the best steam-engine; that is to say, it gets more power for work from the same amount of energy in its fuel. It has been estimated that while the most efficient steam-engines cannot get more than one-eighth of the energy of their fuel in the form of mechanical power, the body can get one-fifth. Some calculations, indeed, make a far more favorable showing for the animal as compared with the machine in respect to economy in the use of fuel for work. Professor von Gohren, as the result of elaborate computations, reckons that

A horse may transform 32 per cent.  
An ox   "   "   43   "  
A man   "   "   53   "



The calorimeter here shown is a late form devised by Prof. Stohmann. Within is a small cylinder, S, in which the substance to be tested is burned, being mixed for this purpose with materials furnishing oxygen. This cylinder is surrounded by a cylindrical cover, and is contained in a larger cylinder, W, holding water. The heat from the burning substance is communicated to the water, and is measured by its increase in temperature as shown by the thermometer. Outside of the cylinder holding the water are two concentric cylinders, A, A, holding air which acts as a non-conductor of the heat. The air-cylinders are surrounded by a larger cylinder containing water, which, in its turn, has a covering of felt, the object being to prevent the influence of changes of temperature of the air on the water. The furnace devised for protecting the interior apparatus from gain or loss of heat, igniting the inner mixture in the inner cylinder and measuring the heat produced by the combustion, need not be described here. The whole apparatus is about eighteen inches wide and a little over three feet high.

of the whole potential energy of his food into energy for mechanical work. More research is needed, however, before entirely satisfactory calculations of this sort can be made.

But to come back to the energy in our hod-carrier's pound of flour. If four-fifths are transformed into heat in his body and only one-fifth into muscular force for work, this would give him 500 foot-tons of muscular energy. But when he climbs the ladder with his hod of bricks he must carry his body and the hod up and down again; the power his muscles use to lift their load is not applied directly but through

a complex system of levers in his limbs, and much of the power is used in other ways; so that the amount of lifting of bricks bears a very small proportion to the total energy of the food.

Just as I am writing this, the last volume of the transactions of the Bavarian Academy of Sciences comes to hand, with a communication from Dr. Rubner, giving account of some new and extremely interesting experiments in this direction. I hope the fact that one object of these articles is to report the latest news from the field of abstract research will excuse at least a brief reference to the main results. The experiments were in continuation of those mentioned above, and, like them, were made with dogs in the respiration-apparatus.

One principle which they bring into clear relief is the remarkable economy with which the animal organism uses its material when the supply is limited, and the positive wastefulness it practices when the food-supply exceeds the demand.

The dogs had very little room to move about inside the apparatus and of course made very little muscular exertion. Hence they needed but little protein to make up for the wear of muscle, and, practically, the main demand of their bodies was for fuel to yield heat to warm their bodies and strength for the very little work their muscles had to do. When they fasted, they consumed the fat and protein from the store in their bodies. How rigidly economical they were in this draft upon their previously accumulated capital was shown in the way that the consumption of fuel was affected by the temperature of the room. The interior temperature of the body remained very nearly the same, at "blood-heat," all the while, as indeed it must, or the dogs would have died. In cold days more heat was radiated from the body than in warm, more was needed to supply its place, and

\* Physiologists have observed that the consumption of fuel in the body sometimes varies with the temperature and sometimes does not, and have been at a loss to explain the apparent discrepancies in their experimental results. These experiments help toward an explanation. But the interesting point is, not simply that the facts are learned, but that they are learned by studying the subject from the standpoint of the potential energy of the food. Previously, the accounts have, so to speak, been drawn up in terms of protein, carbohydrates, and fats, and the balances have been difficult to calculate and still more difficult to explain. But in the experiments of which I have just been speaking, all the figures were reduced to terms of potential energy of the food and body-substance consumed or stored. The results were calculated in Calories, and the balancing of the accounts was thus made simple, and the explanation plain.

Of course I do not mean to say that we have thus suddenly come upon a complete explanation of the whole subject. This is simply an improvement of methods based on clearer understanding of principles and leading to clearer and more accurate results. It is, in short, the old story of clearing up an old mystery by use

more material was consumed. When the room was warmer the body burned less fuel. And the quantities consumed marked the changes of temperature with a delicacy almost comparable with that of the thermometer.

When the dogs had just food enough to supply their needs they used it with similar economy. In other words, when the income was equal to the necessary expenditure it was used as sparingly as the sums taken from the capital had been. When the food-supply was made larger, part of the extra material was stored in the body as fat and protein, but at the same time the daily consumption increased. That is to say, when their income was more liberal, they laid part of it by, but at the same time allowed their current expenses to increase. It has been found by numerous experiments that when the nutrients are fed in large excess the body may continue for a time to store away part of the extra material, but after it has accumulated a certain amount it refuses to take on more, and the daily consumption equals the supply even when this involves great waste. With the large income, the body continues for a time to add to its capital, but finally it comes to spend as much as it gets, and in so doing practically throws away what it cannot profitably use.

Dr. Rubner's dogs showed, in still another way, their economy of fuel when the supply was limited, and wastefulness when they had more than they needed. The same animal that adjusted its consumption of fuel so accurately to the temperature of the air as long as the amount did not exceed its need, used it with no apparent regard to the temperature, whether warm or cold, as soon as the supply of food exceeded the necessary demand.\*

This all seems very simple and natural. So the laws of nature always do when we have discovered and begin to understand them.

of a new and rational idea. As such, as well as for stronger reasons, it is of interest.

It is so easy to magnify the importance of any new discovery, and so hard to avoid going too far in drawing inferences from it, that I am inclined to put in another word of caution here. For instance, from the experiments above described one would infer that the food-ingredients yield strength for muscular labor in exact proportion to their heats of combustion. But the dogs in the respiration-apparatus performed no muscular work except that inside their bodies for respiration, keeping the blood in circulation, etc., and though we naturally assume that if they had used their muscles for exterior work, such as running or working a treadmill, the muscular energy yielded by the food would have been likewise equal to its potential energy, and though the other known facts make this assumption entirely probable, the experiments do not absolutely prove it. The production of muscular strength is a problem which is still but partly solved. Still I think it is reasonably safe to say that, in general, the foods that have the most potential energy are the ones that yield, not only the most heat to keep the body warm, but also the most strength for muscular work.

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THERE are numerous homely, practical ways in which these principles may be applied. I well remember how the sensible and thrifty New England people among whom my boyhood was spent used to talk about "hearty victuals," and how prevalent were the doctrines that "a hard-working man wants real hearty food," and that "children ought to have hearty food, but not too hearty."

With these eminently orthodox tenets the science of nutrition in its newest developments is in fullest accord. But there always used to be an unsatisfactory vagueness about them. I never could make out exactly what were "hearty" foods, and in just what their heartiness consisted. It has since occurred to me that these words express one of the ideas which the unerring sense and instinct of man have wrought out of his long experience, but have waited for science to put into clear and definite form. The synonym with which our science defines this idea is energy. Hearty foods are those in which there is an abundance of potential energy.

The lumbermen in the Maine forests work intensely in the cold and snows of winter and in the icy water in the spring. To endure the severe labor and cold, they must have food to yield a great deal of heat and strength. Beans and fat pork are staple articles of diet with them, and are used in very large quantities. The beans supply protein to make up for the wear and tear of muscle, and they, and more especially the pork, are very rich in energy to be used for warmth and work.

I cannot vouch for the following, which has just struck my eye in a daily paper, but, if it is true, the workmen were sound in their physiology:

"A lot of woodchoppers who worked for Mr. S— in H— stopped work the other day, and sent a spokesman to their employer, who said that the men were satisfied with their wages and most other things, but didn't like 'your fresh meat; that's too fancy, and hasn't got strength into it.' Mr. S— gave them salt pork three times a day, and peace at once resumed its sway."

The use of oily and fatty foods in arctic regions is explained by the great potential energy of fat, a pound of which is equal to over two pounds of protein or starch. I have been greatly surprised to see, on looking into the matter, how commonly and largely the fatter kinds of meat are used by men engaged in very hard labor. Men in training for athletic contests, as oarsmen and foot-ball teams, eat large quantities of meat. I have often queried why so much fat beef is used, and especially why mutton is often recommended in preference to beef for training diet. Both the beef and the mutton are rich in protein, which makes muscle. Mutton has the advantage of containing more fat along with the protein, and hence more potential energy. Perhaps this is another case in which experience has led to a practice, the real grounds for which have later been explained by scientific research.

The Germans have, in their vernacular, hit closer to the principle here explained than we. Their scientific expression for energy is *Kraft*. In their folk-tongue the word for nourishing, strength-giving, is *kräftig*. When, as a newcomer, I first looked for a boarding-place in a German city, I was amused at the recurring assurances from would-be hosts and hostesses, that their fare was *kräftig*. With the abundance that crowns even the humble board at home, I had not learned how much that word and the idea it carried could mean in less favored lands.

W. O. Atwater.

### CROOKED JOHN.

**T**HE Von Gravens had once been a great family; but reckless living had ruined them. They were large, handsome men, with blue eyes and a distinguished bearing. No end of stories were told in the valley of their bright sayings and their foolhardy deeds. Some of their observations, I regret to say, were not for ears polite. Colonel Von Graven, who, with his son Harold, was now the only bearer of the name, was understood to have been a lady-killer in his day. When his dignity thawed out over a glass of toddy, he had been known to make allusion to his adventures in that line; and when the judge gave him a dig in the ribs and called him a gay old boy, he did not resent it.

Harold, the colonel's son, was a regular dare-devil. They called him "the girls' Harold," because he had such a taking way with women. Nobody could hold a candle to him on the dancing-floor; and the colonel rubbed his hands and chuckled when he saw him take to love-making as a duck does to water. Ah, yes, he made havoc in the hearts of the girls in those days—mere lad as he was.

Then it was that one fine day in the spring there was a log-jam in the river. The water rose several feet an hour, and there was a roar in the air as of a hundred chariots. Two men had gone to the bottom in trying to break the jam, and it seemed sure death for the third and the fourth. The cataract thundered below, and the yellow foam flew high over the tree-tops. The

spray blew like a drenching rain into the faces of the thousand people who stood with their hearts in their throats, trembling for their homes. Then in the midst of the terror a cheer went up; nobody knew why. It was a lad of sixteen who came sauntering through the throng. It was the girls who cheered him.

"Harold!" cried they, "Harold! He can break the log-jam! He can save the valley!"

They had scarcely uttered the cry, when the boy had snatched an axe from somebody and run into the middle of the river. With the agility of a squirrel he jumped from log to log, and enveloped in a cloud of spray, climbed the great heap of lumber at the brink of the cataract which dammed the stream. His quick eye detected in an instant where the log was that held the heap. One, two, three swift strokes — the heap began to creak! He flung the axe away, and bounded with daring leaps in the direction of the shore. But the mass was now moving. He stumbled — fell between two logs; scrambled up again, fell again; and God knows what happened; but in a minute he was pulled out with a boat-hook, unconscious, and hopelessly injured.

They sang his praises for a day, and then forgot him. "Brave Harold, noble Harold," said the young girls; but he was no longer the hero of the balls; he made no more havoc in maiden hearts.

His father sent him to a watering-place in France, traveled with him from Carlsbad to Wiesbaden and from Wiesbaden to the Pyrenees, and wasted the last remnant of his fortune consulting famous physicians; yet Harold was and remained a cripple. It nearly broke the old man's heart when his beautiful boy came home pale and hollow-eyed, and with that misshapen form.

"My poor boy," he would say, in a voice full of yearning pity, holding out his arm to the cripple; and then suddenly, as the boy rushed toward him, he would cry in agony: "Go away from me, child."

It was terrible to Harold to be treated thus by his father. But it was still more terrible when his father was gone and he had not a soul in the world who cared for him. They said in the valley that it was his son's twisted form that killed the colonel. He was never the man he had been from the day he saw the deformity.

When his father was dead, Harold's first thought was to go to America; but when the estate was settled, it was found that the colonel had left just enough to pay for his burial. His son was penniless, and had to stay where he was. He was invited around to dinner by his father's old friends; and the judge and the sheriff occasionally sent him some copying,

just to keep him from starving. Thus he kept on for a year, until he began to perceive that he was wearing out his welcome. His melancholy pleased no one; and he often had to go without his dinner. Hunger then stimulated his wit, and the hungrier he was, the more amusing he grew. He enlarged his acquaintance, and got more dinners. He told stories, and when his stock was exhausted, he invented new ones. People laughed and applauded him, and he cursed himself, and went on inventing. After a while, he grew so accustomed to this life that he made no more plans; his own future ceased to interest him. But deep in his heart smoldered a fire which threatened at times to break forth in flame. He felt a savage desire to fling his glass into the face of his coarse host, who sat there, bent upon debasing him in return for the food he gave him; to jump up on the table and in burning words give vent to his deep contempt for himself and the shallow-hearted, shallow-brained people who presumed to kick and pat him as they would a dog. He yearned to do some tremendous deed, merely to rehabilitate his self-respect. He felt at the bottom of his soul, amid all his self-contempt, a proud sense of superiority to those who degraded him by their galling benefits. Some day, before he died, he might surprise them.

His soul was not crippled, whatever his body might be, and there were great deeds yet slumbering in the Von Graven soul.

Another year slipped by, and Harold still dined and told stories. The stories were mostly about himself; the tremendous things he yearned to do, somehow, fired his fancy, until it seemed as if he had already done them. He began to get a bad name in the valley.

"He lies as fast as a horse trots," said the people.

His stately name seemed no longer to fit him. One mocking nickname after another attached itself to him; and before he was aware of it, he was known throughout the parish as "Crooked John." He resented the name at first, but people only laughed at his wrath, and at last he forgot to be angry. But from that time it seemed as if his head sank deeper down between his shoulders; his brilliant eyes grew dull. Ragged tufts of beard grew unheeded upon his chin. His head seemed to grow bigger in proportion to his frame, and his arms and legs thinner. He looked like an ugly gnome. Every vestige of his boyish beauty was gone. And still, it might happen yet, at the dinner table, when the wine had made him forget his degradation, his fancy was again kindled, and the light of happier days shone in his features. Then people forgot how ugly Crooked John was, and they laughed and

applauded his droll sarcasms and his bold inventions.

"Now tell us, Crooked John," the jovial host would exclaim as the laughter subsided, "how much of that was lies and how much truth?" "Half-and-half," Harold would answer; and in violently restraining his anger, he would move his face with strange contortions which provoked fresh bursts of laughter. He was a jolly dog, that Crooked John—ha! ha! ha! there wasn't his beat for fun on this side the mountains.

"Wait," thought Harold bitterly, "my hour will come yet. Wait, and I will show you who I am."

## II.

ONE morning in June Harold was walking along the river. The lark was singing, and the sky was steeped in sunshine. The pines perspired, and the smell of resin and fresh leaves drifted through the air. There was rarely any one at the river at this time of day, and Harold loved solitude. He was about to throw himself down under a big pine, when he saw a girl sitting motionless upon a stone, leaning against the trunk of the tree. Her head was thrown a little back, as if she were gazing into the sky; but as he came nearer he saw that she was blind. The sun touched the loose hair at her temples, and made it shine like gold. The hair was of strong growth and richly yellow, and made the delicate face look smaller than it was. It seemed to Harold, as his eyes rested upon her, that she looked as he had imagined the angel did, of whom his mother had told him, who kept watch over him in his childhood. The shy, half-startled look, as she listened to his footsteps, and the little tremor in her voice as she asked, "Who is it?" touched him.

"I am Harold von Graven," he answered quietly; and as she rose to go he added, "I shall not harm you."

She seated herself hesitatingly on the stone, and let her aimless glance wander into space.

"I can't think what has become of grandmother," she said after a while; "she told me to sit here till she came back."

"And won't you allow me to keep you company till she returns?"

She did not answer, but sat again leaning backward with her hands folded in her lap.

"Your voice is pleasant," she said with strange abruptness. "I think you are a good man."

Those words brought the tears into his eyes; they were the first kind words he had heard since his father died. He seated himself at the girl's feet and chatted about the birds, the crops, and the fishing. He learned that she lived with her grandmother in a little cottage

up on the hillside, that her father and mother were dead, and that she had recently come from a neighboring parish.

When finally he rose to leave her, he was lighter hearted than he had ever been since his misfortune. He could scarcely tear himself away from the girl; he lingered, walked a few steps, and returned. Why was his heart so light in her presence? The answer flashed upon him,—it was because she could not see him.

From that time forth he never let a day pass without seeing Helen. Her sweet, placid face with the large sightless eyes followed him like a haunting melody. When terrible thoughts oppressed him and he was tempted to curse his fate, he hastened to her, and the dark thoughts fled before the light of her countenance. When he had expended the last remnant of his self-respect in all sorts of buffoonery to please his exacting patrons, he fled to her as to a haven of refuge. Her smile was like a healing bath. His crushed manhood arose again in the breath of her pure presence. The happy look that suddenly illuminated her features at the sound of his footsteps sent a thrill of joy through him. It was the most precious experience his barren life had afforded him. His bent and crooked form seemed to grow tall and erect the moment he passed her threshold; he held his head high, as it behooved a Von Graven, and spoke with the free and happy daring for which the Von Gravens had been famed. The promise of his youth bloomed into fulfillment; life opened wide and glorious before him, and he marched fearlessly from achievement to achievement, from deed to deed. All the misery and degradation of the present were but as a remote menace, which hung about the horizon, and which he fought back by the warmth and vehemence of his eloquence. But when he passed out into the summer night, it grew dark again within him. He wished that the whole world had been blind, or eternally steeped in darkness.

## III.

"WHAT is your highest wish, Helen?" he said to her one day, as they were seated together on the river-bank.

"How can you ask?" she queried in a sweet, hushed voice. "I have but one wish, and that will never be fulfilled."

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

"It is that I may get my sight back," she answered wistfully. "But do not let us speak of it; it only makes me sad."

"Yes, do let us speak of it. Why do you wish so much to get your sight back?"

A deep blush spread over her neck and face.

"Do not ask me about that, Harold," she whispered hurriedly.

"But I wish to know, Helen," he insisted. She raised her head and turned her large, sightless eyes toward him.

"It is because I wish to see *you*, Harold," she said with strange solemnity.

The stick which he held in his hand snapped, and the pieces dropped between his knees. For a long while he did not speak. When again he lifted his face, it was ashy pale. His mouth twitched a little before he gained control of it.

"But I might disappoint you, Helen," he began unsteadily; "I might not at all look as you imagine I do. Would it not then be better to remain blind?"

"Oh, you should not tease me so cruelly," she cried. "I know how you look, as well as if I had seen you a thousand times."

"How do I look?" he asked hoarsely.

He was determined to drain the bitter cup to the dregs.

"You are tall and beautiful," she answered, with touching enthusiasm; "you have a reckless fling in your walk, and your hair curls densely about your temples. You have the kind of eyes which win the hearts of the girls, full of light and reckless roguishness. You need not deny it, sir," she went on, with innocent archness, "I sha'n't be jealous; I sha'n't ask how many love-affairs you've had."

Each of her words stabbed him to the very heart; he clenched his teeth to smother a cry of pain. She sat smiling with sweet confidence, absorbed in her happy vision.

"Do you know," she continued, "how I found out how you looked? I did not ask grandmother, because I did not wish to know it all at once; but I wanted to have something to wonder about in my long leisure, something to fill the empty darkness about me; and so I thought out, feature by feature, how you looked. And whenever my fancy stopped, I only said half aloud to myself, 'Harold von Graven,' and there was such a proud ring in the name that my fancy leaped forward again; and I knew at once how a Harold von Graven must look."

He could endure it no longer. His soul, stretched upon the rack, writhed with exquisite pain. With groping hands he seized hold of a low-hanging branch above him and pulled himself up. His limbs seemed numb and dead, and his gait unsteady. A strange irresponsibility, as of beginning intoxication, took possession of him. He moved away; but he did not know where he was going. Thought seemed an intolerable vexation. He was weary—worn out unto death.

#### IV.

FOR a week, perhaps, he did not see her, and when he called the next time, he found

the grandmother alone. He begged her, for God's sake, not to tell Helen of his deformity, or mention his nickname in her presence. The agitation in his manner and the distress in his voice impressed the old woman, and she promised what he asked. She then began to whimper, in her wonted fashion, about the bad times and the hard lot of the poor. "I am a-pegging down hill, sir," said she, looking up from her spinning-wheel; "I shall soon be under the sod. What will there then be for the little lass but the poor-house? If she only had her sight, sir—then she could take care of herself; for she is smart enough, God bless her! and she has uncommon sense. But to be on the parish,—a sensitive thing like her,—it will be misery, sir; it'll be misery."

She gave him a quick, warning glance as Helen entered, and he understood that he was not to allude to the melancholy topic.

The girl was pale, and there was a shyness in her greeting which took him aback.

She blushed and moved her hands nervously. Something new and strange had come between them. The old happy unconcern was gone. The anxiety in her manner, as after a brief talk of indifferent things he rose to go, was pitiful. It was all she could do to hold back her tears; and he heard her sobs and the grandmother's soothing murmur, the moment he was out of the door. He guessed that his hope had come true, and what had once been his happiness became now a burden, an agonizing dilemma. How gladly he would have opened his arms to her and said: "Helen, my darling, I love you." But the very touch of him would have revealed his deception, and she would have shrunk back from him, crying, "Who are you?"

It was his lost, youthful self she loved; it was Harold von Graven, the daring, beautiful lad,—it was not Crooked John. And yet—and yet—could she not learn to love Crooked John? Ah, if it had not been for the beautiful Harold von Graven, perhaps she might have loved Crooked John. If he had only had the courage to say to her: "I lost my health, my strength, my youth to save this valley from destruction. I am a misshapen cripple who has none in the world but you to love. Can you not, in your mercy, give one little grain of love to solace my miserable life?"—if he had had the courage to speak thus, I say, perhaps she would, out of the abundance of her womanly pity, have dropped a tear upon the memory of the beautiful Harold von Graven, and loved Crooked John. But now—it was too late!

But his great, heroic deed,—not the long-forgotten one, but the one he had cherished for the future with defiant tenderness; the one wherewith he meant to shame the paltry crowd

that mocked and humiliated him,— might not that give her a glimpse at the proud Von Graven soul that dwelt in his miserable form; might not that win him the admiration which in a woman's heart nestles so close to her love? This possibility filled his soul, haunting him by day and by night. He was like one eager for martyrdom, spying anxiously for a chance to throw away his life gloriously. For he faced, without quailing, the thought of death as a final vindication; he was quite content to sacrifice his life to his sweet revenge. It occurred to him at times, amid his manifold torturing doubts, that the premeditation of the sacrifice, and its interested motive, robbed it of its sublimity; that, in fact, it was nothing but a kind of exalted vanity. And yet, this deep hunger for praise, for recognition, for love, which gnawed like a sleepless worm at his heart, why was it sordid, why ignoble? No daring ambition invades a narrow, commonplace soul. No feverish craving for greatness disturbs the sluggish repose of a sordid, earth-clogged creature.

Crooked John was poor company at dinner in those days, and the judge complained loudly that he had turned his birthday party into a funeral. He had told solemn stories which had made every one feel depressed. When he left, early in the evening, the judge swore he would give him a piece of his mind the next time he saw him. The fact was, Crooked John felt ill at ease now among the gay feasters. Whenever he met Helen's grandmother carrying bundles of fagots upon her back, he scrutinized her face anxiously to see if it was true, as she said, that Death already had her in his clutch.

"I am a-pegging down hill, sir," was the melancholy refrain of her lamentations; "and when I am dead, sir, there is nothing for the little lass but the poor-house."

This thought of Helen in the poor-house—the shy, delicate girl in that miserable house, surrounded by coarse and degraded creatures—was potent enough to divert his mind from his own troubles. He pondered and pondered, and only involved himself in a perplexing maze of doubts and conflicting sentiments. He quite forgot about his heroic deed in his anxiety for Helen. He must save her—yes, he must save her from a doom that would be worse than death. If she were only not so helpless; if she could only see! *If she could see!* But who knew whether her blindness was incurable? He sprang up from his bed and began wildly to pace the floor of his narrow room, as this idea struck him, that Helen might regain her sight. The next morning he walked eleven miles to the county physician and begged him, as if by chance, and without mentioning his name, to examine Helen's eyes. He waited breathlessly for the result down at the river-bank. When, at

the end of half an hour, the physician emerged from the hut, Crooked John anxiously scanned his features.

"Will she see?" he cried; "will she see?"

"That depends," answered the doctor. "The disease is in the retina. The nerve is sound. An operation might restore her sight."

"And can you perform that operation?"

"No, I should not like to risk it. There is but one man in Norway who could do it—Professor L—, in Christiania."

"But how can we get him here?"

"Money will bring him here. If you wish, I will write him about the case."

"Money? How much?"

"Perhaps a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!"

Crooked John dropped down upon a stone and gazed hopelessly out over the river. A hundred dollars! How could a poor sick weakling ever hope to earn a hundred dollars? He got five cents a sheet from the judge for his copying. How long would it take him at that rate to make a hundred dollars? He cut a piece of birch-bark from a tree and began to reckon. He covered it all over with figures, and quite forgot about the doctor's presence.

"Two years," he murmured sadly, raising his eyes from the birch-bark; "two years."

#### V.

FOR two years people scarcely saw Crooked John. He called upon Helen yet, but not as often as before. Some said he was ill; others, that he had gone mad. Yet late at night Crooked John might have been seen hurrying breathlessly along the highway with large rolls of paper under his arms. He wrote late and early, night and day. Not only from the judge did he procure copying, but from the new colonel and the sheriff. He looked gaunt and haggard; his cheeks were yellowish pale and sunken. The writer's cramp tortured him until his right arm was almost paralyzed. Then he practiced for a long while, and learned to write with his left hand. He lived much of the time in a half-dazed condition, working on indefatigably, and only conscious of one purpose,—to have Helen's sight restored, to save her from the poor-house. Every penny he earned he hoarded up with a miser's glee, and pulled out the bag every night from his mattress, sewing it up carefully again after having counted his gains. He begrimed himself the little that he needed to keep body and soul together, and was content, as long as hunger did not disable him before he had finished his work.

One night—it was about two years after his last meeting with Crooked John—the doctor was sitting in his study. There was a sound

of footsteps in the hall,—shuffling, uncertain footsteps,—and a wary hand seemed to be groping for the door-knob. The doctor arose and opened the door. "Ah, Crooked John!" said he, in amazement. "You out so late at night, Crooked John?"

Crooked John stood panting at the door. It was some time before he was able to speak. He held his hands tightly clasped under his chest, as if they were guarding something precious that was hidden there. "Sit down," said the doctor, pushing him gently into a chair; "you are ill, I see; you wish to consult me."

"No—no," answered Crooked John, with a bewildered look; "I am not ill."

"What then can I do for you?" asked the doctor.

The cripple, casting anxious glances about the room, began to unbutton his coat and waistcoat. He took out a big bag, and put it on the table before the doctor.

"Count that," he said, undoing the string, and taking up a handful of copper and silver money. "It is a hundred dollars."

"But what am I to do with it? You don't owe me anything."

"You said it would cost a hundred dollars."

"What would cost a hundred dollars?"

"To give Helen her sight back."

The doctor stood speechless; then he grasped the cripple's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Mr. Von Graven," he said, "I bow myself in the dust before you."

IN about a week the famous professor came. Crooked John had planned to stand outside and peep in through the window, so as to get the first glimpse of Helen's face when she should open her eyes upon the daylight. He had found courage to face the thought that he must vanish from her life. But one parting glimpse he must have of her sweet face, radiant with happiness, as she emerged into the sunlight from her long night. This must be the reward of his labor. He had seen the picture in the old family Bible of Christ restoring the sight of the blind, and he imagined the professor did it in very much the same way. As it happened, however, on the day when the operation was to take place, he was too ill to leave his bed. A fever was raging in his veins. His strength seemed utterly exhausted. The old peasant woman in whose house he lived made tea out of medicinal herbs and gave it to him. But she could not still the raging intensity of thought that like a maelstrom whirled within his brain. The magnitude of his sacrifice began to show upon him. In restoring the light to Helen, he had quenched the light of his own life. What would existence be to him without

her? A long groping through dusky solitudes, with the cold breath of Death in his face. The ideal of him which she loved—how could he have the heart to destroy it? How could he ever walk up to her, ugly and misshapen as he was, and say: "I am the one whom you love—I am Harold von Graven!" Would she believe him? Would she not rather turn away from him with loathing? And could he survive her disgust—would he not sink into the earth before her look of scorn? From the depth of his woe he cried out to God, praying for death. But the torturing thoughts returned and returned, and neither threat nor prayer would keep them away. He saw himself standing before her, in the glory of youth and strength, wooing her, and accepting with manly happiness her willing surrender. But behind this beautiful youth stood a crooked little dwarf who pushed himself forward and said to Helen: "This man, Harold von Graven is dead—can you not love his brother, Crooked John?" But Helen always said: "If he is dead, then I will love him dead, as I loved him living." And the dwarf, Crooked John, stole out of sight weeping, and saying: "Yes, let us love him dead."

For he did love him. He loved the daring and beautiful youth that was dead, and in the depth of his heart he would rather suffer an endless misery than displace him with his present miserable self in Helen's affection. He was his own rival, and barred himself his own road to happiness. He despaired in his love; and yet was loved. It was a terrible paradox. But the heroic deed by which he had hoped to win her! Alas, he was too weak now to dream of heroic deeds. Resignation, dull and dreary resignation—that was all that was in store for him. If he had only seized his opportunity for greatness while it was yet day; but the night cometh when no man can work. And yet, had he but known it! his great deed was done. But Crooked John did not know it.

He had been lying thus for a week, perhaps trembling on the verge of madness, when a note was sent him by the county physician, saying that Helen had regained her sight. She was constantly asking for him, with much anxiety, though she did not know that she owed her sight to him. The doctor begged him to go to her, as any anxiety at this time might affect her eyes and even plunge her back into darkness. He had scarcely finished reading the note, when he tumbled out of bed and with reeling senses began to dress. It took him a long while; again and again he lay down on the floor and seemed on the point of losing consciousness. It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he stood under the sky and

breathed in the sharp autumnal air. The moon was bright overhead, and the stars sparkled in the nocturnal blue. He tottered along the highway; fell down, and rose again. He scarcely knew how he reached the river-bank; but at end of about three hours he found himself sitting on the ground in the midst of the under-brush that grew close up to the walls of the cottage. A heavy dew was falling, and he shivered with cold. The consciousness of being near to Helen made him tremble, half with joy and half with fear. Should he go to her? Should he speak to her? All the dreadful anticipations of his fever fancies crowded in upon him. No, he could not go to her. But if Helen should lose her sight again, from grief at her not seeing him! It was only for this that she had wished to see—that she might see him. But if she saw him! An agonizing dread shot through him like a fiery arrow. The disappointment, the horror which the sight of him would inspire, might not that too prove dangerous to her—might not that too deprive her of her sight? The question seemed benumbing—overwhelming. He could not answer it. Yet, whether it was well for Helen to see him or not, he could not go away without seeing Helen. He took hold feebly of the alder-bushes and raised himself up; then tottered over to the nearest window. It was close to the ground, and he could look in without difficulty. Before the hearth, upon which a fire was burning, sat the old grandmother, with Helen's head resting in her lap. She was stroking the girl's hair and talking soothingly to her.

"Dinna cry, lassie," she was saying, "he will come yet; crying will put out thy pretty eyes again, just as we have got 'em bright and capable."

"No one cares for me, granny; and I cannot help but cry."

"Shame on thee, lassie, shame! If he dinna care for thee, dost tha think he would ha' workit himself to death to give thee thy sight back again?"

"Granny!"

The girl sprang up with a joyous cry. Her face was as if transfigured. Radiance, rapture, the enchanting certainty of being loved, shone out of her dark, sea-blue eyes, imparting to them a strange, touching beauty.

"O granny!" she cried, sinking down at the old woman's feet; "why did you not tell me?"

"Dinna be so workit up about it, lassie," said her grandmother evasively; "wait till tha hast seen him."

"I always thought of him as beautiful," said Helen, staring radiantly into the fire; "but it matters not now whether he be beautiful or not, I shall love him—love him—love him, even though he be ugly and crooked as a gnome."

She gave a little start as she uttered the words, and pressed her hands suddenly over her eyes.

"They hurt me, granny," she said.

"It is the fire, lassie. Go out into the starlight. That is soft, and good for poor eyes."

Oh, the blessed relief! The removal of the torturing doubt which had held him so long in its clutch was so sudden that it bewildered him. He could not at once adjust his mind to it. And yet in the midst of his darkness there is a great luminous spot, which grows and grows until it fills his soul with light. He staggers away from the window in a blissful intoxication, and places himself in front of the door. The moonshine pours down upon him, and his shadow stretches, black and grotesque, over the grass. With his eyes fixed upon the door, he stands trembling, burning, shivering. His blood surges and throbs in his ears. The door is opened, and Helen becomes visible against the dusk within. He takes a step forward. Merciful God, she must see him now! With a cry he tumbles toward her and clasps her in his arms.

"Helen, beloved! Look at me, hideous though I am! I am not afraid now."

She strains her eyes, she rubs them desperately; she lifts them to the stars. A look of terror passes over her countenance.

"O Harold," she shrieks, "I cannot see you!"

It is as if the night had suddenly engulfed him! It grows black before his eyes; but in the far distance there is a blood-red stripe as of dawn. After a while, through the mists that inwrap his consciousness, comes a vague blissful sensation. Soft fingers glide caressingly over his face; soft lips are warmly pressed against his lips. His body grows light as air; and he floats upward—upward through sunlit space. Stars shoot with dizzying speed across the sky, drawing long luminous trails behind them. He rises—rises ever upward through the shining void. The world grows dim beneath his feet.

WELL-NIGH an hour had passed when her grandmother opened the door and found Helen sitting upon the grass, holding in her arms a pale and shriveled form. She started forward and saw by the light of the moon that it was Crooked John. His face seemed strangely calm, except for a strained expression about his mouth. She stooped down in terror and put her hand upon his forehead. Crooked John was dead.

"May God bless thee, my poor lad," whispered the old woman devoutly, "and give thee peace."

Hjalmar H. Boyesen.



## IDEALS.

**T**HREE is but one bird sings like that!  
From Paradise it flew,  
Out to the world, with wavering plumage gay,  
When on creation's glad, awakening day  
The morning wore the dew.

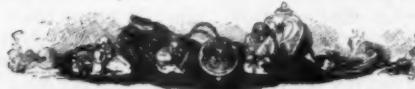
It is not nightingale or lark.  
Oh, a diviner bird!  
In moon-touched forests, sweet with night  
and dew,  
In dawn-stirred meadows, when the Spring  
goes through,  
Its voice was never heard.

Its nest? In boughs of fadeless bloom,  
Nowhere that we can see.  
The winds have never found it, and the rain  
Of wasting autumns beat the leaves in vain  
On that immortal tree.

Its age—its country? No man knows.  
Born for the world's delight.  
No bird that goes through splendors of the  
dawn,  
Or homeward comes, down quiet twilights  
drawn,  
Has wings for such far flight.

Can no one find it? All the world  
Is seeking it—afar.  
Each in his turn has cried, "Lo, it is mine!"  
Oh, bitter-sweet! Still is the joy divine  
Farther than flower from star.

*Juliet C. Marsh.*



## THE REJECTED JAPANESE LOVER.\*

**W**HERE golden-red the lush persimmon grows,  
Where dusk-green sway the pine-boughs dreamfully,  
I choose, my love, I choose at night for thee,  
With fervent vows, a fragrant-petaled rose—  
White as camellias of the isle, whence blows  
A spice-wind o'er the blissful, deep-blue sea,  
And where the long-necked storks feed, tempest-free,  
On sweet palm-buds or ebon-glossy sloes!  
I place it 'neath thy porch within a vase,  
To tell, love, how my heart for thee beats true,  
And of thy heart to beg a tender grace,  
When, wistfully, at dawn I pass thy door.  
Yet what see I, there, dying in the dew?  
My rose, outcast, that whispers—"Hope no more!"

*William Struthers.*

\* In Japan it is etiquette for a lover to select some choice plant and place it, at night, in a vase or flowerpot that hangs suspended by three slender chains from the veranda of such dwellings as possess one or more marriageable daughters. Should his suit be favored, the floral gift is watered and carefully tended; but if, on the contrary, his advances are coldly received by the maiden, or if her kinsfolk object to the alliance, the plant is found withered and forsaken in the garden-walk the following morning.

*W. S.*

## THE SPORTSMAN'S MUSIC.

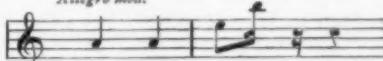


NO sportsman worthy of the name is ignorant of the calls of the various game birds; and no sportsman who makes an art of his recreation and is ambitious to succeed is unable to imitate those calls with telling effect. Game birds are not silly noddy-birds that sit to be shot at, and the hunter's skill and ingenuity must be exercised to bring them within his reach. Many species of birds, wonderfully shy, when once startled by a shot, will take wing and fly to great distances, making it impracticable for any sportsman made of human clay to follow them. A knowledge of their calls often enables him to entice them back, and to get shot after shot until he proudly carries away as trophies of his skill the whole assembly. Perhaps there is little love of nature in this; but no sportsman will deny that his knowledge of the language of the birds has made him more profoundly conscious of the beauties of the world in which he lives. In the summer season the quail is filled with domestic dreams, and is engaged in watching the growth of his downy family under the protection of his beautiful mate. At that season of the year the quail's voice is rich and mellow. It has all the full, rounded sweetness of the flute-note mingled with the penetrating, tender quality of the oboe. A musician who thoroughly understood the value of the modern tonalities, who is keen to perceive the key in which an air was pitched, would say at once that the three notes of which this call is composed were suggestive of boldness and triumph as well as of love; that they were certainly the song of a proud, happy, and affectionate father.

At first thought the mind flashes to the conclusion that so beautiful a call should be

easily expressed in the notation commonly used for music. But there is nothing in nature that resembles music. The succession of sustained sounds which composes a melody is not heard. The peculiarity of the songs of all birds is that they never sustain notes. There is a constant *portamento*, or sliding of the sound, which blends one note into another, just as is done in human conversation, making a succession that may be pleasing, but is not melody. The Rev. Mr. Haweis, in his interesting book, "Music and Morals," says: "What has she [nature] done for the musician? She has given him sound, not music. Nowhere does there fall upon his ear, as he walks through the wide world, such an arrangement of consecutive sounds as can be called a musical subject, or theme, or melody. . . . The cuckoo, who often sings a true third, and sometimes a sharp third or even a fourth, is the nearest approach to music in nature." This being the case, it is with a profound sense of the impossibility of doing justice to the call of the quail — or that of any other bird — in musical notes that I here write his summer song in the common notation, as well as I can give it:

*Allegro mod.*



In the winter, when the birds are full-grown and are gathered in coveys, when the hunting season has begun, you will hear another and equally beautiful call from the quail. After your intelligent dog has pointed, and you have flushed the covey and flashed out your message of destruction to the brown ranks, the birds will scatter in every direction. For a long time there will be silence, and you will wonder what has become of the quail. Be patient, and soon you will hear the splendid bugle-call of the leader as he sounds what may be called the "assembly." It is the summons by which the scattered birds are informed of the chosen rendezvous for the covey. It is similar to the other in some respects. Here it is in musical notation:



This call the quail continues *ad libitum*. The summer call is only given once, when an interval of silence always follows. This second call is sharper and more metallic in tone than

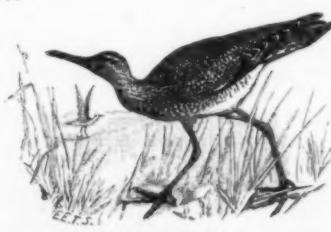


the other, though it is given at about the same tempo, a moderate allegro. I know of no instrument upon which these calls can be performed except that somewhat vulgar one known as the "human whistle." The flute and clarinet cannot give the blending effect, which, as I have said, is never absent from bird-calls. The violin can attain this, of course, but it has not the proper quality of tone. The human whistle, however, can imitate this and all other bird-whistles with such finish as to deceive the bird himself. The writer knows one or two sportsmen who, after shooting into a flushed covey of quail, wait a short time, and then begin whistling the "assembly." They rarely fail to collect the birds at a short distance from them, and thus save much walking. In the summer the quail is much less wild than in the winter, and the writer has frequently enticed one across a ten-acre field by simply answering him every time he sounded his "Ah, Bob White."

Next to the quail's, perhaps the most striking call is the clear, penetrating whistle of the yellow-leg snipe. In the month of September, when the sedges and mud flats are rich in those morsels that tempt the appetites of all the *gallinago* family; when after some easterly storm you will see dowitchers and sand-pipers, curlews and willets, killdeer and ring-necked plover whirling through the misty air in wild confusion,—then you will hear the resonant notes of the yellow-leg echoing clear above all the other calls of the snipe. The eager sportsman is lying concealed behind his "blind" of brush and marsh grass, with his gun poised, ready for action. In front of him are spread out his decoys, standing each on its one wooden leg in the shallow water. Soon the yellow-legs, whose shrill notes have been heard, come swooping down toward the counterfeit birds. Just as they are about to "pitch," the sportsman fires both barrels in rapid succession into the thickest part of the wisp. Three or four birds fall dead, one or two more are hopelessly wounded, and the rest

sail away at a rapid pace. The moment he has fired the sportsman begins to whistle, imitating as nearly as he can the call of the birds. If he is expert and knows how to make the notes reach to a distance, he will soon see the fleeing wisp of snipe whirl around and come back in his direction.

But it is when the gunner is hunting for English snipe or Virginia rail and has no decoys with him that he has an opportunity to try his skill as a yellow-leg whistler. He is watching the sagacious movements of his dog, when suddenly, clear as the notes of a silver flute, the call of the yellow-leg drops from the sky. With a word the dog is called in to heel, and the sportsman sinks into the tall reeds. Then he begins to whistle. The snipe replies. The gunner answers him again. The bird slowly circles over the water, gradually dropping lower and frequently whistling. Suddenly he pauses in the middle of his circular flight, and, throwing up his tail, descends almost perpendicularly and with startling rapidity toward an inviting point of mud. Within a few feet of the earth two or three quick flaps of the wings break his fall; and the next moment you will see him standing erect and alert, his keen eyes glancing in every direction, as if wondering where the other snipe can be. Now the wise sportsman stops trying to imitate the bird's call, and devotes his attention to approaching within gunshot. He takes a roundabout course, bending low behind the reeds, until he has come to within thirty-five yards of the snipe. Then he rises up and boldly walks forward at a rapid gait. The bird is so startled that for a moment he sits motionless gazing at his approaching enemy. The gunner has gained four or five yards before the bird is up and off. The yellow-leg is an easy bird to hit and dies quickly, so that the man who approaches to within thirty-five yards gets a good shot. I give, as nearly as I can, the call of the yellow-leg in musical notes:



UPLAND PLOVER.



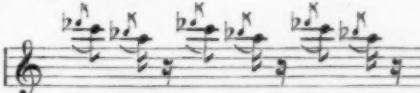
MEADOW LARK.

Closely akin to this call is that of the upland or grass plover. This splendid game bird haunts the grassy fields, where the openness of the ground is his protection. He is wild at all times and can rarely be approached without resort to artifice of some kind. In some parts of the country it is customary to hunt plover with a horse and wagon, as the birds will permit a vehicle to advance within easy distance of them. From this mere hint at their wildness one would say that the imitation of their call is of little value. So it is for the purpose of enticing birds to come within gunshot a second time. But I have known an expert old gunner, well hidden in marsh grass, to whistle a plover down into the meadows, beside a pond, when the bird was apparently bound for a more distant point. There is, however, another use to which the clever whistler may turn his talent. On some moonlight night in August, when you are standing on the piazza of your cottage by the sea down in New Jersey, when you are trying to count the glittering ripples that dance along the track of the moonbeams, suddenly you will hear dropping out of the clear, starry sky that wonderful bell-like call, so short, sharp, and tremulous that it thrills the bosom of the sportsman. If you can imagine some instrument which would combine all the qualities of flute and a silver bell, like the famous "Carolus" at Antwerp, then you can conceive the exquisite purity of tone which is the chief characteristic of the plover's call. The old sportsman who hears it in an August night knows at once that the plover are beginning to hasten southward. He will stand upon his piazza and imitate it as best he can,—no man can do it perfectly,—and the result will often be that he will call down some of the passing birds into the neighboring fields, where, if he will rise before the sun, he will find them in the cool, gray dawn. The melody of the plover's call is precisely the same as that of the yellow-leg snipe. It consists

usually, however, of only three pairs of notes, given out with such shortness and rapidity as to sound almost like a trill. Careful attention will analyze the call into something like this:



The difficulty of imitating the yellow-leg's call is great, but imitating this one is so much more difficult that very few sportsmen ever attain anything like proficiency. Another pretty and somewhat plaintive call is that of the spotted sandpiper, commonly known as the "teeter." The value of this call to the gunner is very small, as the bird can be reached without enticing him, and is a sorry specimen of game when obtained. Still, the call is so peculiar that I have often amused myself by carrying on a monotonous conversation with these wee birds in their own limited language. Here is the call:



To give it anything like its proper effect, it should be made as shrill as possible,—the notes having a peculiar thinness,—and each tone should slide upward nearly a half-tone at the end. This wearisome peeping may be heard in the summer-time along the banks of small streams where the birds build their nests. The woodcock, too, has a call, although it is seldom heard. It consists of a rapid but faint twittering uttered by the bird just before he springs into flight. Few sportsmen are so fortunate as to approach near enough to the bird to hear it. This call it is absolutely impossible to express in musical notation.

A bird which has a charmingly sweet and plaintive call is the meadow-lark. This bird does not belong to the family of game, nor can he be coaxed near the gunner by imitating his call. In many parts of the country



ENGLISH SNipe.

where game is scarce, this bird is eagerly sought by hunters, as his flesh is white and tender, and he has a straight, rapid flight, which makes him capital practice for a quail-shooter. His call, which is exceedingly strong and can be heard for a long distance, has a pretty rocking motion that makes it very pleasant to hear on a summer morning. This is it:



The English snipe has a call which is only heard when the bird is startled and springs into flight. This call is not a whistle, but an unmusical squeak. It resembles in sound the syllable 'scape! 'scape! Written in musical notes it would be something like this:



'scape, 'scape.



VIRGINIA RAIL.

The bird when rising rarely utters this cry more than once, occasionally twice. I do not know that it is ever heard more than twice.

The Virginia rail, a bird which sportsmen along the New Jersey coast are fond of shooting, has a call which is musical and peculiar. The birds are not killed in great numbers, but afford excellent sport. If you happen to be on the New Jersey coast about the middle of September, throw a stone into the calamus reeds at the head of some pond. If any rail are there, you will hear a faint cry of "kek, kek." You can imitate this cry by playing *pizzicato* or plucking with your finger on the D string of a violin below the bridge. As nearly as it can be given in musical notation, it is like this:



*pizzicato.*

kek, kek, kek ; kek, kek.

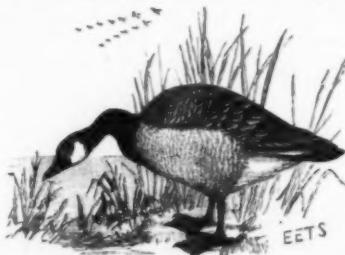


WILLET.

The willet, a member of the snipe family, has a call or note which may be easily imitated, and is often effective in recalling the bird when he appears to be on his way to the ends of the earth. Mr. J. L. Bright told the writer of the peculiar manner in which he discovered the willet's call, and how he immediately used it with good results. Some years ago, when good sport could be found at Long Branch, Mr. Bright was shooting snipe on the beach near the outlet of a small pond. He was shooting from a blind over decoys, in the usual manner. The weather was misty, and there was a strong south-easterly wind. Suddenly five willet came out of the pond, passing immediately over Mr. Bright's head at no great height. They were out of gunshot before he had time to recover from his astonishment. As they passed over him, however, he heard them uttering a sound which was easily imitated. He produced the same sound at once, without much hope of making the birds hear it or of its having any effect. The birds, however, did hear it, circled about, and came back within easy gunshot, when he killed three of them. The sound was a combination of humming and whistling. If you will take a medium note, such as this,



and hum it and whistle it as loudly as possible, both at the same time, you will produce



CANADA GOOSE.

the sound by which the willet betrayed themselves to Mr. Bright.

There is one more splendid call of which I wish to speak. It is the honk of the Canada goose. On a drizzly October day, when the ducks are migrating southward in great flocks, you will suddenly hear that weird, unnatural, and powerful cry. It rings out above the rushing of the wind with a clarion peal that goes straight to the sportsman's heart. Perhaps, as a musician, the writer ought to say that the call of the goose, being a major ninth, is harsh and discordant; but considered as a part of the wintry and often tempestuous weather which the bird seems to love, I cannot look upon it as anything but singularly harmonious and appropriate. Unfortunately for the goose, it can be imitated to perfection, and the unhappy birds frequently meet their end by paying too much heed to its deceptive notes. One instance of peculiar interest has come to the writer's knowledge. The destroyers in this case were Captain Walter S. Green, of Life Saving Station No. 5, Long Branch, and Mr. Bright, who has been before mentioned. These two shooters live on opposite sides of a large pond, and are on the constant watch for birds of any kind that may come in from the sea to rest. Early one morning Mr. Bright heard a distant but vigorous honking. He soon saw a flock of seven geese flying in toward the pond. Quickly getting his gun and some heavy cartridges, he hastened down to the edge of the pond, keeping himself hidden behind a heavy hedge. As soon as he had selected his position, he uttered a vigorous honk, to which the leader of the incoming flock responded. Flying low, they sailed majestically in over the opposite shore, a hundred and fifty yards away from Mr. Bright. They were evidently weary, and anxious to settle down in the smooth waters

of the pond. Suddenly out of the tall marsh grass on the shore opposite Mr. Bright, two puffs of blue smoke and two booming reports rolled out. The leader of the flock folded his wings and fell to the ground dead. Mr. Bright then knew for the first time that Captain Green was at hand. The birds swerved from their course and flew toward Mr. Bright, who easily killed the second bird. Both he and Captain Green did not cease honking, and the birds, after going away to a considerable distance, sailed back again, passing over Mr. Bright's head at some height. With his heavy gun he killed two of them, when they circled and swept across the pond, where Captain Green killed two more. The remaining bird, which had been wounded by scattering shot, made a hard struggle to rise to a safe height. Captain Green hastily slipped in a cartridge and took a long shot. A few feathers fell from the bird, and he flew across the pond. Mr. Bright then got a long shot at him, breaking his wing and bringing him down.

The call of the goose can be imitated by giving the first note in a hoarse, guttural tone, and the second in a strident falsetto. The notes are something like these:



In closing it must be stated that musical characters do not perfectly represent the calls of any of the birds mentioned, but they give an approximate idea of them. It must be remembered that there is always more or less sliding or blending of tones in these calls. In that of the yellow-leg snipe, the first three or four intervals are not as great as semitones, though I have written them so because we have no smaller intervals in modern music.

*W. J. Henderson.*

### POEMS BY SIDNEY LANIER.

#### THOU AND I.

SO one in heart and thought, I trow,  
That thou might'st press the strings and I  
might draw the bow,  
And both would meet in music sweet,  
Thou and I, I trow.

#### TWO IN ONE.

I SAID to myself  
*Which is I, which you?*  
Myself made answer to myself,  
Lo, you are I and I am you,  
Yet are we twain, we two.

#### ONE IN TWO.

I'LL sleep, I'll sleep, and dream a sweet death for trouble;  
I'll sleep, I'll sleep, and dream that my heart beats double.

More than twice one, beyond all measure more,—  
Doth count this singular two of thee and me.

where game is scarce, this bird is eagerly sought by hunters, as his flesh is white and tender, and he has a straight, rapid flight, which makes him capital practice for a quail-shooter. His call, which is exceedingly strong and can be heard for a long distance, has a pretty rocking motion that makes it very pleasant to hear on a summer morning. This is it :



The English snipe has a call which is only heard when the bird is startled and springs into flight. This call is not a whistle, but an unmusical squeak. It resembles in sound the syllable 'scape! 'scape! Written in musical notes it would be something like this :



'scape, 'scape.



VIRGINIA RAIL.

The bird when rising rarely utters this cry more than once, occasionally twice. I do not know that it is ever heard more than twice.

The Virginia rail, a bird which sportsmen along the New Jersey coast are fond of shooting, has a call which is musical and peculiar. The birds are not killed in great numbers, but afford excellent sport. If you happen to be on the New Jersey coast about the middle of September, throw a stone into the calamus reeds at the head of some pond. If any rail are there, you will hear a faint cry of "kek, kek." You can imitate this cry by playing *pizzicato* or plucking with your finger on the D string of a violin below the bridge. As nearly as it can be given in musical notation, it is like this :



*pizzicato.*  
kek, kek, kek ;      kek, kek.

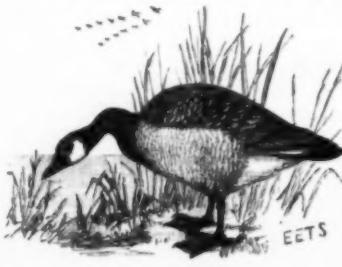


LETS  
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#### TWO IN ONE.

## "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE" AND "MIND CURE."\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FAITH-HEALING AND KINDRED PHENOMENA."



THIRTY years ago the phrases Christian Science and Mind Cure, in the sense now attached to them, were unknown; to-day in the press, in conversation, in literature, and especially in discussions relating to health and disease, and to the more occult phenomena of human nature, they frequently occur. To many they have no definite meaning, and long conversations are carried on concerning them in which the most diverse views are maintained, ending in confusion and contradiction, because those who converse have not a uniform conception of the signification of the terms. Some declare Christian Science and Mind Cure to be the same; others stoutly deny this, and seek to establish a radical distinction. Some represent Christian Science as a great advance upon ordinary Christianity; others denounce it as but refined Pantheism; while many more brand both Christian Science and Mind Cure as delusion, a reaction from the uncompromising materialism of the age.

Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, President of the Massachusetts Metaphysical College, claims to have been the first to use the phrase "Christian Science."

"It was in Massachusetts, in the year 1866, that I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; and in the January of 1866 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenomenon."

Mrs. Eddy further states that about the year 1862 her health was failing rapidly, and she "employed a distinguished mesmerist, Mr. P. P. Quimby—a sensible, elderly gentleman, with some advanced views about healing. . . . There were no Metaphysical Healers then. The Science of Mental Healing had not been discovered."

Whether or not Mrs. Eddy is indebted for her ideas to Mr. Quimby has since been the subject of heated discussion; for the short time which has elapsed since the "discovery" has been long enough for the development of several rival schools, which have engendered toward one another as much intensity of feeling as the *odium theologicum* and *odium medicum* combined. Speaking of her rivals,

Mrs. Eddy modestly observes, "Some silly publications, whose only correct or salient points are borrowed, without credit, from 'Science and Health,' would set the world right on Metaphysical Healing, like children thumping a piano and pretending to teach music or criticise Mozart."

The history of the discovery is of sufficient importance to be given. "The cowardly claim that I am not the originator of my own writings, but that one P. P. Quimby is, has been legally met and punished. . . . Mr. Quimby died in 1865, and my first knowledge of Christian Science, or Metaphysical Healing, was gained in 1866. . . . When he doctored me I was ignorant of the nature of mesmerism, but subsequent knowledge has convinced me that he practiced it." Mrs. Eddy says that after having been for many years a sufferer from chronic diseases, she met with an accident which produced, according to physicians, a fatal injury. They gave her up to die, and declared that she would not live till noon. She replied that she would be well at that time. Her pastor called after service and found her busy about the house. One of her assistants says that "while she knew that she was healed by the direct and gracious exercise of the divine power, she was indisposed to make an old-time miracle of it."

After three years' meditation she concluded that her recovery was in accordance with general spiritual laws, capable of being known and clearly stated. She then began to teach and write; though prior to the expiration of the three years, namely, in 1867, she taught a purely metaphysical system of healing to, as she says, "the very first student who was ever so instructed since the days of the Apostles and the primitive Church." Her essays were circulated among her students privately. In 1870 she copyrighted her first pamphlet, but did not publish it till six years afterwards.

In 1876 she organized the Christian Scientist Association, and in 1879, at a meeting of that association, she organized a Church, "a Mind Healing Church, without creeds, called the Church of Christ." To the pastorate of this she accepted a call, and was ordained A. D. 1881. The college flourishes, the church has an assistant pastor, and Mrs. Eddy receives so much patronage as a teacher as to compel the publication of the following:

"The authoress takes no patients, and has no time for medical consultation."

\* See this magazine for June, 1886, and March, 1887.

Practitioners, who of course are not obliged to waste much time upon such sordid things as anatomy, physiology, or *materia medica*, are prepared with great rapidity. The primary class in Christian Science Mind Healing includes twelve lessons. In the first week six of these are given. The term continues only about three weeks, and the charge for tuition is \$300. The normal class requires six lectures. Graduates from the primary class are advised to practice at least one year before entering this class, and for these six lectures they must pay \$200. There is also a class of Metaphysical Obstetrics which requires only six lectures, for which \$100 must be paid. In addition to these there is a class in Theology, including six lectures on the Scriptures, for which \$200 must be paid. The largest discount to an indigent student is \$100 on the first course. Husbands and wives, if they enter together the primary class, may pay \$300; but, entering at different times, must pay the regular price, and must do that for all other courses, payment being made strictly in advance. It is obvious, therefore, that the benefits of the Mind Cure cannot be applied to commercial transactions; and that 800 material dollars, exclusive of board, are required to master the Science of Metaphysical Healing,—unless one were to say that the national bank notes are merely material symbols of an immaterial and impalpable essence.

Considering the short time that has elapsed since the "discovery," the number of practitioners, as advertised in one of their magazines, is very large. Sixty-six are women, and twenty-nine men; and all but five of the men appear to be associated with their wives in the practice of the profession. There are also Christian Science institutes and colleges advertised; two in New York, four in Chicago, one in Milwaukee, one in Brooklyn, and one in Colorado. The other institutions do not charge so large a sum as Mrs. Eddy. Some of them agree to give sufficient instruction for \$25 to justify the would-be practitioner in beginning. Others communicate all they know, with the privilege of meeting for conversation once a month for a year, on payment of \$100. They give diplomas, valued according to the standing of the respective schools. Impostors also have arisen, so that Mrs. Eddy has notified the public that all persons claiming to have been her pupils, who cannot show diplomas legally certifying to that effect, are preferring false claims.

#### THEORY.

By a careful examination of the works of those who have written upon this subject, including Evans, Grimké, Stuart, Arens, Tay-

lor, Baldwin, Hazzard, Nichols, Marston, etc., and by conversation with Mental Healers, Christian Scientists, and their patients, I have ascertained that most of them concur with Mrs. Eddy in the fundamental principles of the system, and that where they diverge it is upon minor points.

Her hypothesis is that "the only realities are the Divine Mind and its ideas. . . . That erring mortal views, misnamed *mind*, produce all the organic and animal action of the mortal body. . . . Rightly understood, instead of possessing sentient matter, we have sensationless bodies. . . . Whence came to me this conviction in antagonism to the testimony of the human senses? From the self-evident fact that matter has no sensation; from the common human experience of the falsity of all material things; from the obvious fact that mortal mind is what suffers, feels, sees; since matter cannot suffer."

The method of Mrs. Eddy's reasoning may be seen in the following extracts:

"The ineradicable belief that pain is located in a limb which has been removed, when really the sensation is believed to be in the nerves, is an added proof of the unreliability of physical testimony. . . . Electricity is not a vital fluid, but an element of mortal mind,—the thought-essence that forms the link between what is termed matter and mortal mind. Both are different strata of human belief. The grosser substratum is named *matter*. The more ethereal is called *human mind*, which is the nearer counterfeit of the Immortal Mind, and hence the more accountable and sinful belief. . . . You say, 'Toil fatigues me.' But what is this *you* or *me*? Is it muscle or mind? Which one is tired and so speaks? Without mind, could the muscles be tired? Do the muscles talk, or do you talk for them? Matter is non-intelligent. Mortal mind does the talking, and that which affirms it to be tired first made it so."

Having adopted a theory, she does not shrink from its logical sequences:

"You would not say that a wheel is fatigued; and yet the body is just as material as the wheel. Setting aside what the human mind says of the body, it would never be weary any more than the inanimate wheel. Understanding this great fact rests you more than hours of repose."

Her most frequently repeated assertions are such as these:

"God is supreme; is mind; is principle, not person; includes all and is reflected by all that is real and eternal; is Spirit, and Spirit is infinite; is the only substance; is the only life. Man was and is the idea of God; therefore mind can never be in man. Divine Science shows that matter and mortal body are the illusions of human belief, which seem to appear and disappear to mortal sense alone. When this belief changes, as in dreams, the material body changes with it, going wherever we wish, and becoming whatsoever belief may decree. Human mortality proves that error has been engrafted into both the dreams and conclusions of material and mortal humanity. Besiege sickness and death with these principles, and all will disappear."

As these doctrines are unquestionably in substance such as have been held by certain

metaphysicians in past ages, Mrs. Eddy feels called upon to answer those who make that charge :

" Those who formerly sneered at it as foolish and eccentric now declare Bishop Berkeley, David Hume, Ralph Waldo Emerson, certain German philosophers, or some unlearned mesmerist, to have been the real originators of Mind Healing. Emerson's ethics are models of their kind; but even that good man and genial philosopher partially lost his mental faculties before his death, showing that he did not understand the Science of Mind Healing, as elaborated in my 'Science and Health'; nor did he pretend to do so."

Sickness, then, is a dream of falsity, to be antagonized by the metaphysical healer, mentally, and audibly when it may be necessary.

Mrs. Eddy's theories are her religion, and her Science — so called — is based upon the religious principles which she holds.

One of Mrs. Eddy's former students, named Arens, for whom she entertains a strong spiritual antipathy, has published a volume called "Old Theology in its Application to the Healing of the Sick." In the introduction he writes:

" It will be unnecessary to ask the reader for charitable criticism when I say that I make no claims to being a ripe scholar, and that my knowledge of the English language is very imperfect. The truths set forth in this volume have been expressed as clearly as possible, considering the disadvantages under which I have labored, one of which is the poverty of words in the English language to express spiritual thoughts. It has been found necessary to employ close punctuation, and in some instances to disregard some rules of grammar and rhetoric, in order to give the requisite shade of thought."

The mental difficulty in understanding him arises from his incompetency as a writer. His reflection upon the poverty of the English language is another form of confessing his ignorance of it; and his disregard of the rules of grammar and rhetoric does not result from his difficulty in giving shades of thought, but from his lack of knowledge of the language. Mrs. Eddy thus described him in 1883:

" When he entered the class of my husband, the late Asa G. Eddy, in 1879, he had no knowledge whatever, and claimed none, as can be shown under his own signature, of Metaphysics or Christian Science. . . . While teaching him my system of Mental Healing, his motives and aims and the general constitution of his mind were found so remote from the requirements of Christian Science, that his teacher despaired of imparting to him a due understanding of the subject. Perhaps it was to meet this great want without remedying it, and cover his lack of learning, that he committed to memory many paragraphs from my works, and is in the habit of repeating them in his attempts to lecture. He, who now proclaims himself a professor in the solemn department that he assumes as a jay in borrowed plumes, was the most ignorant and empty-minded scholar I ever remember of examining."

That his earlier work consists largely of passages taken from Mrs. Eddy's writings, and that it is as a whole in every respect inferior to them, is the simple statement of a fact.

He has, however, acquired considerable reputation, and has a constituency. Before advancing the fundamental principles of his system, he attempts to show the inconsistencies of medical science in the following passage :

" *Materia medica* teaches that mercury cures, also that mercury kills; that ipecac causes vomiting, and that an overdose checks it, etc.; these are contradictions in themselves. A rule that can be contradicted is not demonstrable, and therefore not truth. If one and one made two only occasionally, and at other times made three or more, it would be no fact or rule, because not demonstrable, and no dependence could be placed upon it. If from a science (truth) it is found that mercury cures, it would be found that the more of that so-called necessary quality taken into the system, the better it would be for the patient; such would be the result from a perfect rule or from truth."

Here is an example of his style :

" Suppose I should be walking past a house, and a pane of glass should fall from an upper window cutting me and causing my death; the glass was made and placed by life, and life broke it and caused it to fall. My life brought me here from Prussia and carried me by the house at the time that happened; therefore life was the cause of my death, and, strange as it may seem, is the cause of all action."

From this profound (?) reasoning he concludes:

" If life is the cause of all action it must be the cause of sickness. . . . Thought is the first product of life, and as the thought is so will the action be. Life cannot act contrary to the thoughts which are become beliefs or opinions, that is, which have taken root or are become attached to it, unless it acts unconsciously."

Mrs. Eddy sued this Dr. Arens for infringing her copyright, and got judgment against him, so that he was compelled to destroy a large edition of one of his pamphlets.

Dr. Arens has established a university in the city of Boston, incorporated a year or two ago, called the "University of the Science of Spirit." It confers the following degrees: "F. D.," Defender of the Faith, and "S. S. D.," Doctor of the Science of Spirit. The charge for instruction in the general course is one hundred dollars. These courses are somewhat pretentious. The first treats the "Scientific Basis of Theology," "the Difference between God and the Universe," etc., and, proceeding through twenty-one theological points, concludes by setting forth "the First Step in Immortality," and "How to Destroy Sickness." The second course discusses "Theos, Chaos, and Cosmos"; gives a theory of the creation of the universe down to the creation of the "first material human body," which it treats under "its outline and quality; the necessity for respiration; the first consciousness of existence; the separation of male and female; the origin of self-will and its results." And finally, "the beginning of sickness and trouble."

Dr. Marston treats "God, Man, Matter,

Disease, Sin and Death, Healing, Treatment, and Universal Truth." In his book he states that "the mental healer does not care by what medical name the distress is known; it may be nervousness, dyspepsia, asthma, fever,—words all alike to him, since the effects they denote are simply reflections or registers of wrong thinking." In illustrating this he says:

"A case may be cited to illustrate the meaning: A middle-aged man who has suffered many years with chronic rheumatism, until it is torture for him to move, has also an excitable temper, a despotic will, and is so intolerant that he cannot abide opposition, but flies into a towering rage if he is crossed. He has had many physicians who ascribe the painful inflammation of his joints to an improper secretion of uric acid; and his nervousness and irritability are easily accounted for by the prolonged suffering he has endured. This case presents the same conditions to the mental healer, but his conclusions are different. To him the bodily trouble is a reflection or effect of lack of mental ease; and the unamiable nature results from a dominant feeling that other people are enemies seeking to oppose the poor man's wishes and thwart his plans. In treating the case, the doctor addresses remedies to the disturbed secretions which are an effect, while the mental healer directs his to the primary cause, which is fear."

His cure is reduced to its simplest form as follows: "The senses say matter can suffer pain; God says matter is insensible. The senses declare a man sick; God says the real man knows nothing of disease." Under the head of Sin and Death he says: "Scientific Christianity does not recognize the definition of theology, but holds that, strictly speaking, there is no sin." He finally describes the cure thus: "A mental cure is the discovery made by a sick person that he is well."

W. F. Evans, a voluminous writer, formerly an evangelical minister, then a Swedenborgian, and now a mental healer, remarks:

"The process is essentially a spiritual work; it is held that there is a part of us that is never sick, and this part is mentally worked upon so as to control the sick person's consciousness, this destroys the sickness, for mind cures matter. A disciple of this school is sick—no, he is not sick, for that is something which he will not admit; he has a belief that he is sick; he then says mentally to the rebellious body, 'What are you? You have no power over me; you are merely the covering given to me for present purposes; it is an error to suppose that I am sick; I recognize the great truth that I myself, my individuality, my personality, my mind, cannot be sick, for it is immortal, made in the image of God; when I recognize the existence of that truth there is no room left for the existence of error; two things cannot occupy one and the same place; error cannot exist in the same place with truth, therefore error is not in existence; hence I am not sick.'"

Mrs. Grimké, the author of "Personified Unthinkables," says:

"Now, rheumatism or pneumonia, etc., are *verbal* expressions for unthinkables, just as  $2+2=5$  is a verbal expression for a lie. By means of the picturing faculty, both of the individual and of those about him, the outward manifestation of the unthinkable will express itself upon the body just as surely as the magic-lantern

will reflect the picture inserted between the light and the lenses when the proper conditions are met. . . . The problem of Health, then, would be how to cultivate and keep clean and healthy pictures in the mind. Health would then be an essential part of the ego. Man would be a strict unity, not a trinity, of Intellect, Body, and Morals. And the absolutely necessary postulates of this *Unity* would be Infinite Mind, Freedom, and Eternal Life."

There are those who in their own opinion have reached a greater elevation than either the Christian Scientists or the Mind Curers, "and profess to heal by the transfer of psychic energy." The chief practitioner in this sphere informed me that the relative rank of these sciences is, 1. The lower grade—the mere physical system, 2. What is called animal magnetism, 3. The mind cure, 4. The spirits (when they are good spirits), 5. Including all that is good in the others, he places in the *supernal*. He claimed that there has been in all ages an order called the *Inspirati*, who practiced this method, and offered to make me a Knight of that order.

This will suffice until it fails to attract patients, when, no doubt, a sixth order, that of the *Empyrean*, will be devised.

Some of the Christian Scientists have attempted to construct a technical language, which, when translated, shows that they attach as much importance to learned terms as does any form of the material science that they denounce. *Gnosis*.—The 'Spiritual Understanding,' the 'Immediate Intuition.' *Vir*.—The God in Man. *Harmatia*.—Off-the-trackness. *Homo*.—The Creature of God. *Ego*.—The *Homo as he is*. *Nemo*.—The *Homo* as he sees himself. *Entheasm*.—Direct communication with God. *Nihilo*.—Like unto nothing, the proper name of disease, disorder, discomfort. *Yoga*.—Concentration of Thought. *Dama*.—Subjugation of Sense. *Karma*.—Law of Cause and Effect. *Maya*.—Illusion, 'Mortal Mind,' False Beliefs.—Chaos, The *Habitat of Humbug*.

Most of these terms appear to have had an oriental origin, and are as valuable in affecting the ordinary mind as chloride of sodium for salt, capsicum for pepper, and  $H_2O$  for water. They serve also to make it appear that the Science is difficult, and that large fees for instruction are reasonable.

They make use of certain forms of expression which savor more strongly of cant than any phrases that have ever been used by religious sects. They use the word "belief" in speaking of a disease, or even of a defect of character. A lady, talking with a practitioner of this school of a mutual acquaintance, said she thought her selfish. "Yes," replied the Christian Scientist, "I believe she has a strong belief in selfishness."

To a patient who had every symptom of a torpid liver another healer of the school said, "It is unfortunate that you have such a belief in bile." To which the astonished patient, new to the Science, replied that he thought any one would have the same belief who had the same kind of liver.

#### PRACTICE.

THE manner in which Christian Science antagonizes dreams of falsity is interesting, whether the theories be accepted or not.

*First.* Both the patient and the metaphysical healer must be taught that

"Anatomy, Physiology, Treatises on Health, sustained by what is termed material law, are the husbandmen of sickness and disease. It is proverbial that as long as you read medical works you will be sick. . . . Clairvoyants and medical charlatans are the prolific sources of sickness. . . . They first help to form the image of illness in mortal minds, by telling patients that they have a disease; and then they go to work to destroy that disease. They unweave their own webs. . . . When there were fewer doctors, and less thought was given to sanitary subjects, there were better constitutions and less disease."

*Second.* Diet is a matter of no importance.

"We are told that the simple food our forefathers ate assisted to make them healthy; but that is a mistake. Their diet would not cure dyspepsia at this period. With rules of health in the head, and the most digestible food in the stomach, there would still be dyspeptics."

*Third.* Exercise is of no importance.

"Because the muscles of the blacksmith's arm are strongly developed, it does not follow that exercise did it, or that an arm less used must be fragile. If matter were the cause of action, and muscles, without the co-operation of mortal mind, could lift the hammer and smite the nail, it might be thought true that hammering enlarges the muscles. But the trip-hammer is not increased in size by exercise. Why not, since muscles are as material as wood and iron?"

*Fourth.* A proper view of Mrs. Eddy's publications is, however, of great importance.

"My publications alone heal more sickness than an unconscientious student can begin to reach. If patients seem the worse for reading my book, this change may either arise from the frightened mind of the physician, or mark the crisis of the disease. Perseverance in its perusal would heal them completely."

*Fifth.*

"Never tell the sick they have more courage than strength. Tell them rather that their strength is in proportion to their courage. . . . Instruct the sick that they are not helpless victims; but that, if they only know how, they can resist disease and ward it off, just as positively as they can a temptation to sin."

*Sixth.* In preparing to treat patients the healer must strengthen and steady his own mind.

"Be firm in your understanding that Mind governs the body. Have no foolish fears that matter governs, and can ache, swell, and be inflamed from a law of its own; when it is self-evident that matter can have no pain or inflammation. . . . If you believe in inflamed or weak nerves, you are liable to an attack from that source. You will call it neuralgia, but I call it Illusion.

. . . When treating the sick, first make your mental plea in behalf of harmony, . . . then realize the absence of disease. . . . Use such powerful eloquence as a Congressman would employ to defeat the passage of an inhuman law."

*Seventh.* You are fortunate if your patient knows little or nothing, for "a patient thoroughly booked in medical theories has less sense of the divine power, and is more difficult to heal through Mind, than an Aboriginal Indian who never bowed the knee to the Baal of civilization."

*Eighth.* See that the "minds which surround your patient do not act against your influence by continually expressing such opinions as may alarm or discourage. . . . You should seek to be alone with the sick while treating them."

*Ninth.* Bathing and rubbing are of no use.

"Bathing and rubbing to alter the secretions, or remove unhealthy exhalations from the cuticle, receive a useful rebuke from Christian Healing. . . . John Quincy Adams presents an instance of firm health and an adherence to hygienic rules, but there are few others."

*Tenth.* What if the patient grow worse?

"Suppose the patient should appear to grow worse. This I term *chemicalization*. It is the upheaval produced when Immortal Truth is destroying erroneous and mortal belief. Chemicalization brings sin and sickness to the surface, as in a fermenting fluid, allowing impurities to pass away. Patients unfamiliar with the cause of this commotion, and ignorant that it is a favorable omen, may be alarmed. If such is the case, explain to them the law of this action."

*Eleventh.* Subtle mental practices are recommended.

"I will here state a phenomenon which I have observed. If you call mentally and silently the disease by name, as you argue against it, as a general rule the body will respond more quickly; just as a person replies more readily when his name is spoken; but this is because you are not perfectly attuned to Divine Science, and need the arguments of truth for reminders. To let Spirit bear witness without words is the more scientific way."

This is further modified:

"You may call the disease by name when you address it mentally; but by naming it *audibly*, you are liable to impress it upon the mind. The Silence of Science is eloquent and powerful to unclasp the hand of disease and reduce it to nothingness."

*Twelfth.* Some of the things that are *not* to be done:

"A Christian Scientist never gives medicine, never recommends hygiene, never manipulates. He never tries to 'focus mind.' He never places patient and practitioner 'back to back,' never consults 'spirits,' nor requires the life history of his patient. Above all, he cannot trespass on the rights of Mind through animal magnetism."

The foregoing rules for practice are taken from Mrs. Eddy's different works.

The difference between the views of Mrs. Eddy and those who diverge from her is superficial, though neither she nor they will

admit it. Mrs. Kate Taylor, in "Selfhood Lost in Godhood," referring to Mrs. Eddy's large work, says: "It can be read with profit by any who are seeking truth with sincerity, and with no tendency to become biased." She also says that she was formerly a member of the Christian Science Association, and "learned that limitations are not conducive to growth, and that, as Emerson truly says, 'God always disappoints monopolies,'" and frankly gives her opinion of those denounced by her former preceptor.

"The so-called mal-practitioners and mesmerists therein mentioned, on thorough investigation,—not only by myself, but in company with others who seek to be liberal-minded and to give Truth its due wherever it exists,—I find to be simply those who have separated themselves from the Association, that they might pursue their own convictions of right, and step out of the regular ranks of stereotyped terms to let their thoughts find expression in their own words."

The chief point of departure in Mrs. Taylor's theories from those of Mrs. Eddy is in the value attached to a knowledge of the preceding life of the patient.

Physical disease has many different causes. The physician treating a patient is often narrowed in his efforts to do good, because of some hidden moral or mental cause, some underlying fear, some sorrow, some inherited proclivity, some wrong unforgiven, some trait of character, some past occurrence which has tinged, perhaps almost unconsciously, the whole tenor of a life. It is not necessary that a person's innermost sacred thoughts and life be unveiled, as the physician does not expect, neither does he like, to receive confidences, unless, indeed, they are given voluntarily with a feeling of trust. Some word or hint, though, to the physician would often aid materially. . . . The treatment consists in a vigorous holding of the patient to his right of soul-growth, unobstructed and retarded by physical defects. . . . In answer to the question, 'Is it prayer?' I would first quote Victor Hugo's definition of prayer,—'Every thought is a prayer; there are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees,'—and then answer, Yes, it is prayer. Prayer with the old interpretation begs the Father to change the unchangeable, while prayer with the new interpretation lifts the beggar to a comprehension that he himself has omitted to take the gifts already prepared for him from the foundation of the world."

She gives this advice to the sick:

"Eradicate all thoughts of physiology, drugs, laws of health, sickness, and pain, and know that God is the only panacea,—divine love the only medicine. . . . Seek the help of a Christian Healer. . . . Judge him not unjustly, . . . neither be in opposition, for his is a good motive. . . . While under his treatment obey any natural impulse, without fear of consequence. Remember! without fear. This does not mean to be foolhardy in the beginning,—unless the cure should be almost instantaneous,—but advance gradually. . . . If you have a time during the treatment when you should feel worse, do not be discouraged. . . . Look forward. . . . One little secret it is well to know. . . . Deny every thought of sickness every time it enters your mind. . . . Never use will-power, mistaking it for divine Truth."

Also Mrs. Stuart teaches the importance of a knowledge of the previous life:

"A man came to me from Erie, Penn., with what was called by different M. D's softening of the brain and Bright's disease of the kidneys. After questioning him, I found his trouble dated back to the Chicago fire. Now he was not conscious of any fear, was in no personal danger for himself or family. But he was in that atmosphere of mental confusion and terror all through the city. He was cured by treatment on that point and nothing else. A woman came to me who had suffered five years with what the doctors called rheumatism. I happened to know that the death of a child had caused this effect. By silently erasing that picture of death and holding in its place an image of Life, eternal Life, she was entirely cured in twenty minutes."

#### SPECIMEN TREATMENTS.

MENTAL treatment is that which the metaphysical healer is supposed to be giving the patient when she sits silently before him for a period longer or shorter according to her judgment of the necessities of the case. Some of the practitioners have revealed the thoughts which constitute a mental treatment, so that if truth is an element of their system, we can speak confidently upon this part of it.

"I said to him mentally: 'You have no disease; what you call your disease is a fixed mode of thought arising from the absence of positive belief in absolute good. Be stronger,' I said, 'you must believe in absolute good; I am looking at you, and I see you a beautiful, strong spirit, perfectly sound. What makes you think yourself diseased? You are not diseased; the shadow of a doubt is reflected on your feet, but it has no real existence. There, look down yourself and see that it is gone. Why, it was a mere negation, and the place where you located it now shows for itself as sound as the rest of your body. Don't you know that imperfection is impossible to that beautiful creature, your real self? Since there is no evil in all the universe, and since man is the highest expression of good amidst ubiquitous Good, how can you be diseased? You are not diseased. There is not an angel in all the spheres sounder or more divine than you.' Then I spoke out aloud: 'There now,' I said, 'you won't have that pain again.' As I said it there was a surge of conviction through me that seemed to act on the blood-vessels of my body and made me tingle all over." — HELEN WILMANE.

To this treatment I shall refer in elucidating the causes of the phenomena.

Dr. Evans controverts some of Mrs. Eddy's theories:

"To modify a patient's thinking in regard to himself and his disease, we employ the principle of suggestion or positive *affirmation* — not mental argument, as it is sometimes called, for argument creates doubt and reaction. No sick man was ever cured by reasoning with him, mentally or verbally. It is the business of the man who *knows* the truth, not to argue, but to *affirm*. . . . No intelligent practitioner of the mind cure will ignore wholly all medical science. . . . The phrenopathic system is not necessarily antagonistic to other methods of cure, as the various hygienic regulations, and even the use of the harmless specific remedies."

He repudiates Mrs. Eddy's ideas about the personality of God, and says:

"It is not necessary to deny the personality of God. . . . Neither is it necessary to deny the personality and persistent individuality of the human spirit."

He also flatly denies Mrs. Taylor's theories, saying, "The selfhood is not lost in Godhood." "It is not necessary to tell a man dying of consumption that he is not sick, for that is not true." He says that one may or may not use the imposition of hands in healing the sick.

As an example of Christian Science superstition exceeding anything attempted by the most ignorant advocates of patent Faith Healing, read the following, taken *verbatim*, italics, small caps, etc., from a text-book on Mind Cure, issued by the President of the "New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science," who states that his school will be free from "eccentricity, pretension, and fanaticism"!

"PRAYER FOR A DYSPSEPTIC.

"Holy Reality! We BELIEVE in Thee that Thou art EVERYWHERE present. We *really* believe it. Blessed Reality we do not pretend to believe, think we believe, believe that we believe. WE BELIEVE. Believing that Thou art every where present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom, that Thou art the sole, only Reality of that stomach. Heavenly, Holy Reality, we *will* try not to be such hypocrites and infidels, as every day of our lives to affirm our faith in Thee and then immediately begin to tell how sick we are, forgetting that Thou art everything and that Thou art not sick, and therefore that nothing in this universe was ever sick, is now sick, or can be sick. Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches, that we have told our neighbors that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have wasted our valuable time which should have been spent in Thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach would grow worse, in that we have disobeyed Thy blessed law in thinking that some kind of medicine would help us. We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such thing as a really diseased stomach, that the disease is the Carnal Mortal Mind given over to the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; that the mortal mind is a twist, distortion, a false attitude, the HARMATIA of Thought. Shining and Glorious Verity, we recognize the great and splendid FACT that the moment we really believe the Truth, Disease ceases to trouble us, that the Truth is that there is no Disease in either *real* Body or Mind; that in the Mind what *seems* to be a *disease* is a False Belief, a Parasite, a hateful Excrecence, and that what happens in the Body is the shadow of the LIE in the Soul. Lord, help us to believe that ALL Evil is Utterly Unreal; that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee that we have no Dyspepsia, that we never had Dyspepsia, that we will never have Dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen."—HAZZARD.

It is claimed by all the Christian Science and Mind Cure practitioners that they can operate upon patients *at a distance*.

"There is no space nor time to mind. A person in St. Louis may be near to me while I am in New York. A person in the same room may be very distant. Sit

down and think about the person you wish to affect. Think long enough and strong enough and you are sure to reach him."—HAZZARD.

"The following is a case of heart disease which I cured without having seen the patient. 'Please find enclosed a check for five hundred dollars, in reward for your services that can never be repaid. The day you received my husband's letter I became conscious for the first time in forty-eight hours. My servant brought my wrapper, and I arose from bed and sat up. . . . The enlargement of my left side is all gone, and the doctors pronounce me rid of heart disease. I had been afflicted with it from infancy. It became organic enlargement of the heart and dropsy of the chest. I was only waiting and almost longing to die, but you have healed me. How wonderful to think of it, when you and I have never seen each other.' "—EDDY.

One of them says:

"Remember that every thought that you think will be transferred to the persons thought of if you think long enough and strong enough."—HAZZARD.

This of course surpasses the love powders that are sold among the colored people and the ignorant, as it is necessary to purchase and administer them, which is sometimes considerable trouble.

The practical directions to attain this power are as follows:

"How to 'concentrate.' 1. Look at an object on the ceiling ten minutes; think of that object alone. 2. Write a proposition on a sheet of paper, as 'God is the only reality.' Think it for ten minutes with your eyes fixed upon the paper. 3. Begin to think of a subject, and give a dollar to the poor for every time your mind wanders. How to 'subjugate.' Forget yourself, forget the world, forget you have a body, forget you have any business or friends. Empty your mind of its contents. Be a man of one idea. Get out of yourself."—HAZZARD.

The rules for absent treatment are:

"1. Seat yourself alone. Let the room be silent, 2. Subjugate your senses to all else but your thought. 3. Fix your thought upon the patient. 4. Picture him in your mind. 5. Go through the treatment."—HAZZARD.

"The patient may be in three different ways. He may be sympathetic; that will help you greatly. He may be apathetic; that is not so good, but better than the next. He may be antipathetic, hostile; then say not a word, but *silently* 'give it to him' till he becomes less 'cantankerous' and more Christlike."—HAZZARD

MIND CURERS VERSUS FAITH HEALERS,  
MESMERISTS, ETC.

MRS. EDDY speaks of Mesmerism in this way:

"Mortal mind, acting from the basis of sensuous belief in matter, is animal magnetism. . . . In proportion as you understand Christian Science you lose animal magnetism. . . . Its basis being a belief and this belief an error, animal magnetism, or mesmerism, is a mere negation, possessing neither intelligence nor power. . . . An evil mind at work mesmerically is an engine of mischief little understood. . . . Animal magnetism, clairvoyance, mediumship, and mesmerism are antagonistic to this Science, and would prevent the demonstration thereof. . . . The Mesmeriser produces pain by making his subjects believe that he feels it; here pain is proved to be a belief without any adequate cause. That social curse, the mesmerist, by making his victims believe they cannot move a limb, renders it im-

possible for them to do so until their belief or understanding masters his."

Of Spiritualism :

"Spiritualism with its material accompaniments would destroy the supremacy of Spirit."

And of Clairvoyance specifically :

"Clairvoyance investigates and influences mortal thought only. . . . Clairvoyance can do evil, can accuse wrongfully, and err in every direction."

Of Faith Cure :

"It is asked, Why are faith cures sometimes more speedy than some of the cures wrought through Christian Scientists? Because faith is belief, and not understanding; and it is easier to believe than to understand Spiritual Truth. It demands less cross-bearing, self-renunciation, and Divine Science, to admit the claims of the personal senses, and appeal for relief to a humanized God, than to deny those claims and learn the divine way, drinking his cup, being baptized with his baptism, gaining the end through persecution and purity. Millions are believing in God, or Good, without sharing the fruits of goodness, not having reached its Science. Belief is mental blindness, if it admits Truth without understanding it. It cannot say with the Apostle, 'I know in whom I have believed.' There is even danger in the mental state called belief, for if Truth is admitted but not understood, error may enter through this same channel of ignorance. The Faith cure has devout followers, whose Christian practice is far in advance of mere theory."

Marston, speaking of change in the inverted thought of the sick person, says :

"Since a change of the inverted thought of the sick person is all that can be produced by extraneous influence, the treatment of a professional Healer is not the only means of securing it. While a majority of cases are affected in that way, there are well-attested instances to show that anything that will enable the sick person to change his thought may put him in a condition to receive spiritual healing. A text from Scripture or some other writings may be brought to his mind with such force as to do this, or some sudden event may startle him out of his chronic delusion. It is in this way alone that we can account for cures that seem to result from prayer, a resort to relics, charms, and other things believed to possess peculiar virtue. This is why good results follow any one of the thousand absurd acts, by the performance of which superstitious and credulous people seek to be restored to health."

Mrs. Kate Taylor remarks :

"The question is often asked, In what does the Christian Science healing differ from the faith cure? In the faith cure the patient must have faith; in Christian Science that is not necessary; patients have frequently been helped or entirely cured, without knowing they were being treated. . . . No great faith is necessary on the part of the patient; but it will expedite his recovery if he take interest enough in the method by which he is being healed to read suitable books on the subject, and converse profitably with the healer. . . . Prayer to personal God affects the sick like a drug that has no efficacy of its own, but borrows its power from human faith and belief. The drug does nothing because it has no intelligence."

TESTS OF THE THEORY.

*First Test.* If their principles be true, food should not be necessary. Mrs. Eddy affirms this :

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"Gustatory pleasure is a sensuous illusion, an illusion that diminishes as we understand our spiritual being and ascend the ladder of Life. This woman learned that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body,—that mind alone does this. . . . Teach them that their bodies are nourished more by Truth than by food."

Then, finding herself unable to silence the testimony of the senses, she endeavors to circumvent it thus :

"Admitting the common hypothesis, that food is requisite to sustain human life, there follows the necessity for another admission, in the opposite direction,—namely, that food has power to destroy life, through its deficiency or excess, in quality or quantity. This is a specimen of the ambiguous character of all material health-theories. They are self-contradictory and self-destructive,—'a kingdom divided against itself, that is brought to desolation.' If food preserves life, it cannot destroy it. The truth is, food does not affect the life of man; and this becomes self-evident when we learn that God is our only life. Because sin and sickness are not qualities of Soul or Life, we have hope in immortality; but it would be foolish to venture beyond our present understanding, foolish to stop eating, until we gain more goodness and a clearer comprehension of the living God. In that perfect day of understanding, we shall neither eat to live, nor live to eat."

When they dispense with food because "mortal mind" is under the influence of an illusion concerning it,—absurdly supposing "that food supports life,"—and continue to live with the accidents of the human body sustained entirely by the divine "substance" of which they speak, they will furnish a demonstration which will utterly destroy every remaining illusion of mortal mind. But so long as they eat, they are either voluntarily perpetuating an illusion, or demonstrating that they are wrong in their notions. If they are in such a low stage as to be compelled to eat when it would not be necessary if they were in a higher plane, they may, for the same reason, be compelled to use drugs.

*Second Test.* They deny that drugs, *per se*, as taken into the human system, have any power.

"Christian Science divests material drugs of their imaginary power. . . . The uselessness of drugs, the emptiness of knowledge, the nothingness of matter and its imaginary laws, are apparent as we rise from the rubbish of belief to the acquisition and demonstration of spiritual understanding. . . . When the sick recover by the use of drugs, it is the law of a general belief, culminating in individual faith that heals, and according to this faith will the effect be."—EDDY.

Surely the mind needs healing that could invent the following absurdity :

"The not uncommon notion that drugs possess absolute, inherent curative virtues of their own involves an error. Arnica, quinine, opium, could not produce the effects ascribed to them except by imputed virtue. Men think they will act thus on the physical system, consequently they do. The property of alcohol is to intoxicate; but if the common thought had endowed it simply with a nourishing quality like milk, it would

produce a similar effect. A curious question arises about the origin of healing virtues, if it be admitted that all drugs were originally destitute of them. We can conceive of a time in the mental history of the race when no therapeutic value was assigned to certain drugs, when, in fact, it was not known that they possessed any. How did it come to pass that common thought, or any thought, endowed them with healing virtue, in the first place? Simply in this way: Man finding himself unprotected, and liable to be hurt by the elements in the midst of which he lived, forgot the true source of healing, and began to seek earnestly for material remedies for disease and wounds. The desire for something led to experiments; and with each trial there was associated the hope that the means applied would prove efficacious. Then what was at first an earnest hope came at length to be a belief; and thus, by gradual steps, a belief in the contents of the entire pharmacopeia was established."—MARSTON.

It is true that in many cases the effect of a medicine is to be attributed entirely to the imagination, or to the belief that it will have such and such effects; but the statement of such extreme positions as these shows the irrationality of the theories upon which they are based. According to the above, if it were generally believed that alcohol were un intoxinating and nourishing and bland, as milk, it would be an excellent article with which to nourish infants; and, on the other hand, if it were generally believed that milk were intoxinating, all the influences of alcohol would be produced upon those who drank it. If the public could only be educated to believe alcohol to be nourishing, the entire mammalian genus might be nursing their offspring upon alcohol with equally good results. No insane asylum can furnish a more transparent delusion.

That drugs produce effects upon animals has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of contradiction, and that, too, when the animals did not know that they were taking drugs; and small doses have produced not the slightest effect, while large doses—the animals in each case not knowing that they were taking medicines—have produced great effect, and do so with uniformity. Also the effect of medicines upon idiots and unconscious infants is capable of exact demonstration.

Allied to the effect of drugs is that of poisons, almost every drug having the effect of a poison if taken in excess. Some poisons, however, are of such a character that the smallest possible dose may be attended with fatal results. In the case of animals, poisons introduced into the system without the knowledge of the animals do their work effectually. Strychnine carefully introduced into a piece of meat so small that a cat will swallow it whole, will in a very short time show its effects. The instinct of the animal will cause its rejection if there be the slightest possibility of perceiving it; but if sufficient means be taken to keep the animal from knowing that it is

taking anything except meat, it will swallow the meat, and the poison will do its work.

These facts are admitted by the advocates of Christian Science and Mind Cure, and the absolute lunacy of their theories is seen in the manner in which they attempt to account for the effects.

"If a dose of poison is swallowed through mistake, the patient dies, while physician and patient are expecting favorable results. Did belief cause this death? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. . . . The few who think a drug harmless, where a mistake has been made in the prescription, are unequal to the many who have named it poison, and so the majority opinion governs the result."—EDDY.

"It is said that arsenic kills; but it would be very difficult for any one to prove how it kills; since persons have had all the symptoms of arsenic poisoning without having taken any arsenic; and again, persons have taken arsenic and did not die. . . . Suppose you take a child that knows nothing about arsenic, and administer the usual dose, the child will probably die, but I will show you that the arsenic was not the cause of the death. . . . Here you may say, 'What had the life of the child to do with the action, the child not knowing anything about arsenic?' We will admit that the child was ignorant of the nature of the poison, but all who are educated in physiology and *Materia Medica* know that it kills, therefore the thought, although unconscious to the child, was hereditary in its life. It is, indeed, a universal thought admitted as a fact in every life or soul. A thought is a product of life and is action, and this thought, produced and accepted by life, acts upon the life of the child and produces unconsciously a confusion therein. This confusion produces a fear; this fear in the child's life heats the blood and causes the first conscious action."—AREN'S.

"The effects of various experiments, with chemicals and medicine, upon cats and dogs, are studied most minutely by distinguished scientific men, and the results witnessed published to the world with a presumption of wisdom and profundity of learning that carry the conviction to most minds that the properties of such drugs, and their effects upon the *human system*, have been forever established. And *Materia Medica* falls back upon these so-called demonstrations of Science as absolutely indisputable proofs of its Theories. Now it never seems to have occurred to them that all the effects witnessed of such experimenting might be accounted for on the basis of *Thought*, and with the view of investigating the subject to establish a totally opposite explanation; and to show that Mind acting on Matter could account for all their facts, the following experiments have been recently made: The object of the experiments was a dog, a noble thoroughbred, of great sagacity and intelligence. The first experiment consisted in conveying commands to him entirely through *mind*. Not a word was spoken, but his mistress would say to him *mentally*,—'Carlo, come here,' or 'Carlo, lie down,' and although the *thought* might have to be repeated mentally a number of times, yet it would reach him, and sometimes he would respond almost immediately. Second experiment: One day his master discovered an appearance to which he gave the name *Mange*. All the dogs around were having it. It was catching,—Dr. So-and-So had pronounced it *mange*, and prescribed a mixture of Sulphur and Castor Oil, etc., which was to be applied *externally* in such a way that Carlo, in attempting to remove the preparation with his tongue, would get a dose into his system. But here the mistress interposed, and insisted that Carlo should be subjected wholly to mental treatment. The result was entirely satisfactory. The appearance vanished as it came. Again the experiment of placing Carlo entirely under the intelligence of his master's

mind and thoughts for a certain period was tried, and compared with the effects of leaving him wholly under his mistress's mind. In the former case he soon exhibited every symptom of dyspepsia and indigestion in every form to which the master was subject, and in a very marked degree. But under the thought of the mistress, every symptom and appearance vanished at once. He soon attained a perfection of physical condition which constantly attracted the notice of every one. Experiments of this kind were carried much further, and can be by any one who wishes to test the matter for themselves. In all the instances just mentioned, the physical condition of the dog responded to the mind under whose influence it chanced to be. Love and Fear (*especially fear*) are the most marked characteristics of the animal mind. The instances are innumerable where the instinct of the animal surpasses the reason of man in detecting the kindly thought, or the thought of *harm*, toward itself. When a scientific experimenter gives a drug to a dog, it is done with a perfect certainty in his mind that disorder, derangement of the system, suffering, etc., in some form or another, are sure to follow. A *fear* corresponding to the thought of the man instantly seizes upon the dog, and various results *do* follow. The experimenter notes them down and then proceeds to try his drug on dog number 2, all the while holding in his mind an image of the results of experiment number 1, expecting to see similar results. In all probability he sees them." — STUART.\*

*Third Test.* Extraordinary accidents to the body. Whatever may be said of the power of thought in the production of ordinary disease, the effects of accidents to persons who are entirely unconscious when they occur, as the sleeping victims of railroad disasters, are facts which, if they do not terminate human life at once, require the aid of surgery.

Mrs. Eddy says:

"The fear of dismembered bodily members, or a belief in such a possibility, is reflected on the body, in the shape of headache, fractured bones, dislocated joints, and so on, as directly as shame is seen in the blush rising to the cheek. This human error about physical wounds and colics is part and parcel of the delusion that matter can feel and see, having sensation and substance."

It is confessed, however, that very little progress has been made in this department:

"Christian Science is always the most skillful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing that will be last demonstrated. However, it is but just to say that I have already in my possession well-authenticated records of the cure, by mental surgery alone, of dislocated hip-joints and spinal vertebrae."

But records, to be wellauthenticated, require more than an assertion. And the records may be authentic, and what they contain may never have been thoroughly tested. As they affirm that "bones have only the substance of thought, they are only an appearance to mortal mind"; and if their theories be true at all, they should be able to rectify every result of accident to

\* Mrs. Stuart in the foregoing passage is only a little more absurd than Mrs. Eddy. "The preference of mortal mind for any method creates a demand for it, and the body seems to require it. You can even educate a healthy horse so far in physiology that he will take cold without his blanket; whereas the wild animal, left to his instincts, sniffs the wind with delight." The connection of this

the body as readily and speedily as diseases originating within the system.

*Fourth Test.* Insanity. It is a well-established fact that blows upon the head produce insanity. It is equally well established that surgery in many cases is able to remove the difficulty by an obviously physical readjustment, where the surgeon himself cannot be positive what the effect will be until after the experiment, and the victim has no knowledge whatever upon the subject. During the late war, a negro was wounded in the head by the explosion of a shell. He wandered about for several years, to all appearance a driveling idiot, when certain surgeons took an interest in his case, and concluded that the removal of a piece of the skull which had been driven in and pressed upon the brain, might restore his reason. Knowing that no damage could be done to his mind by the operation, they performed it, and were almost appalled when, after the lapse of so many years, as they lifted the piece of skull and removed the pressure upon the brain, the light of intelligence returned to the eye of the man, who said, "We were at Manassas yesterday; where are we to-day?" A similar case, where there had been delirium alternating with coma for a week, occurred in March last.

The transient effect of stimulants upon persons who have been in a state of dementia apparently for a long time, is also well known.

Mrs. Eddy upon this subject directs practitioners to tell the moderately sick man,

"that he suffers only as the insane suffer, from a mere belief. The only difference is that insanity implies belief in a diseased brain, while physical ailments (so called) arise from belief that some other portions of the body are deranged. . . . The entire mortal body is evolved from mortal mind. A bunion would produce insanity as perceptible as that produced by congestion of the brain, were it not that mortal mind calls the bunion an unconscious portion of the body. Reverse this belief, and the results would be different."

It may be readily admitted that if a man believed his mind was in his foot, and believed it was out of order, he might be crazy. But in selecting the bunion for an illustration, Mrs. Eddy was not so wide of the mark as she might have been. Nearly twenty years ago, while listening to the lectures of Dr. C. E. Brown-Séquard, before the physicians of Brooklyn, I heard him give the following case: A youth (fourteen years old) went to bed perfectly sane, nor had he ever had a symptom of insanity. The next morning when he arose and stepped upon the floor he became a maniac. With great difficulty he was replaced

quotation with what goes before shows that the horse does not take cold, in the opinion of Mrs. Eddy, because, having been accustomed to the blanket, his system is so weakened that he will take cold without it; but because the training of the said horse has been such that he is led to believe that if the blanket is not on he will take cold!

upon the bed, and the moment he touched it he was sane. During the morning he made several attempts to rise, always with the same result. A physician was called, who in his account of the case says: "When sitting up in his bed he drew on his stockings; but on putting his feet on the floor and standing up, his countenance instantly changed, the jaw became violently convulsed," etc. He was pushed back on the bed, was at once calm, looked surprised, and asked what was the matter. Inquiry showed that he had been fishing the preceding day, but had met with no accident. His legs were examined minutely, but nothing unusual was seen; but, says the physician, "On holding up the right great toe with my finger and thumb to examine the sole of that foot, the leg was drawn up and the muscles of the jaws were suddenly convulsed, and on releasing the toe these effects instantly ceased." After further experiment, an irritated point, so small as to be scarcely visible, was taken away by the cutting of a piece of skin, and "the strange sensation was gone and never returned."\*

Post-mortem examinations which exhibit the degeneration of the brain structure are of no importance in the eyes of these professors of dreams.

*Fifth Test.* The perpetuation of youth and the abolition of death should also be within the range of these magicians.

Baldwin, of Chicago, says:

"Man should grow younger as he grows older; the principle is simple. 'As we think so are we' is stereotyped. Thoughts and ideas are ever striving for external expression. By keeping the mind young we have a perfect guarantee for continued youthfulness of body. Thought will externalize itself; thus growing thought will ever keep us young. Reliance on drugs makes the mind, consequently the body, prematurely old. This new system will make us younger at seventy than at seventeen, for then we will have more of genuine philosophy."

Mrs. Eddy meets this matter in the style of Jules Verne:

"The error of thinking that we are growing old, and the benefits of destroying that illusion, are illustrated in a sketch from the history of an English lady, published in the London 'Lancet.' Disappointed in love in early years, she became insane. She lost all calculation of time. Believing that she still lived in the same hour that parted her from her lover, she took no note of years, but daily stood before the window, watching for his coming. In this mental state she remained young. Having no appearance of age, she literally grew no older. Some American travelers saw her when she was seventy-four, and supposed her a young lady. Not a wrinkle or gray hair appeared, but youth sat gently on cheek

\* This case can be found (No. 44) in "Lectures on the Physiology and Pathology of the Central Nervous System," by Brown-Séquard; published, 1860, in Philadelphia. Also in Holmes's "Annals of Surgery," vol. 3, p. 330.

A similar account can be found on insanity produced

and brow. Asked to judge her age, and being unacquainted with her history, each visitor conjectured that she must be under twenty."

That the above should be adduced as proof of anything would be wonderful if the person adducing it had not previously adopted a theory which supersedes the necessity of all demonstration. It is important to notice that if the belief had anything to do with it, this amazing result grew from the belief in a falsehood. She did not live in the same hour that parted her from her lover; she believed that she did, and, according to Mrs. Eddy, this belief of a falsehood counteracted all the ordinary consequences of the flight of time.

But the delusion among the insane that they are young, that they are independent of time and of this world, is very common; and the most painfully paradoxical sights that I have ever witnessed have been men and women, toothless, denuded of hair, and with all the signs of age,—"sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,"—some of them declaring that they were young girls and engaged to be married to presidents and kings and even to divine beings. These delusions in some instances have been fixed for many years. Having had an official connection with an insane asylum for two years, I had more opportunities than were desired for conversing with persons of this class.

In the case adduced by Mrs. Eddy, granting it to be true, and admitting that the state of the mind may have had some effect, it is of no scientific importance; for the number who show no signs of age until fifty, sixty, or even seventy years have passed, is by no means small in the aggregate; we meet them everywhere. One of the most astute observers of human nature, himself a physician, solemnly warned a gentleman that if he continued to sleep only four hours out of twenty-four, he would die before he was fifty years of age. "What do you suppose my age to be now?" said the gentleman. "Thirty," said the physician. "I am sixty-nine," was the reply, which proved to be the fact.

Mrs. Eddy, not content with this case, continues: "I have seen age regain two of the elements it had lost, sight and teeth. A lady of eighty-five whom I knew had a return of sight. Another lady at ninety had new teeth,—incisors, cuspids, bicuspids, and one molar." Such instances as these are not uncommon, but are generally a great surprise to the persons

four years after a boy trod on a piece of glass, which was entirely relieved by removing from a point near the ball of the big toe a trifling piece of glass. What is called the nervous temperament or condition is of importance.

themselves; and unconnected with any delusion as to the flight of time. They are simply freaks of nature.

There is a flattening of the eye which comes on with advancing years, and necessitates the use of glasses. Many persons who have few signs of age, retain the color of the cheek, have lost no teeth, and whose natural force is not abated, find that their eyes are dim. According to these metaphysical healers this is not necessary, but I have observed that a number of them say nothing about being themselves compelled to use glasses.

Much is made of one case of a metaphysical healer, who, after using glasses fifteen years, threw them away, and can now read even in the railroad cars without them. Such cases of second sight have occurred at intervals always, and under all systems, and sometimes when the progress of old age had been so great that the persons had suffered many infirmities, and had but a few months left in which to "see as well as ever they did in their lives."

Some famous actors and actresses, without the use of pigments, dyes, or paints, and notwithstanding the irregular hours and other accidents of their professional life, have maintained an astonishing youthfulness of appearance down to nearly three-score years and ten.

John Wesley at seventy-five, according to testimony indubitable and from a variety of sources, not only presented the appearance of a man not yet past the prime of life, but, what is more remarkable, had the undiminished energy, vivacity, melody and strength of voice which accompany youth. Nor at eighty-five had he exhibited much change. In the city of Chicago there resides a professional man nearly seventy years of age, whose teeth, complexion, color, hair, voice, and mind show no signs of his being over forty-five years of age. Henry Ward Beecher, the January before his death, could write to his oldest brother that he had no rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, or deafness, was not bald, and did not need spectacles.

Meanwhile it is impossible not to suppose that the case as described by Mrs. Eddy has been greatly exaggerated. That some Americans who saw her at the age of seventy-four supposed her to be under twenty, is to be taken "*cum grano salis.*"

As for death, if the theories of these romantic philosophers be true, it should give way; if not in every case, at least in some. It is said that there are hundreds of persons in Boston who believe that Mrs. Eddy will never die. Joanna Southcott, who arose in England in 1792, made many disciples, by some estimated at one hundred thousand, who believed that she would never die; but unfortunately

for their credulity she succumbed to the inevitable decree.

*Sixth Test.* It might be easily shown, also, that if these theories are true, clothes, so far as sustaining warmth and life are concerned, are superfluous, and that fire itself is unnecessary.

#### CONCLUSION.

In endeavoring to ascertain the causes of the recoveries which undoubtedly occur when the patient is under the supervision of Christian Scientists and Mind Curers, it would be a blunder to omit the testimony of Mrs. Eddy as to her experiments with homeopathy. She says that she has attenuated common table salt until there was not a single saline property left; and yet with one drop of that in a goblet of water, and a teaspoonful administered every three hours, she has cured a patient sinking in the last stage of typhoid fever. Describing a case of dropsy given up by the faculty, she says that after giving some medicines of high attenuation, she gave the patient unmedicated pellets for a while, and found that she continued to improve. Finally she induced the patient to give up her medicine for one day, and risk the effects. After trying this, she informed Mrs. Eddy that she could get along two days without the globules; but on the third day had to take them. She went on in this way, taking unmedicated pellets, with occasional visits from Mrs. Eddy, and employing no other means was cured. Thus Mrs. Eddy says she discovered that mind was potent over matter and that drugs have no power.

It is not to be inferred from the above that homeopathic remedies, which have been modified by the discoveries made and the experience attained since the time of Hahnemann, are generally powerless. That question is not essential to this inquiry. But the confession of Mrs. Eddy that her experiments were the means of teaching her that mind and not matter effects the cure, will be regarded by all who do not accept her theories as containing the principal key to the problem. She made the common error of generalizing from a few particulars, and ever since has endeavored to test facts by theory instead of making facts the test. Because she found a supposed mental cause adequate to a cure in a few cases, she leaped to the wild conclusion that all causes are mental. Yet it would be an error to lose sight of the specific elements in the practice of Christian Science and the various forms of Mind Cure as a profession.

The patients who are treated by these practitioners have, to begin with, the *vis medicatrix naturae*, which is the final element in every cure, known and recognized to be such by the

leaders of the medical profession for a long period of time. Sir John Forbes, M. D., one of the most eminent regular physicians of England, says of the regular practice in his famous article on homeopathy :

"First, that in a large proportion of the cases treated by allopathic physicians, the disease is cured by nature, and not by them. Second, that in a lesser but still not a small proportion, the disease is cured by nature in spite of them; in other words, their interference retarding instead of assisting the cure. Third, that in, consequently, a considerable proportion of diseases it would fare as well or better with patients if all remedies — at least all active remedies, especially drugs — were abandoned."

Even so long ago as Sydenham's time, he said, "I often think more could be left to Nature than we are in the habit of leaving to her; to imagine that she always wants the help of art is an error and an unlearned error too."

Sir John Marshall, F. R. S., in opening the session of the London University Medical School in 1865, said,

"The *vis medicatrix naturae* is the agent to employ in the healing of an ulcer, or the union of a broken bone; and it is equally true that the physician or surgeon never cured a disease; he only assists the natural processes of cure performed by the intrinsic conservative energy of the frame, and this is but the extension of the force imparted at the origination of the individual being."

Under the Mind Cure this force of nature is still at work, and in the great number of self-limited diseases which tend to recovery, it is left free from all error of practitioners. If it loses any advantages which the introduction of the proper drugs might give, it is saved from the consequences of the administration of the wrong ones.

The number of instances in which the prescriptions interfere with nature is so great that Dr. Paris wrote, many years ago, "The file of every apothecary would furnish a volume of instances where the ingredients of the prescription were fighting together in the dark." This is especially true of the diseases of children. The late Dr. Marshall Hall said, "Of the whole number of fatal cases of diseases in infancy, a great proportion occur from the inappropriate or undue application of exhausting remedies."

Further, those who are treated by the Mind Curers in many cases derive benefit from the freedom of diet, air, and exercise allowed. They are told to pay no attention to symptoms, think nothing whatever about their diseases, and not talk about them; to eat, sleep, drink, and act as nearly as possible as if they were well; and in a large majority of chronic diseases, this is all that is needed to produce a return to health.

They have also the benefits of faith and imagination; as they are taught to imagine healthy,

vigorous organs, and their whole bodies in the condition of health, and with such mental pictures to drive away all consciousness of symptoms, they summon to their aid that most potent of all influences, a calm and fearless mind. The presence of the practitioner and her methods greatly contribute to this calming influence.

"She enters with a cheerful air and, without taking your hand or approaching your bed, seats herself and asks you to tell her all your symptoms. [She may, however, belong to the class which will not allow any description of symptoms.] She receives your budget of ailments calmly, without one expression of sympathy, for she has none, considering all your maladies as an illusion or dream from which it is her divine mission to awaken you. You are made to feel, immediately, that there is little of consequence in all that you have been telling her. She then relapses into a silence of ten or fifteen minutes, in which her kind face wears a resolute expression, making it almost stern. . . . After this silent treatment she speaks to you in the most encouraging manner, endeavoring to call you away from yourself to the contemplation of spiritual truth."

A point of difference between the Faith Healers and Mind Curers is worthy of observation. The Faith Healers require the patient to have faith; the Mind Curers make a boast of the fact that faith is not necessary. A close analysis, however, shows that this boast is vain. Before they are sent for there is usually some faith, and often much, combined with a distrust of other systems. This was, as some of their authorities affirm, the case when they began. Sufficient time has elapsed to develop a constituency who employ no other methods. If there were no faith, there must be a distrust of other forms of practice, or there would be no reason for turning to the new. Where there is no faith on the part of the patient, usually his friends believe, and have induced him to make the experiment. Thus he is surrounded by an atmosphere of faith which is so important that all the writers attach great weight to it.

"Friends and attendants who are believers in Mental cure, and know what sort of a mental atmosphere is favorable to restoring health, may do much to help the metaphysician in his work. But, unfortunately, this is seldom the case; and the friends are usually ignorant on the subject, and innocently burdening the invalid with just that kind of hurtful sympathy which keeps him under a cloud of depression. When such is the case, their absence is more helpful than their presence, and it is desirable to be alone with the patient while treating him." — MARSTON.

Some go even so far as to say that they should be, if possible, removed from the society of those who do not believe.

But a favorable atmosphere exists to some extent among those who have induced an unbelieving invalid to send for a mental healer. Assuming that the healer has arrived, it is easy to see how faith is engendered. She takes her seat, and after a few unimportant questions becomes silent. The thoughts that wander

through the mind of the invalid, as told me by a patient of thorough intelligence, an alumnus of one of the first universities of this country, were such as these: "Can there be anything in this? I don't believe there is, and yet a great many people are believing in it, and some most wonderful cures have taken place. There is Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_. I know that she was given up to die by our best physicians, and I know that she is well." Then the eye will wander to the face of the metaphysician, who seems looking at far-off things and wrestling with some problem not yet solved, but of the certainty of the solution of which she has no doubt. Sometimes the practitioners cover their eyes, and this in many temperaments would add to the effect. The fifteen minutes pass and leave the unbeliever passive, as a quotation in a former part of the article describes it, "less cantankerous."

The encouraging words of the healer on departing are not without effect, differing as they do from the uncertain or the preternaturally solemn forthgivings, or the ill-concealed misgivings, of many ordinary physicians. There are no medicines to take, no symptoms to watch, and only the certainty of recovery to be dwelt upon. Whatever the appetite calls for is to be eaten without anxiety as to the consequences, and if there be no appetite there is to be no eating and no anxiety as to the result of abstinence.

The effect of the treatment having been pleasant, the patient rather longs than otherwise for the next day to come, and the next. If the disease be one that under ordinary circumstances would require an operation, the dreadful image of the surgeon's knife no longer appalls the patient's mind. The invalid discovers that he does not die, that he sleeps a little better; certainly he is not aroused to take medicine, and there is no fear that he will take cold; he feels decidedly better at the next visit, and now faith is not only born, but turned into sight. His friends assure him that he is better, and he tells them that he is so.

Perhaps the most potent cause in awakening faith is the sublime audacity displayed by the practitioner who dares to dispense with drugs, manipulation, hygiene, prayer, and religious ceremony. That spectacle would infallibly produce either such opposition and contempt as would result in the termination of the experiment, or faith. It is impossible to be in a negative position in its presence, where the responsibilities of life and death are assumed.

As for "absent treatments," these are based on the theory that to think of another entirely and abstractedly occasions a spiritual presence of that other. "Distance is annihilated, and his living image and inner personality seem to

stand before us, and what we say to it we say to him."

These persons catch up and incorporate with their theories the as yet immature investigations of the Society for Psychical Research, in which it is claimed that a sensitive subject can form in the mind a distinct mental picture or idea of words and letters which had been in the mind of an agent. Healers endeavor to extend those phenomena so as to make them annihilate space; and, according to them, "it is as easy to affect a person in the interior of Africa by a mental influence, as in the same room." Here they affiliate with the whole mass of superstitions which accumulated in the early history of the human race, and reappear in certain temperaments in each generation. Whether such a thing as thought-transference exists, there is not space here to inquire; nor is it necessary, for the effects of the "absent treatment," so called, can all be accounted for without any such assumption.

The patients thus treated *know* or they do *not* know that they are being treated. When they know, there is nothing to explain, for it is the same as if the patient and practitioner were in each other's presence. All the mental operations, as well as the original force of nature, proceed under the conviction that they are being treated by a mental healer. If they do not know, the entire field of coincidence and the *vis medicatrix naturae* remain inviolate; and to determine that there is any connection between the alleged treatment and the change in the condition of the patient would require a vast number of cases and detailed coincidence of time and symptom, for which these practitioners do not display ability, and for which, on their own testimony, they have had no opportunity. Indeed, their theories are such as to make all investigation superfluous and tedious.

The case upon which Mrs. Eddy appears to rely is described thus: "The day you received my husband's letter I became conscious for the first time in forty-eight hours." What can this prove? What evidence is there that she would not have become conscious if the letter had never been written? If she were ever to come out of an unconscious state and recover, it must be at some time. The coincidence of Mrs. Eddy's receiving a letter from the husband does not show any connection between the two facts, for such letters have been sent and the patients have died. To my personal knowledge her treatments have failed, and her predictions have not been fulfilled, the patient dying in excruciating agony. Instances which have occurred, and can be reproduced at any time, of the attempted absent treatment of persons who never existed, are numerous; for

there is not one of this class of healers that cannot be so imposed upon. This is sufficient to raise a powerful presumption that the spiritual presence which they evoke, and to which they speak, is "such stuff as dreams are made of."

It is not to be denied that they make many cures, more than any bungler or extremist of any school using drugs would expect. But their failures are numerous, and, like the faith healers, they never publish *these*. Compelled, however, to admit this, the chancellor of the University of the Science of Spirit says :

"Our inability to heal instantaneously as they (Jesus and the Apostles) are recorded to have done, is attributable to our deficiency in the realization of the doctrine. While we claim that our theory of healing is applicable to all diseases, we do not claim to possess sufficient understanding in it at the present time to heal all diseases instantaneously, neither would we now guarantee to cure certain diseases, such as cancer or consumption in the last stages. Of one thing, however, we are confident, *i. e.*, that we can do more good in all cases of illness than can be done with any other theory, or with *materialia medica*." — ARENS.

They are rather more successful than the faith healers for this reason: with the faith healers it is generally either an instantaneous cure, or none at all. And an instantaneous cure cannot be made to apply to a great many cases, and what is supposed to be such is very frequently a delusion followed by a complete relapse. The Christian Scientists, however, and their congeners make many visits and give nature a much better opportunity without the destruction of the patient's faith in them by a failure at a critical juncture; thus it happens that the proportion of recoveries is more numerous.

The principal practical element has been more or less recognized and employed by the greatest physicians of every school through the whole history of medical practice, as well as by quacks and superstitious pagan priests. "The History of Medical Economy during the Middle Ages," by George F. Fort, contains numerous illustrations of this subject, though adduced for another purpose, and, unlike many other treatises, giving the authorities with the most painstaking accuracy.

Dr. Rush, of whom Dr. Tuke says that few physicians have had more practical experience of disease, says :

"I have frequently prescribed remedies of doubtful efficacy in the critical stage of acute diseases, but never till I had worked up my patients into a confidence bordering upon certainty of their probable good effects. The success of this measure has much oftener answered than disappointed my expectations."

The "British and Foreign Medical Review" for January, 1846, whose editor was Sir John Forbes, contained an article written by himself which encourages "the administration of

simple, feeble, and altogether powerless, non-perturbing medicines, in all cases in which drugs are prescribed *pro forma*, for the satisfaction of the patient's mind, and not with the view of producing any direct remedial effect."

"Physic and Physicians," published in 1839, speaking of the celebrated and extraordinarily successful Dr. Radcliffe, who died in 1714, and was the founder of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford University, says that he paid particular attention to the mind of the patient under his care, and had been heard to say that he attributed much of his success and eminence to this circumstance. There is a very good anecdote illustrating his views upon this subject:

"A lady of rank consulted Radcliffe in great distress about her daughter, and the doctor began the investigation of the case by asking, 'Why, what ails her?' 'Alas! doctor,' replied the mother, 'I cannot tell; but she has lost her humor, her looks, her stomach; her strength consumes every day, and we are apprehensive that she cannot live.' 'Why do you not marry her?' said Radcliffe. 'Alas! doctor, that we would fain do, and have offered her as good a match as ever she could expect.' 'Is there no other that you think she would be content to marry?' 'Ah, doctor, that is that troubles us; for there is a young gentleman we doubt she loves, that her father and I can never consent to.' 'Why, look you, madam,' replied Radcliffe gravely, 'then the case is this: your daughter would marry one man, and you would have her marry another. In all my books I find no remedy for such a disease as this.'

This principle has also been employed by certain priests and clergymen of every sect. A young woman, a teacher, was, as she believed and as her friends supposed, at the point of death. Her physician was not quite certain that she was as ill as she seemed, and requested the pastor to assist him in breaking up her delusion that she must die. He attempted it, but she refused to hear him, and loaded him with messages for her friends, and especially for her class in the Sunday School. As he was about to bid her farewell, he said that he would return in the afternoon; she said that she would like him to pray with her, but that it was useless to pray for her recovery. Having in view her hearing what he had to say, he prayed in such a way as to break the spell and make her believe that she would recover; as he did this, the morbid symptoms of approaching death gave way, and she is still living.

Another case was still more remarkable. A woman, ill and bedridden, conceived a high regard for the piety and intelligence of her pastor. He entered her room and in a loud and solemn voice said, "I command you to arise!" Involuntarily she arose and resumed the duties of housekeeping, which after the lapse of ten years she still performs.

A Roman Catholic priest, of high position

in his church, told the writer that he thought he had saved scores of lives by refusing to administer the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which led the patients to say "Father — does not think I am going to die."

In 1832, when the cholera raged in Norfolk, Virginia, Dr. Buzzell, a physician of great local celebrity, lived there. He was driving night and day, and on one occasion was summoned to see a stalwart negro who was apparently in the state of collapse. Instead of beginning at once to medicate him, he accused him of shamming, denounced and derided him in every possible way for calling him when he was at work night and day, driven almost to death. Then, putting on the appearance of intense excitement, he procured a switch and began to thrash the negro very severely. The more he groaned, and the more he said he was dying, the more Dr. Buzzell thrashed him, and with his threatenings and beatings brought on such a tremendous reaction that the man recovered.

In a visit to a branch of the Oneida Community at Wallingford, in 1856, I asked Mrs. Miller, the sister of John H. Noyes, the founder of the community, what they did if any of the inmates became ill, as they repudiated medicines. She said they had very little sickness. "But, have I not heard of an epidemic of diphtheria among you?" She said there had been, but by their treatment they saved every case. "What was that treatment?" "It was treatment by criticism." "How was it applied?" "So soon as a person was taken ill, a committee was appointed who went into the room and sat down, paying no attention to the patient; they began at once to speak about him or her, criticising the patient's peculiarities, bringing every defect to the surface, and unsparingly condemning it." Mrs. Miller added that no one could endure this more than an hour. The mental and moral irritation was so great that they began to perspire and invariably recovered. The universal efficacy of this method may well be doubted, for many persons live in such an atmosphere that if that treatment would save them, they would never die; while others are so callous to all criticism that the remedy would be without effect.

The nervous "temperament" or condition of the healer appears to be of no special importance; that is, it is of importance only in the same sense that it is to salesmen, pub-

lic speakers, school teachers, lawyers, sea captains, detectives, military leaders, physicians, and all who impress themselves upon others. I have seen successful healers thin and tall; others short and fat; some pale, others florid; some intelligent, others unintelligent; some intellectual, more only intelligent; some in good health, others diseased; one of the best was so feeble as to seem on the verge of death.\*

The specimen mental treatment given on page 423 shows how the practitioner worked herself up to the point; and it is easy to fancy how forcibly she spoke when a surge of conviction that seemed to act on all the blood-vessels of her body and made her tingle all over, went through her; and it is equally easy to imagine the effect upon the patient.

The relation of the Mind Cure movement to ordinary medical practice is important. It emphasizes what the most philosophical physicians of all schools have always deemed of the first importance, though many have neglected it. It teaches that medicine is but occasionally necessary. It hastens the time when patients of discrimination will rather pay more for advice how to live, and for frank declarations that they do not need medicine, than for drugs. It promotes general reliance upon those processes which go on equally in health and disease.

But these ethereal practitioners have no new force to offer; there is no causal connection between their cures and their theories.

What they believe has practically nothing to do with their success. If a new school were to arise claiming to heal diseases without drugs or hygiene, or prayer, by the hypothetical odyllic force invented by Baron Reichenbach, the effects would be the same, if the practice were the same.

Recoveries as remarkable have been occurring through all the ages, as the results of mental states and nature's own powers.

They will not be able to displace either the skilled surgeon or the educated physician; for their arrogant and exclusive pretensions are of the nature of a "craze." Most sensible persons will prefer a physician who understands both the mind and the body; who can be a "father confessor" to the sick man, relieving him of the responsibility of treating himself, quieting his mind, strengthening him by hope, and stimulating him by his personal presence; one who, understanding the mineral, plant,

occision to doubt. . . . We must not, however, make the mistake of supposing that he who would attempt to bring healing to others must first be sound himself. . . . The effect of a treatment depends not on its length, but on the condition of the healer who exercises it, and the dynamic power of the thought exerted." — MARSTON.

and animal substances included in the *materia medica*, can assist nature, interfering only when absolutely necessary and certainly safe; too learned and honest, when not knowing what to do, ever to do he knows not what.

They will also prefer a physician who can relieve their pains when incurable, smooth their pathway to the inevitable end, or, when he has the happiness to see them convalescent, will be able to give them such hygienic hints as may prevent a recurrence of the malady, or save them from something worse.

The verdict of mankind, excepting minds prone to vagaries on the borderland of insanity, will be that pronounced by *Ecclesiasticus* more than two thousand years ago :

"THE LORD HATH CREATED MEDICINES OUT OF THE EARTH; AND HE THAT IS WISE WILL NOT ABHOR THEM. MY SON, IN THY SICKNESS BE NOT NEGLIGENT; BUT PRAY UNTO THE LORD, AND HE WILL MAKE THEE WHOLE. LEAVE OFF FROM SIN, AND ORDER THY HANDS ARIGHT, AND CLEANSE THY HEART FROM ALL WICKEDNESS. THEN GIVE PLACE TO THE PHYSICIAN, FOR THE LORD HATH CREATED HIM: LET HIM NOT GO FROM THEE, FOR THOU HAST NEED OF HIM. THERE IS A TIME WHEN IN THEIR HANDS THERE IS GOOD SUCCESS. FOR THEY SHALL ALSO PRAY UNTO THE LORD, THAT HE WOULD PROSPER THAT WHICH THEY GIVE FOR EASE AND TO PROLONG LIFE."

*J. M. Buckley.*

#### OVER THE HILLS.

"OVER the hills fair pastures lie  
Beneath a softer, sunnier sky;  
From balmy woods more freshly green  
To sweeter songs of birds unseen  
The rousèd echoes make reply.

"The men are gentler: there might I  
Be happy yet — could I but fly  
From this my story's tedious scene  
Over the hills!"

O human Child! on this rely:  
Over the hills no rarer dye,  
No richer bloom, no brighter sheen!  
Nothing but this that still hath been:  
Space where you still may stand and sigh,  
"Over the hills!"

*Gertrude Hall.*

#### AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JOHN ADAMS.

N the spring-time of 1818, I passed a long afternoon in the company of the second President of the United States and his family in the parlor of his home at Quincy; and on that occasion the patriarch, then three or four years younger than I am now, displayed one side of his character in so strong a light that I am not willing to omit making a record of it.

John Adams had striking faults, and he wore them on the outside, where they could be seen of all men. He writes of his own character with simplicity and unreserve: "I have looked into myself, and I see weakness enough; but I see no timidity, no meanness, nor dishonesty there."

His grandson and biographer counts among his weaknesses, quick temper and talkativeness,

often carried to indiscretion. Jefferson, after a seven months' intimacy with him in London and Paris, writes to Madison: "He is vain, irritable, and a bad calculator of the force and probable effect of the motives which govern men. This is all the ill which can possibly be said of him."

And in the same letter he dwells on the merits of one about eight years his senior: "He is disinterested, profound, accurate in judgment, except where knowledge of the world is necessary to form a judgment, and so amiable that you will love him, if ever you become acquainted with him."

His vanity, it may be added, sometimes showed itself in impatience at the superiority of another; but if he could occasionally write disparagingly of some of his great contemporaries, he has in his moments of reflection scattered along the way honorable tributes to their powers and their services.

As a consequence, the popular imagination has never shaped for itself an image of the man in an idealized form ; nor has he as yet nestled himself so closely in the public affection as Jefferson seemed to predict for him ; but when the services which he has rendered his country are summed up, he is found to hold a most honorable place among its ablest statesmen.

His political sympathies were, from the morning twilight of our Union, on the side of the people. In the year before the formation of our present Constitution, he wrote :

" It has ever been my hobby-horse to see rising in America an empire of liberty, and a prospect of two or three hundred millions of freemen, without one noble or one king among them. If it is impossible, I would still say, let us try the experiment, and preserve our equality as long as we can."

Industry was his fixed habit ; as a lawyer he prepared his cases most thoroughly ; and he took this habit with him into public life, greatly to the advantage of his country in his various negotiations. He was brave and fearless, but " his head, his heart, and his hands " were ever " guiltless of the crime of provoking " war.

Human life on earth he held to be a most desirable stage of being, and of his own share in it he says : " It has been sweet and happy on the whole, and calls for gratitude to my Maker and Preserver."

In the early months of 1796, while his nomination for the Presidential chair was as yet uncertain, his mind turned upon other public duties besides those of an executive character. " If I had eloquence, or humor, or irony, or satire, or the harp or the lyre of Amphion, how much good could I do to the world ! "

When he doubted his nomination to the Presidency, he turned his mind for consolation to the very course which his son, John Quincy Adams, adopted after defeat as a candidate for reëlection. He writes :

" If Mr. Jefferson should be President, I believe I must put up as a candidate for the House. I feel sometimes as if I could speechify among them. If I were in that house I would drive out of it some demons that haunt it. At times there are false doctrines and false jealousies predominant there, that it would be easy to exorcise."

John Adams did not begin the controversy with Hamilton. In January, 1793, when both Houses were making strict inquisition into the management of the treasury, Adams claims for Hamilton that which is due from a generous nation to a faithful servant. " I presume," he says, " his character will shine the brighter."

Before the close of Washington's Administration John Adams made remarks, which amount to an assertion, that the Constitution was already so perfectly established by Wash-

ington that the system of government introduced by him could not be departed from by any one, whoever it might be, who should be elected his successor. His exact words are : " If Jay or even Jefferson should be the man, the government will go on as well as ever. Jefferson could not stir a step in any other system than that which is begun."

John Adams refused to believe that there was any necessity of a third term of service, as President, by Washington, saying : " There is no more danger in the change than there would be in changing a member of the Senate, and whoever lives to see it will own me a prophet."

Happily for the country, and for the establishment of republican institutions, Washington inflexibly persisted in setting the example of moderation which is needed for the safety of our institutions.

At one time of his life John Adams was in the closest contact with Franklin, whose imper-  
turbable tranquillity of manner fretted the im-  
pulsive nature of his younger fellow-laborer. A collision between them took place in Paris, whither Adams repaired with commissions as superb as ever were intrusted to a single diplo-  
matist ; for he was made sole minister to form with Great Britain the treaty of peace with the independent United States of America, and the sole minister plenipotentiary from the United States to the same power with the special pur-  
pose of forming a treaty of commerce between the two nations. To those commissions were soon added full powers as minister to Holland. The use to be made of these accumulated trusts would be of the very highest importance to his country, and, it may be said, to man-  
kind. The time had not arrived for opening negotiations for peace, which formed one ob-  
ject of his mission ; and inactivity was hateful to him. From Paris, where for the moment he had nothing to do, he sent letters to Con-  
gress proposing a new and rougher manner of  
dealing with the government of the king of  
France, and involved himself in the discussion  
of questions that more properly belonged to  
the American legation in France. Congress  
was thus led to question whether it was wise  
to intrust to one man the sole negotiation of  
peace for a country extending so far, and com-  
posed of so many States ; and it substituted a  
commission representing the several sections  
of the country. Accordingly, Adams, the favor-  
ite of New England, received as his col-  
leagues Jay and Franklin of the central States,  
and Laurens of South Carolina. Adams him-  
self has given expression to his exquisite pain  
at the decrease of his dignity, to which at the  
moment it was impossible for him to recon-  
cile his feelings ; while, as a question of public

policy and interest, he readily acknowledged that Congress had acted wisely. But while he gave the approval of his judgment to the change, he has himself recorded the intensity of his disappointment and mortification; and he could never reconcile his mind to a cordial acceptance of Franklin as his associate in the negotiation, and could never do justice to the services which Franklin rendered in bringing about the peace. Each of the two wrote to Congress of the conduct of the other; but it was certainly John Adams who began the obnoxious representations; Franklin did but avert erroneous impressions which might otherwise have been harmful and abiding. Nor would Adams ever see the wisdom with which Franklin opened the negotiation for peace and carried it forward almost to completion.

In 1818, Andrews Norton, then the librarian of Harvard College, was preparing for the "North American Review" an article on the life and writings of Benjamin Franklin. His own special studies had been those of theology. He was a man of singular purity of mind and integrity of character, reserved in his manners, retreating from general society, and not courting familiar intercourse even with other officers of the university; yet capable of strong attachments, and in his own circle confiding, affectionate, and generous. Moreover, he was the strongest possible assertor of the rights of the individual to absolute freedom of mind, and permitted no one to interfere with his own exercise of the right. He did not surrender his judgment to party prejudices. For example, he treated the character of Jefferson with a candor that was not common among the New England Federalists of that day, and on one occasion publicly vindicated Jefferson's private character against recklessly false aspersions. In his writings he showed more care for the distinct presentation of his own opinions than zeal for making proselytes. The Harvard students of that day gave him the palm as the ablest writer among the younger generation of the Harvard graduates then residing in Cambridge.

At this period of his life he was diligently revolving in his own mind the character and career of Franklin. Various stories adverse to Franklin's conduct in negotiating the treaty of peace in 1783, had from the time of ratification circulated through Massachusetts. The tribute of John Adams to the merits of Franklin in the negotiation was inadequate; but stories unfavorable to Franklin, which passed from one to another, and in the transit had been enlarged and molded into very homely and clear English words of reprobation, were falsely and without any authority attributed to

John Adams. Their total want alike of his authority and of truth was not known, and they still went from mouth to mouth as the emphatic language of John Adams himself. It very naturally and most properly occurred to Andrews Norton, who, ill as he thought of Franklin's character, was too wise to accept rumor as the herald of historic truth, to repair to Quincy and ascertain the conduct of Franklin in the negotiation with Great Britain from the ex-President himself.

One day, in the season preceding the summer of 1818, he invited me to accompany him in an excursion to Quincy. I joyfully accepted the invitation, and we drove across the country from Cambridge to the homestead of John Adams. On the way he detailed to me some of the points most unfavorable to Franklin which had circulated through Massachusetts under the pretended authority of Adams.

We arrived early in the afternoon. The venerable ex-President received us cordially in the parlor of his homestead at Quincy; and so did the wife of his youth, the accomplished woman now known to the world by the publication of two volumes of her own letters, and two more of letters which she received from her husband. Several younger persons, seemingly their grandchildren, came in and went out as occasion served, and it was plain that the aged man was thoroughly well ministered to by youthful attendants whose whole demeanor was marked by reverence and affection. A more respectable or a more lovely family group, of which the head is an octogenarian, can hardly be conceived of.

I was presented as one who before many days was to embark for purposes of study at a German university. With a frankness which did not at all clash with the welcome of my reception, the venerable man broke out in somewhat abrupt and very decisive words against educating young Americans in European schools, insisting, and from a certain point of view very correctly, that a home education is the best for an American.

Mr. Norton soon entered upon the errand on which he came, by leading conversation to the career and character of Franklin. The ex-President listened and answered; but not one single word unfavorable to Franklin fell from his lips. His visitor pushed his inquiries, striving to come nearer to details; but still Adams had not a word of evil to say of his former colleague. With no man in his life had he had so vexatious a rivalry. There at his side sat a scholar of varied culture, in the opening years of manhood, of great ability, a very skillful writer, of the highest repute for integrity of character and fidelity to his convictions, prepared to accept views unfavorable

to the character and statesmanship of Franklin, and through the "North American Review" able to present them to the American public as final truth. But, to every renewed questioning, Adams in his answers steadfastly put the inquiries aside, and uttered not one word that in the least reflected on the public or private character of Franklin.

Presently the tea-table was spread in the middle of the room, and my friend and I sat down with the family. It was indeed a great privilege for one just out of college to sit at table with the venerated man under whose colossal courage and inspiring eloquence the men of the Congress of 1776, who had not the gift of speaking in public, confidently sheltered themselves. He did not look younger than the record of his birth indicated, but he was hale and vigorous; and as I sat near him I could not but notice that he carried his full cup of tea to his lips as safely as any one around him, without spilling a drop from tremor. The table was spread with the neatness and simplicity that prevailed at that day in New England homes. Could a foreigner have looked in and seen the second President of the United States at his sufficient but simple and unostentatious meal, the central figure in the group of his own family, it must have been confessed that his manner of life presented a perfect pattern for a republican chief magistrate in retirement.

When we had arisen from the table and were preparing to depart, the honored statesman, standing upright in the family group, spoke to us a few words. He cursorily referred to the official letter of Franklin, then our minister in France, to Robert R. Livingston, at that time our secretary for foreign affairs, in which Franklin had sketched his character and complained of his conduct.\*

He then added that for a long time after the letter was written he had known nothing about it, but when it came to his knowledge he printed in the "Boston Patriot" all that he had to say in reply; and he referred Mr. Norton to his articles in that paper respecting Franklin. With that reference he closed the conversation.

\* The words of Franklin to which Adams referred are as follows: "If I were not convinced of the real inability of this court to furnish the further supplies we asked, I should suspect these discourses of a person in his station might have influenced the refusal; but I think they have gone no further than to occasion a suspicion that we have a considerable party of anti-Gallicans in America, who are not tories, and consequently to produce some doubts of the continuance of our friendship. As such doubts may hereafter have a bad effect, I think we cannot take too much care to remove them; and it is, therefore, I write this, to put you on your guard (believing it my duty, though I know that I hazard by it a mortal enmity), and to cau-

In the communications to the "Boston Patriot" on the career and character of Franklin, which were then referred to, the treatment of Franklin is unfair, and, from having been written too much from memory, is not altogether accurate. But its very bitter inculpations are tempered by concessions like these: "Mr. Jefferson has said that Dr. Franklin was an honor to human nature; and so indeed he was." And again: "Mr. Franklin, after all, and notwithstanding all his faults and errors, was a great and eminent benefactor to his country and mankind."

The impression left upon my mind by the interview was, that while Adams at the time of active antagonism might be ready to treat an adversary roughly, there remained on his mind no enduring malice; and when those who seemed to him to have wronged him had passed away from the world, he had no ignoble desire to wreak revenge on their memory, but impartially left their controversies to the jurisdiction of history.

This article was undertaken simply to preserve the record of an interview with ex-President Adams, where he showed a noble refusal to recall his strifes with the greatest of his rivals. But let us not leave him without a word on his administration of affairs, both foreign and domestic, during his four years' service, and on his relations with the man by whom he was superseded as President.

As to the initiation of the alien and sedition laws, John Adams writes:

"I recommended no such thing in my speech. Congress, however, adopted both these measures. I knew there was need enough of both, and therefore I consented to them." After they were passed he made no scruple about giving effect to them, especially the sedition law, believing that they were "constitutional and salutary, if not necessary."

The international result, which forms the glory of the administration of our foreign affairs while confided to John Adams, was the restoration of friendly relations between the United States and France. The first attempt at negotiation had been a failure; but revolutions had succeeded each other in Paris,

tion you respecting the insinuations of this gentleman against this court, and the instances he supposes of their ill-will to us, which I take to be as imaginary as I know his fancies to be, that Count de Vergennes and myself are continually plotting against him, and employing the news-writers of Europe to depreciate his character, etc. But, as Shakspere says, 'trifles light as air,' etc. I am persuaded, however, that he means well for his country, is always an honest man, often a wise one, but sometimes, and in some things, absolutely out of his senses." — Benjamin Franklin to Robert R. Livingston, in the edition of Franklin's Works, by Jared Sparks, Vol. IX, pp. 534-5.

and Adams was encouraged by Washington to renew the attempt at an agreement. On this point of reconciliation with France, Washington spared no effort to support, encourage, and assist his successor. Receiving in a letter from Lafayette assurances that the Executive Directory of France were disposed to an accommodation of all differences between the United States and France, Washington, on Christmas day of 1798, answered :

"I would pledge myself, that the government and people of the United States will meet them heart and hand at a fair negotiation; having no wish more ardent than to live in peace with all the world, provided they are suffered to remain undisturbed in their just rights."

Being further confirmed in his expectations by a letter which he received from Joel Barlow to the like effect, and which, as he thought, could not have been written without the privity of the French Directory, Washington, in a note to President Adams, not only favored bringing on a negotiation upon an open, fair, and honorable ground, but offered himself to be the intermediary channel of communication for restoring peace and tranquillity between the United States and France upon just, honorable, and dignified terms. He was sure that the renewal of negotiations with France was the ardent wish of all the friends of the rising American empire. Talleyrand, who, it will be remembered, knew the people of the United States from his own residence among them, gave, through the American minister at the Hague, the invitation to prepare the way for friendly intercourse, and Adams resolved at once to continue the negotiation for which Talleyrand had so urgently smoothed the way.

Oliver Ellsworth had been distinguished in public service for two and twenty years. In earlier life he was placed by Connecticut on its bench, but he was soon set apart for service connected with the United States; in 1777 he became a delegate to the Continental Congress. He served as a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States; and there he more than any other shaped the policy which alone could have reconciled the great States and the small ones, and bound them both equally to the Union by reciprocal concessions. He too it was who, in the convention which framed our Constitution, joined with Sherman and successfully entreated that body to bar and bolt the doors of the United States against paper money, so that the prohibition was made perpetual and placed beyond the caprices of transient assemblies, by establishing it as one of the conditions of the Constitution itself. When the Constitution was referred to the several States, Ellsworth, in Connecticut,

explained its character to the convention of his State, and eminently assisted in securing full heartiness in its adoption. In the great work of carrying the Constitution into effect, the law for the organization of one of the three great departments of government is emphatically his work. He alone, or almost alone, framed the bill under which the department of the judiciary was organized; and it is worthy of remark, though I believe now for the first time noticed, that that law which Ellsworth had laboriously framed with the minutest attention to every detail gave no warrant for the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States to try any citizen for the offenses enumerated in the fatal Sedition act. Washington did not leave the chair of state till he had appointed Oliver Ellsworth the Chief Justice of the United States.

The first French mission which Adams had instituted arrived in Paris at a period in the revolution when the faction which for the time held control was willing to slight the overtures of the government of the United States; and, from a just self-respect, John Adams was unwilling to institute a second mission except after the most positive assurances that the mission would be heartily welcome. Adams, having received the amplest assurances from Talleyrand, the French minister of foreign affairs, through Murray, the American minister in Holland, that an American commission would be welcomed by France with the most perfect respect and cordial regard, and having the encouragement of Washington to proceed, wisely determined to renew the negotiation. Throwing aside his first thought of sending no one but the American minister through whom Talleyrand had sent his pressing invitation, he determined to constitute a mission of three. To impart to it the highest dignity, he named as its chief Oliver Ellsworth, who, as the head of the judiciary department, was a coördinate in dignity with John Adams himself. At the side of Ellsworth he placed William Richardson Davie, of North Carolina, a man of energy, a soldier in the war of our revolution, during which he had served with honor as a cavalry officer in the legion of Pulaski, an able member of the convention which framed our Federal Constitution, a favorite of his State, where he had just been elected governor. With them he joined Murray, through whom Talleyrand had invited the mission.

Oliver Ellsworth, though the delicate state of his health required careful attention, dared to sail through the specially rough storms of midwinter of 1799-1800 to Lisbon, and to encounter an almost equally severe voyage from Lisbon to a bay near Corunna. At Bergos, in

old Castile, they were met by a courier who brought from Talleyrand assurances that they would be received in Paris with an eagerness of cordiality. Arriving in Paris on the second of March, they were gladly welcomed by Talleyrand, and from their first arrival to the end of the mission nothing was wanting in the friendliness with which they were met and the respect and courtesy with which they were treated. No time was lost in entering upon the negotiations. Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest brother of the First Consul, was placed at the head of the French delegation. The labor on the American side was mainly done by Oliver Ellsworth; and after more than six months of labor, 1800, the treaty of peace, so fraught with present and prospective advantage to the United States, was signed.

It defined and asserted the rights of neutrals. It was agreed that the flag of the nation shall protect the merchandise of the ship, with the exception only of contraband of war, and that contraband was strictly limited. Another part of the treaty was of inestimable value to the United States; they in their hour of distress in the revolutionary war had bound themselves to protect France in all her possessions in the West Indies. This guarantee was generously renounced. Finally, the restoration of cordiality between France and the United States opened the way for the next Administration to negotiate for the acquisition of Louisiana. Shortly after the signing of the treaty, the American envoys prepared to leave Paris to embark for America.

The French government resolved to give them on their departure the clearest proof of the enduring good-will of France for the American republic. It chanced that Joseph Bonaparte, who was the richest of the family, possessed a magnificent country seat at Morfontaine, which lies some leagues from Paris on the road to Havre. There, on their way, at the chateau of Joseph Bonaparte, under whose lead the treaty with the United States had been concluded on the part of France, the American ministers were invited to be the guests at a farewell festival before their embarkation.

The American envoys arrived at the village of Morfontaine about two o'clock in the afternoon, and found there a large number of the French magistrates already assembled. At four o'clock Napoleon Bonaparte, the First Consul of France, who in November of the former year had overthrown the Council of Five Hundred and made himself the First Consul; in February, 1800, draping in mourning all standards and flags throughout the French republic, had announced to the French army in a general order that "the memory of Washington is dear to all freemen of the two worlds"; in

May had led an army with heavy artillery across the great St. Bernard; had entered Milan on the 2d of June, and after gaining on the 14th of that month a victory at Marengo, of which the fame rung through not Europe only but the world, had in the following July returned to Paris, and two days before this banquet had completed the treaty for the retrocession of Louisiana from Spain to France; and in less than thirty months more was to change the history of the world by transferring Louisiana, even to the Pacific Ocean, to the United States,—entered the chateau amidst salutes from artillery and bands of music. During the evening the castle and adjacent buildings were brilliantly illuminated. The approval of the treaty by the First Consul, of which assurance was formally given about eight in the evening, was followed by the firing of cannon. After this the guests, about 150 in number, were seated at tables in three large halls. To the largest of them the name was given of the "Hall of Union." It was superbly decorated with wreaths and numerous inscriptions commemorating the Fourth of July, 1776, and other days famous for important actions in America during their struggle for independence. The initial letters of France and America were inscribed in many places. The city of Philadelphia which was then the seat of the Federal Congress, and Havre de Grace which was the port for the embarkation of the American ministers, were represented with an angel on the wing from Havre de Grace to Philadelphia, bearing an olive branch. The second hall was called the "Hall of Washington," and was adorned with his bust and the French and American flags standing side by side. The third hall was called "The Hall of Franklin," whose bust was its ornament. All the decorations were specially designed to commemorate the independence of the United States and French liberty. In that spirit the First Consul, Napoleon, then just thirty-one years of age, gave as the first toast: "The memory of those who have fallen in the defense of French and American liberties." The second toast was proposed by the Third Consul, Lebrun: "The union of America with the powers of the North to enforce respect for the liberty of the seas." Last of all, Cambacérès, the Second Consul, in honor of the President of the United States, proposed "The successor of Washington." After supper there was a brilliant and ingenious display of fireworks in the garden. Next followed an exquisite concert of music; and about midnight the private theater was opened for the performance of two short comedies, in which the best of the actors and actresses from Paris played the parts. At the conclusion of one of the plays a song com-

plimentary to the United States was sung; and thus the evening came to an end.

To Chief Justice Ellsworth, the chief guest of the evening and the principal American negotiator of the treaty, his success brought highest honor; but the price at which he purchased it was his life. He fell a martyr in the service of his country and of peace. His sufferings in the long and terrible voyages which he had made in the winter across the ocean, and again from Portugal to the borders of France, and his prompt and continued assiduity in the negotiation of the treaty, wrecked his constitution. Unable at that season of the year to return to America, he was forced at once to send home the resignation of his post as Chief Justice of the United States. At a later day he was able to return to his country and to take some easy part in affairs; but for him, who more than any other had assisted to restore relations of friendship between France and the United States, and prepare the way for the cession of Louisiana to his country, the rest of life was but a slow and lingering passage through infirmities to the tomb.

At this cost peace and pleasant relations were restored between France and the United States. The establishment of good feeling in the foreign relations of this country, and especially with France, constitutes the crowning glory of the Administration of John Adams. Just before retiring from office, he wrote to a friend:

"After the 3d of March I am to be a private citizen. I shall leave the State with its coffers full, and the fair prospects of a peace with all the world smiling in its face, its commerce flourishing, its navy glorious, its agriculture uncommonly productive and lucrative. O my country! May peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

The picture is not too favorably drawn. I have repeatedly heard Albert Gallatin, Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, assert that, before going out of office, John Adams had settled every difficult question, so that Jefferson as he entered upon office embarked upon the smoothest sea, with no winds but prosperous ones to fill his sails, with not a wave to disturb the public quiet. A similar train of thought beams through Jefferson's inaugural address, when he declares that he finds "this government, the world's best hope, the strongest government on earth, in the full tide of successful experiment."

War measures being at an end, the army reduced, the alien and sedition laws dead, domestic tranquillity and prosperity established, the first object of Jefferson in negotiating with France could be the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

The retirement of John Adams from the Federal city in the early morning of the 4th of March was not the act of a runaway; he never wanted courage, but he was obliged to vacate the President's mansion before the morning of the 4th of March, 1801; and the Federal city was then a new settlement in the woods, with scarcely five hundred inhabitants, with not one good hotel, and as there was no member of his cabinet in a house which could receive the departing President as a guest, he had nothing better to do than to start for his own home. Jefferson almost immediately sent him the homage of his high consideration and respect; and Adams, only twenty days after Jefferson had entered upon the office of President, wrote to him:

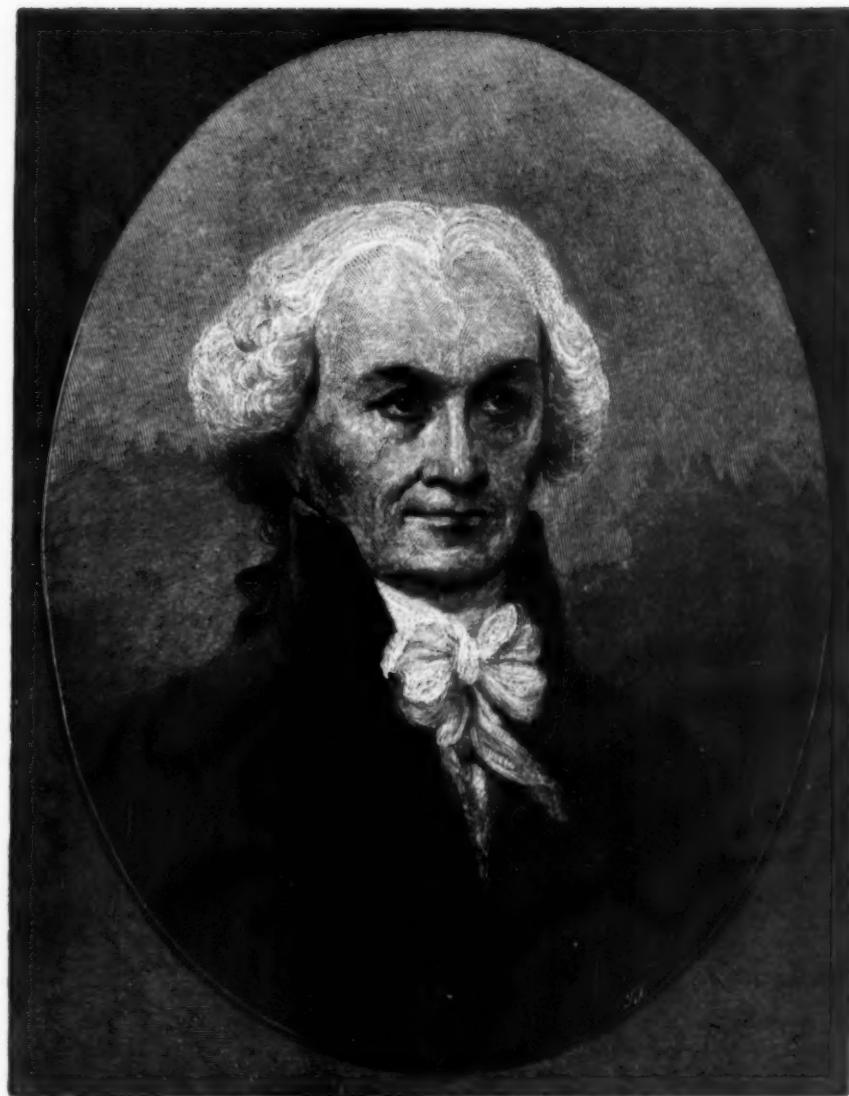
"This part of the Union is in a state of perfect tranquillity, and I see nothing to obscure your prospect of a quiet and prosperous administration, which I heartily wish you."

The life of John Adams was prolonged beyond the period which any other President has reached. In earlier life he and Jefferson had stood together in Congress, when the one spoke with overwhelming power for national independence and the other wrote the declaration of it with matchless felicity.

When Jefferson and Adams met in Europe, they were equally engaged in carrying on negotiations for their country; and the intimacy between them was such that each of them gave his portrait to the other. When, in an advanced age, they had both retired to private life, after years of rivalry and contest for the highest honor in the gift of the United States, Adams could not submit to any permanent estrangement between them, and they soon found themselves engaged in the most intimate private correspondence. The morning of the jubilee of our Declaration of Independence found both of them still alive; and as Adams on that day, at the age of ninety-one, became aware he was dying, his last words were: "Jefferson still lives." But Jefferson, the younger man, had gone a few hours before him.

George Bancroft.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM MINIATURE BY JOHN TRUMBULL IN THE YALE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS.

*Oliver Ellsworth.*



### THE STRUGGLE FOR ATLANTA.\*

ON the 18th of March, 1864, Grant and Sherman were together at Nashville. Grant, having received promotion, immediately set out for Washington, and Sherman accompanied him as far as Cincinnati. That meeting and journey are of interest. They involve the thorough discussion and planning of eventful campaigns. Men of different callings differ in their conception and execution of plans. Soldiers like Grant and Sherman consider first the forces at their disposal, and next a plan of operations. Grant had now under his general charge all the Union armies,—the Army of the Potomac, under Meade; that of the Ohio, near Knoxville, under Schofield; that of the Cumberland, under Thomas, near Chattanooga; that of the Tennessee, under McPherson, scattered from Huntsville, Alabama, to the Mississippi; that of the Gulf, under Banks, in Louisiana; besides subordinate detachments, under Steele and others, in Arkansas and farther west.

Grant took the whole field into his thought. He made three parts to the long, irregular line of armies, which extended from Virginia to Texas. He gave to Banks the main work beyond the Mississippi; to Sherman the middle part, covering the hosts of McPherson, Thomas, and Schofield; and reserved to himself the remainder. The numbers were known, at least on paper; the plan, promptly adopted, was simple and comprehensive: Break and keep broken the connecting links of the enemy's opposing armies; beat them one by one; unite for a final consummation. Sherman's part was plain. Grant's plan, flexible enough to embrace his own, afforded him "infinite satisfaction." It looked like "enlightened war." He rejoiced

at "this verging to a common center." "Like yourself," he writes to Grant, "you take the biggest load, and from me you shall have thorough and hearty coöperation."

As soon as Sherman returned to Nashville, he began organizing his three armies. He made his calculations so as to protect most faithfully one line of supply which runs through Louisville, Nashville, and Chattanooga, guarding it against enemies within and without his boundaries, and against accidents. He segregated the men of all arms for this protection. Block-houses and intrenchments were put at bridges and tunnels along the railway. Locomotives and freight cars were gathered in, and a most energetic force of skilled railroad men put at work or held in reserve under capable chiefs.

Now, when this vital work was in progress, through which sufficient supplies for 100,000 men were protected and through which large dépôts of surplus stores were accumulated, Sherman had, besides the large guards of his line, enough more men to count upon for an effective field force,—50,000 with Thomas, 35,000 with McPherson, 15,000 with Schofield, making a total of 100,000.

And, indeed, this fact gratified him; for had not sundry people, two years before, held him up as worthy of special distrust because he had declared that two hundred thousand men would be required to hold and push successfully this very line of operations? Finally his country, through Grant, had intrusted to him the means and the men that he required.

A few changes of organization were made. Slocum's corps, the Twelfth, and mine, the Eleventh, were consolidated, making a new Twenty-

\* A paper on the Atlanta campaign, by General Joseph E. Johnston, will appear in the CENTURY magazine for August.—EDITOR.

eth, and Hooker was assigned to its command. I went at once to Loudon, East Tennessee, to take the Fourth Corps and relieve General Gordon Granger, to enable him to have a leave of absence. Slocum was sent to Vicksburg, Mississippi, to watch from that quarter the great river; while Hooker, Palmer, and myself, under Thomas, were to control the infantry and artillery of the Army of the Cumberland. In a few days I moved Wagner's, afterward Newton's, division and T. J. Wood's of my new corps to Cleveland, East Tennessee. Rations, clothing, transportation, and ammunition came pouring in with sufficient abundance, so that when orders arrived for the next movement, the 3d of May (1864), my division commanders, Stanley, Newton, and Wood, reported everything ready. This very day Schofield's column, coming from Knoxville, made its appearance at Cleveland. There was now the thrill of preparation, a new life everywhere. Soldiers and civilians alike caught the inspiration.

The Unionists, of whom there were many in East Tennessee, were glad, but the Confederates grew pale with apprehension.

#### TUNNEL HILL.

RINGGOLD and Catoosa Springs, Georgia, were the points of concentration for Thomas's three corps. We of his army were all in that neighborhood by the 4th of May. It took till the 7th for McPherson to get into Villanow, a few miles to the south of us. Schofield meanwhile worked steadily southward from Cleveland, East Tennessee, through Red Clay, toward Dalton, Georgia. The reader should know that Chattanooga, Cleveland, and Dalton were united by railway lines. These lines form an almost equilateral triangle. Dalton, its south-east vertex, was the center of the Confederate army, under Joseph E. Johnston. Pushing out from Dalton, toward us at Catoosa Springs, Johnston occupied the famous pass through

Taylor's Ridge, Buzzard's Roost Gap, and part of the ridge itself; and held, for his extreme outpost in our direction, Tunnel Hill, near which our skirmish line and his had first exchanged shots.

His northern lines ran athwart the base of the triangle, somewhere between Dalton and Red Clay.

Johnston had, according to his official return for April, a force of 52,992. At Resaca, a few days later, after the corps of Polk had joined him, it numbered 71,235. Our three field armies aggregated then, in officers and men, 98,797, with 254 pieces of artillery. The Confederate commander had about the same number of cannon. McPherson had thus far brought to Sherman but 24,465 men.

When the Army of the Cumberland was in line, facing the enemy, its left rested near Catoosa Springs, its center at Ringgold, the railway station, and its right at Leet's Tan-yard. My corps formed the left. Catoosa Springs was a Georgia watering-place, where were several large buildings, hotel and boarding-houses, amid undulating hills, backed by magnificent mountain scenery. Here, the morning of the 6th, I met Thomas and Sherman. Sherman had a habit of dropping in and explaining in a happy way just what he proposed. He at first intended that Thomas and Schofield should simply breast the enemy and skirmish with him on the west and north, while McPherson, coming from Alabama, was to strike the Atlanta railroad at least ten miles below Resaca. McPherson failing in getting back from furlough some of his troops, was not now deemed strong enough to operate alone; hence, instead, he was brought to Chattanooga and sent thence to Villanow, soon after to pass through the Snake Creek Gap of Taylor's Ridge, all the time being kept near enough the other armies to get help from them in a case of emergency. By this it was ardently hoped by Sherman that McPherson might yet succeed in getting upon Johnston's communications near Resaca. Thomas here urged his own views, which were to give Schofield and McPherson the skirmishing and demonstrations, while he (Thomas), with his stronger army, should pass through Snake Creek Gap and seize Johnston's communications. He felt sure of victory. Sherman, however, hesitated to put his main army twenty miles away beyond a mountain range on the enemy's line, lest he should thereby endanger his own. He could not yet afford an exchange of base. Still, in less than a week, as we shall see, he ran even a greater risk. But who shall criticise and condemn? In the game of war, as in other games, the risks usually increase with the excitements of the struggle.



BUZZARD'S ROOST GAP.  
(FROM A WAR-TIME SKETCH.)



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN AT ATLANTA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Early in the day, May 7th, the Fourth Corps, arranged for battle, was near a small farm-house in sight of Tunnel Hill. Two divisions, Stanley's and Newton's, abreast in long, wavy lines, and the other, Wood's, in the rear, kept on the *qui vive* to prevent any surprises, particularly from the sweep of country to the north of us. The front and the left of the moving men were well protected by infantry skirmishers. It was a beautiful picture — that army corps, with arms glistening in the morning light, ascending the slope. By 8 o'clock the few rifle-shots had become a continuous rattle. First we saw far off, here and there, puffs of smoke, and then the gray horsemen giving back and passing the crest. Suddenly there was stronger resistance, artillery and musketry rapidly firing upon our advance. At 9 o'clock the ridge of Tunnel Hill bristled with Confederates, mounted and dismounted. A closer observation from Stanley's field-glass showed them to be only horse artillery and cavalry supports. In a few moments Stanley's

and Newton's men charged the hill at a run and cleared the ridge, and soon beheld the enemy's artillery and cavalry galloping away. "The ball is opened," Stanley called out, as I took my place by his side to study Taylor's Ridge and its "rocky face," which was now in plain sight. We beheld it, a craggy elevation of about five hundred feet, extending from a point not far north of us, but as far as the eye could reach southward. Its perpendicular face presented a formidable wall, and its Buzzard's Roost Gap, already made terrible by a former bloody trial of arms, afforded us no favorable door of entrance.

#### DALTON.

THOMAS's three corps, Palmer occupying the middle and Hooker the right, were now marched forward till my men received rifle-shots from the heights, Palmer's a shower of them from the defenders of the gap, and Hooker's a more worrisome fusillade from spurs of the ridge farther south. Thomas could not sit down behind this

formidable wall and do nothing. How could he retain before him the Confederate host? Only by getting into closer contact.

On the 8th, I sent Newton some two miles northward, where the ascent was not so abrupt. He succeeded by rushes in getting from cover to cover, though not without loss, till he had wrested at least one-third of the "knife edge" from those resolute men of gray. Quickly the observers of this sharp contest saw the bright signal flags up there in motion. Stanley and Wood gave Newton all possible support by their marksmen and by their efforts to land shells on the ridge. The enemy's signals were near to Newton. He tried hard, but failed, to capture them. In the night two pieces of artillery, after much toil, reached the top, and soon cleared away a few hundred yards more of this territory in bloody dispute. On the 9th of May, Thomas put forth a triple effort to get nearer his foe, notwithstanding some of us thought we were quite near already. First, Stanley's division reconnoitered that Buzzard's mouth into the very "jaws of death," till it drew the fire from newly discovered batteries, and set whole lines of Confederate musketry-supports ablaze. At this time I had a narrow escape. Stanley, Captain Kniffin of his staff, several other officers, and myself were in a group, watching a reconnaissance. All supposed there were no Confederate sharpshooters near enough to do harm, when *whiz* came a bullet which passed through the group; Kniffin's hat was pierced, three holes were made in my coat, and a neighboring tree was struck.

Thomas made a second effort. Palmer sent Morgan's brigade up one of the spurs south of the gap. It encountered the hottest fire, and suffered considerable loss in killed and wounded. One regiment, the 66th Illinois, drove back the enemy's first line, and, like Newton's men, came within speaking distance of their opponents. Here arose the story, to the effect that a witty corporal proposed to read to them the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and that they kept from firing while he did so. Still farther south, through Hooker with the Twentieth Corps, and almost beyond our hearing, Thomas made his third push. Fifty in this action were reported killed, and a larger number wounded, and among them every regimental commander engaged. Similarly, but with easier approaches than ours, Schofield kept Johnston's attention at the east and north. Such was the demonstration, while McPherson was making his long détour through Villanow, Snake Creek Gap, and out into Sugar Valley. He found the gap unoccupied; and so, with Kilpatrick's small cavalry detachment ahead, followed closely by Dodge's Sixteenth Corps with Logan's Fifteenth well

closed up, he emerged from the mountains on the morning of the 9th, at the eastern exit.

Immediately there was excitement — the cavalry advance stumbled upon Confederate cavalry, which had run out from Resaca to watch this doorway. Kilpatrick followed up the retreating Confederates with dash and persistency, till they found shelter behind the deep-cut works and guns at Resaca. In plain view of these works, though on difficult ground, Logan and Dodge pressed up their men, under orders from McPherson "to drive back the enemy and break the railroad." And pray, why were not these plain orders carried out? McPherson answers in a letter that night sent to Sherman: "They [probably Polk's men] displayed considerable force and opened on us with artillery. After skirmishing [among the gulches and thickets] till nearly dark, and finding that I could not succeed in cutting the railroad before dark, or in getting to it, I decided to withdraw the command, and take up a position for the night between Sugar Valley and the entrance to the gap." At the first news, Sherman was much vexed, and declared concerning McPherson's failure to break the enemy's main artery: "Such an opportunity does not occur twice in a single life, . . . still he was perfectly justified by his orders."

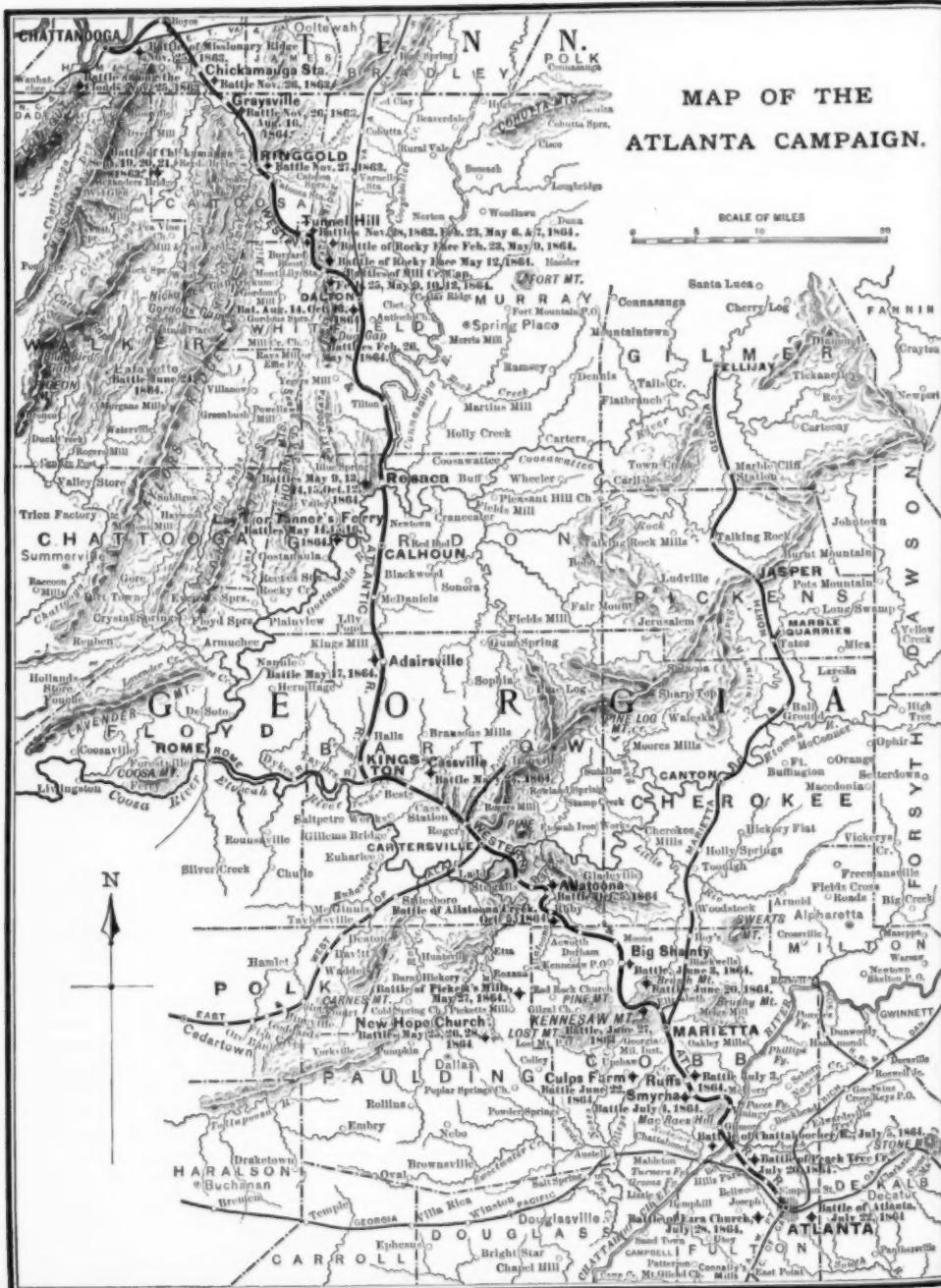
Our commander, believing that Johnston would now speedily fall back to Resaca, at once changed his purpose. Leaving me at Rocky Face with the Fourth Corps and Stoneman's small division of cavalry to hold our line of supply, Sherman pressed after McPherson the armies of Thomas and Schofield. But Johnston was not in a hurry. He terrified me for two days by his tentative movements, till our skirmishing amounted at times almost to a battle. But the night of the 12th of May, he made off in one of his clean retreats. At dawn of the 13th, the formidable Buzzard's Roost Gap was open and safe, and our men passed through. Stoneman rushed into the village of Dalton from the north, and the Fourth Corps, eager and rapid, kept close to the chasing cavalry. Not far south of Dalton we came upon a bothersome Confederate rear guard, which made our marching all that long day slow and spasmodic, yet before dark of the same, my command had skirted the eastern slope of Taylor's Ridge for eighteen miles, and joined skirmishers with Sherman, who was already with McPherson abreast of Resaca. Thus we ended the combats of Tunnel Hill and Dalton, and opened up Resaca.

#### RESACA.

As soon as Johnston reached the little town of Resaca, he formed a horse-shoe-shaped line, something like ours had been at Gettysburg. He

MAP OF THE  
ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

SCALE OF MILES



FROM "THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGNS IN GEORGIA; OR, WAR SCENES ON THE W. & A." PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R. CO.

rested Polk's corps on the Oostenaula River; placed Hardee's next, running up Milk Creek; and then curved Hood's back to strike the Connasuga River. After the Confederates had thrown up the usual intrenchments, and put out one or two small advanced forts with cannon, the position was as strong as Marye's Heights had been against direct attack. We spent a part of the 14th of May creeping up among the bushes, the rocks, and the ravines.

Early that morning, while this was going on, Sherman, who had worked all night, was sitting on a log, with his back against a tree, fast asleep. Some men marching by saw him, and one fellow ended a slurring remark by: "A pretty way we are commanded!" Sherman, awakened by the noise, heard the last words. "Stop, my man," he cried; "while you were sleeping last night, I was planning for you, sir; and now I was taking a nap." Thus, familiarly and kindly, the general gave reprimands and won confidence.

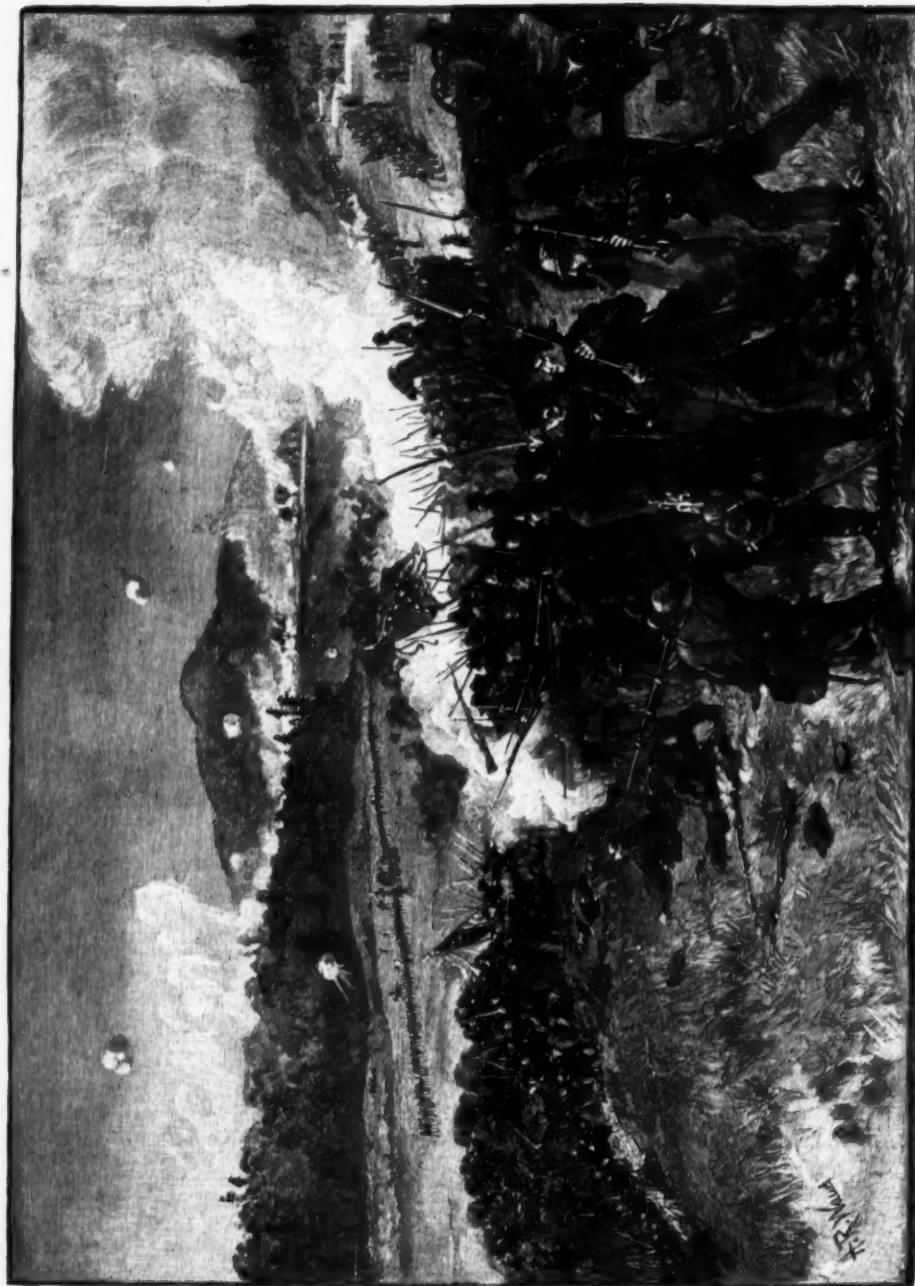
McPherson rested his right upon the Oostenaula River, opposite Polk. My impression is that Palmer and Hooker came next; and then that brave young officer, Cox, commanding the Twenty-third Corps, against a storm of bullets and shells, swung his divisions round to follow the bend in the enemy's line. I watched the operation, so as to close upon his left. T. J. Wood's division moved up in a long line, with skirmishers well out, and then Stanley's carried us to the railway. Stanley's chief of artillery arranged two or three batteries to keep the enemy from walking round our unprotected left. The air was full of screeching shells and whizzing bullets, coming uncomfortably near while line after line was adjusting itself for the deadly conflict. Our fighting at Resaca did not effect much. There might possibly have been as much accomplished if we had used skirmish lines alone. In McPherson's front, Logan had a battery well placed, and fired till he had silenced the troublesome foes on a ridge in his front; then his brave men, at a run, passed the ravine and secured the ridge. Here Logan intrenched his corps; and Dodge, abreast of him, did the same. Afterward, McPherson seized another piece of ground across Camp Creek, and held it. The evening of the 14th, a vigorous effort was made by Polk to regain this outpost, but he was repulsed with loss.

The detailed account gives great credit to Charles R. Woods, Giles A. Smith, and J. A. J. Lightburn. 100 prisoners and 1300 Confederates *hors de combat* are on Logan's list. This work forced Johnston to lay a new bridge over the Oostenaula. The divisions of Absalom Baird, R. W. Johnson, Jeff. C. Davis, and John Newton plunged into the thickets and worked

their way steadily and bravely into the reentrant angles on Hardee's front. On Schofield's field, one of his divisions, Judah's, had a fearful struggle, losing six hundred men; the others, coming to its help, captured and secured a part of the enemy's intrenchments. Hood assailed my left after 3 P. M. The front attack was repulsed, but heavy columns came surging around Stanley's left. Everybody, battery men and supporting infantry, did wonders; still, but for help promptly rendered, Sherman's whole line, like the left of Wellington at Waterloo, would soon have been rolled up and displaced. But Colonel Morgan of my staff, who had been sent in time, brought up Williams's division from Hooker's corps as quickly as men could march. Stanley's brave artillermen were thus succored before being forced to yield their ground, and Hood, disappointed, returned to his trenches. The next day, the 15th, came Hooker's attack. He advanced in a column of deployed brigades. Both armies watched with eager excitement this passage-at-arms—the divisions of Butterfield, Williams, and Geary were here. They seized some trenches and cheered, but were stopped before a sort of lunette holding four cannon. The Confederates were driven from their trenches; but our men, meeting continuous and deadly volleys, could not get the guns till night. A color-bearer, Hess, of Colonel Harrison's brigade, while his comrades were retiring a few steps for better cover of the ground, being chagrined at the defiant yell behind him, unfurled his flag and swung it to the breeze. He was instantly killed. A witness says: "There were other hands to grasp the flag, and it came back, only to return and wave from the very spot where its former bearer fell." A Southern writer, who watched this contest, says:

"On came the enemy, cheering loudly, and confident that their superior numbers would insure them success. They approached to within fifty yards of the line, firing rapidly on our men; a sheet of fire, a deafening roar, which sounded like the eruption of a volcano, was the answer; and the dead and wounded lay piled up before our works."

While the main battle was in progress, Dodge had sent a division under the one-armed Sweeny to Lay's Ferry, a point below Resaca. Under the chief engineer, Captain Reese, he laid a bridge and protected it by a small force. Sweeny, being threatened by some Confederates crossing the river above him, feared that he might be cut off from the army, so that he suddenly drew back about a mile beyond danger. On the 15th, however, he made another attempt and was more successful; formed a bridge-head beyond the river, threw over his whole force, and fought a successful battle against Martin's Confederate cavalry, before



THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GEORGIA. (FROM "THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA, ETC." PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC B. & CO.)

Walker's infantry, which was hastily sent against him from Calhoun, could arrive. Besides Sweeny's division, Sherman dispatched a cavalry force over the pontoons, instructing them to make a wider détour. The operations in this quarter being successful, there was nothing left to the Confederate commander but to withdraw his whole army from Resaca. This was effected during the night of the 15th, while our weary men were sound asleep. At the first peep of dawn, Newton's skirmishers sprang over the enemy's intrenchments to find them abandoned.

#### ADAIRSVILLE.

In the ensuing pursuit, Thomas, crossing the river on a floating bridge, hastily constructed, followed directly with the Fourth and the Fourteenth corps.

Stanley had some sharp fighting with Stewart's Confederate division, which was acting as Johnston's rear guard. It was, in fact, a running skirmish, that lasted till evening, at the close of which we encamped for the night near the enemy's empty works at Calhoun. Meanwhile, McPherson had been marching on parallel roads to the right toward Rome, Georgia, Jeff. C. Davis's division from Thomas's army sweeping farther still to the right, and Schofield, accompanied by Hooker, to the left toward Cassville.

Our enemy between these columns, with his entire force, made a brief stand on the 17th of May at Adairsville, and fortified. About 4 p. m. Newton and Wood, of my corps, Wood on the right, found the resistance constantly increasing as they advanced, till Newton's skirmishers, going at double-time through clumps of trees, awakened a heavy opposing fire. A little after this, while I was watching the developments from a high point, Sherman with his staff and escort joined me. Our showy group immediately drew upon it the fire of a battery, shells bursting over our heads with indescribable rapidity. Colonel Morgan's horse was very badly lamed; Fullerton, the adjutant-general, was set afoot, and several horses of the escort killed or crippled. Captain Bliss, of Newton's staff, had one shoulder-strap knocked off by a fragment, badly bruising him. The skirmishing of Newton and Wood kept increasing. In fact, both parties, though desiring to avoid a general battle, nevertheless reenforced, till the firing amounted for a time to a real engagement. It had not been discontinued at sunset, and it was not till after 9 o'clock that the rattling of the musketry had diminished to the ordinary skirmish, and the

batteries had ceased, except an occasional shot, as if each was trying to have the last gun. The losses in my command in this combat were about two hundred killed and wounded. The morning of the 18th found the works in front of Adairsville with few reminders that an army had been there the night before. Hooker and Schofield had done the business. Johnston's scouts during the night brought him word that a large Federal force was already far beyond his right near Cassville, threatening his main crossing of the river; and also that McPherson was camping below him at McGuire's Cross-roads, and that our infantry (Davis's division) was already in sight of the little town of Rome, where, under a weak guard, were foundries and important mills. We began now to perceive slight evidences of our opponent's demoralization. I captured a regiment and quite a large number of detached prisoners. The whole number taken, including many commissioned officers, was about four thousand.

The rapidity of the repairs of the badly broken railroad seemed miraculous. We had hardly left Dalton before trains with ammunition and other supplies arrived. While our skirmishing was going on at Calhoun, the locomotive whistle resounded in Resaca. The telegraphers were nearly as rapid. The lines were in order to Adairsville the morning of the 18th. While we were breaking up the State arsenal at Adairsville, caring for the wounded, and bringing in Confederate prisoners, word was telegraphed from Resaca that bacon, hard-bread, and coffee were already there at our service.

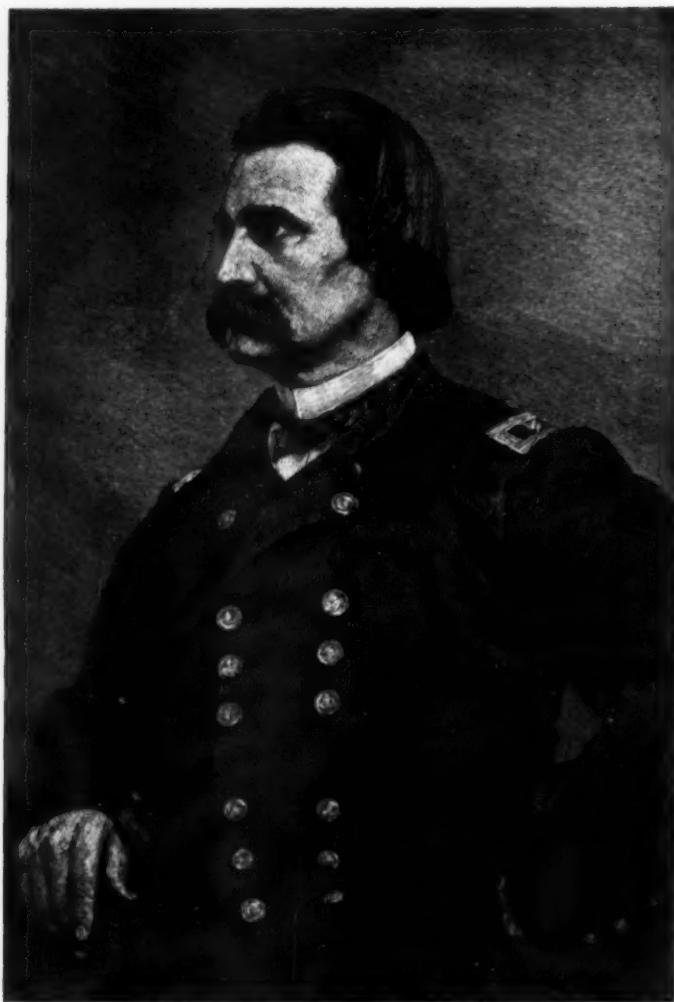
Johnston, by his speedy night work, passed on through Kingston, and formed an admirable line of battle in the vicinity of Cassville, with his back to the Etowah River, protecting the selected crossing.

This was his final halt north of that river, so difficult with its mountain banks. Johnston remained here to obstruct and dispute our way one day only, for Schofield and Hooker had penetrated the forests eastward of him so far that Hood, still on Johnston's right, insisted that the Yankees were already beyond him in force.

Upon this report, about which there has since been much controversy, Johnston ordered a prompt withdrawal. The morning of the 21st of May, bright and clear, showed us a country picturesque in its natural features, with farm and woodland as quiet and peaceful as if there had been no war. So Sherman, taking up his headquarters at Kingston, a little hamlet on the railway, gave to his armies three days' rest.\*

ton. The rope unexpectedly caught his trousers near his shoe and rent them sadly from bottom to top. Sherman, being just then disturbed by the ringing, sent a

\* It was Sunday morning when my friend E. P. Smith, of the Christian Commission, afterward Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was ringing the church bell at Kings-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

A glance at the map [page 446] shows the Etowah flowing nearly west thirty miles from Allatoona to Rome. Sherman's headquarters at Kingston were midway. While the armies were resting, the right (Davis's division) at Rome, the left (Schofield and Hooker) near Cartersville, and the remainder at Kingston, the railroad and telegraph lines were repaired to Kingston; baggage, temporarily

guard to arrest the supposed "bummer." So my friend, in spite of indignant protest, was marched to Sherman's ante-room and kept under guard for an hour. Then, in that plight, being admitted to his presence, Sherman looked up from his writing and asked abruptly:

abandoned, came back to officers and men; necessary supplies, at the hands of smiling quartermasters and commissaries, now found us. The dead were buried, the sick and wounded made more comfortable, and everybody got his mail and wrote letters home. Meanwhile Sherman and his army commanders were endeavoring to find the location of their enemy. Johnston was holding the pass of Allatoona

"What were you ringing that bell for?"

"For service. It is Sunday, General," Smith replied.

"Oh! is it?" answered Sherman. "Didn't know it was Sunday. Let him go."

strongly, and probably rested his right at that natural fortress, and extended his army along the ridge of Allatoona Creek toward the south-west, possibly to Lost Mountain, where that stream rises. He was picketing a parallel ridge in front of his line, along another creek, the Pumpkin Vine. This is substantially where we found this able and careful enemy; only he pushed a little to the left and forward as we came on, till Hardee was at Dallas, and Hood at New Hope Church. Our march was resumed the morning of the 24th of May, Thomas crossing his own pontoons south of Kingston; Hooker, though contrary to the plan, went in advance of Schofield's column over a bridge at Milam's, east of Kingston; Davis being at Rome, went straight forward from that place; and McPherson did the same from his position, laying his bridges so as to take the road to Van Wert. Stoneman's division of cavalry, fording the river above Schofield, covered the left. Garrard's division was near McPherson and Davis, while McCook's cleared the front for the center. The whole country between the Etowah and the Chattahoochee over which we marched appeared desolate enough. Sometimes there were old pine forests, half cleared, with tall burnt and blackened stumps; very few openings and very few farms, and those few small and poor; other parts covered with trees having dense underbrush, which the skirmishers had great difficulty in penetrating. The instant one left the ordinary "hog-backs" he plunged into deep ravines or ascended abrupt steeps. There was much loose, shifting soil on the hills, also many lagoons and small streams bordered with treacherous quicksands.

## NEW HOPE CHURCH.

VERY soon on the first day, the usual skirmishing with the cavalry began, but there was not much delay. Hooker, coming into Thomas's road the next morning, the 25th, led



CONFEDERATES DRAGGING GUNS UP KENESAW MOUNTAIN.  
(FROM THE "VALENTINE," PUBLISHED BY THE WESTERN & ATLANTIC R. R. CO.)

our column, taking the direct road toward Dallas. It was showery all day, and one can imagine the disheartening effect of this unfavorable weather on men and animals as they toiled over roads growing constantly worse. To relieve the situation as much as possible and keep well closed up, Thomas had my corps take advantage of country roads to the right, that would bring us into Dallas by the Van Wert route. McPherson and Davis had already come together at Van Wert. Now, suddenly, Geary's division found a bridge over Pumpkin Vine Creek on fire, and hostile cavalry behind it. The cavalry soon fled, and the bridge was repaired. Hooker, thinking there was more force in that quarter, pushed up the road toward New Hope Church. He had gone but a short distance before he ran upon one of Hood's brigades. It was an outpost of

Stewart's division, put there to create delay. Hooker soon dislodged this outpost and moved on, driving back the brigade through the woods, till he had come upon the enemy's main line.

The sound of cannon speedily drew Sherman to the point of danger. He immediately ordered the necessary changes. Williams's division, having passed on, faced about and came back. Butterfield's hastened up. These, each forming in parallel lines, promptly assaulted Hood's position. Again and again Hooker's brave men went forward through the forest only to run upon log barricades, which were so thoroughly manned by the enemy, and so protected by well-posted artillery, that to take them under a galling fire was impossible. Of course, this meant for Hooker a succession of bloody repulses. The heaviest shower of the day, accompanied with lightning and thunder, was going on during these awful charges. I received word, turned to the left by the first opportune road, and deployed Newton's division to the right of Hooker by 6 p. m. The remainder of my command came up over roads deep with mud and obstructed by wagons. In the morning all the troops were on hand. Any attempt to sketch the ghastly pictures of that terrible night would fail. The nearest house to the field was filled with the wounded. Torch-lights and candles lighted up dimly the incoming stretchers and the surgeons' tables and instruments. While the doctors could stand on their feet or move their arms, their arduous work was unceasing. The very woods seemed to moan and groan with the voices of sufferers not yet brought in.

McPherson, with Davis for his left, took position at Dallas, having Logan on his right, and Garrard's cavalry still beyond. There must have been a gap of three miles between McPherson and us. Schofield was badly injured by the fall of his horse in that black forest while finding his way during the night to Sherman's bivouac, so that for a few days Cox took his command. Cox, with his Twenty-third Corps, and Palmer with his (the Fourteenth), swung in beyond me, as my men were moving up carefully into their usual positions in line of battle. Now the enemy kept strengthening his trench-barricades, which were so covered by thickets that at first we could scarcely detect them. As he did, so did we. No regiment was long in front of Johnston's army without having practically as good a breastwork as an engineer could plan. There was a ditch before the embankment and a strong log revetment behind it, and a heavy "top-log" to shelter the heads of the men. I have known a regiment, in less than an hour after it reached its position, with axes and shovels to shelter itself completely against musketry and artillery.

#### PICKETT'S MILL.

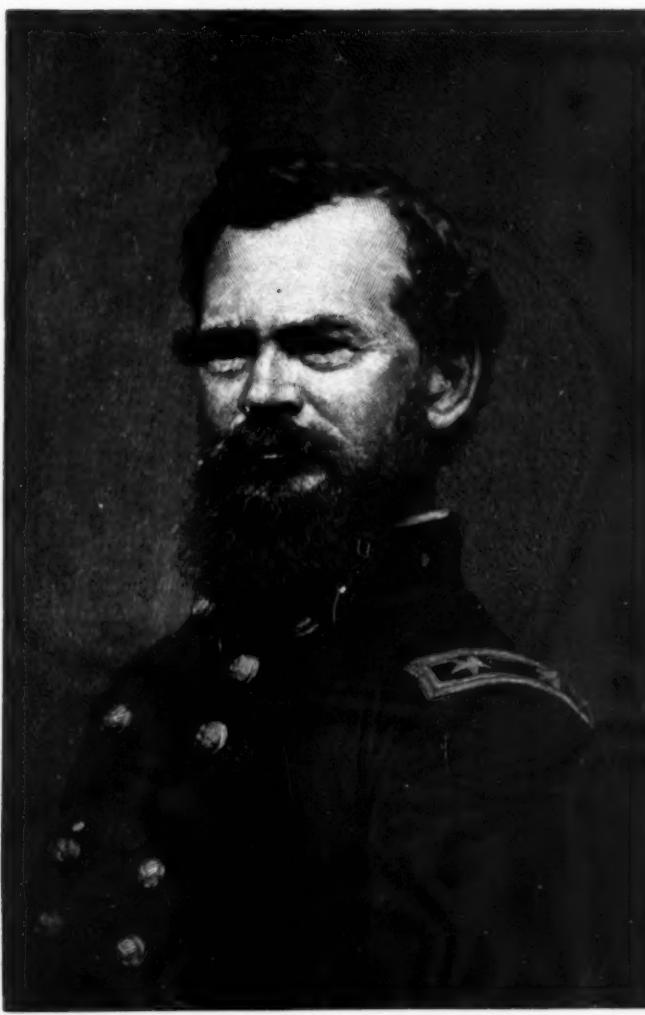
IT would only weary the reader's patience to follow up the struggle step by step from New Hope Church to the Chattahoochee. Still, these were the hardest times which the soldiers ever experienced. It rained continuously for seventeen days; the roads, becoming as broad as the fields, were a series of quagmires. And, indeed, it was difficult to bring enough supplies forward from Kingston to meet the needs of the army. Sherman began to pass his armies to the left. First, I was sent with two divisions to attempt to strike Johnston's right. I marched thither Wood's division, supported by R. W. Johnson's, and connected with the army by Cox on my right. At Pickett's Mill, believing I had reached the extreme of the Confederate line, at 6 p. m. of the 27th I ordered the assault. Wood encountered just such a position as had Hooker at New Hope Church, and was similarly repulsed, suffering much loss. R. W. Johnson's division was hindered by a side-thrust from the hostile cavalry, so that we did not get the full benefit of his forward push. We believed that we should otherwise have lodged at least a brigade beyond Hindman's Confederate division. But we did, however, what was most important: we worked our men all that weary night in fortifying. The Confederate commander was ready at daylight to take the offensive against us at Pickett's Mill, but did not, because he found our position and works too strong to warrant the attempt. With a foot bruised by the fragment of a shell, I sat that night among the wounded in the midst of a forest glade, while Major Howard of my staff led regiments and brigades into the new position chosen for them. General R. W. Johnson had been wounded, Captain Stinson of my staff had been shot through the lungs, and a large number lay there, on a sideling slope by a faint camp-fire, with broken limbs or disfigured faces. It was a mute protest against the business of war.

#### DALLAS.

THE next day, the 28th, McPherson made an effort to withdraw from Dallas, so as to pass beyond my left; but as Hardee at the first move quickly assailed him with great fury, he prudently advised further delay. This battle was the reverse of mine at Pickett's Mill. The enemy attacked mainly in columns of deployed regiments along the front of Dodge's and Logan's corps, and was repulsed with a dreadful loss, which Logan estimated at two thousand. Now, necessity pressing him in every direction, Sherman, mixing divisions somewhat along the line, gradually bore his armies to

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MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. MCPHERSON, KILLED JULY 22D, 1864. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

the left. The 1st of June put Stoneman into Allatoona, and on the 3d, Schofield's infantry was across the railroad near Ackworth, having had a severe and successful combat en route.

#### PINE TOP.

BEING now far beyond Johnston's right, and having seized and secured the Allatoona Creek from its mouth to Ackworth, Sherman was ready, from Allatoona as a new base, to push forward and strike a new and heavy blow, when, to his chagrin, in the night of the

4th of June, Johnston abandoned his works and fell back to a new line. This line ran from Brush Mountain to Lost Mountain, with "Pine Top" standing out in a salient near the middle. He also held an out-post in front of Gilgal Church abreast of Pine Top. Slowly, amid skirmishes and small combats, for the most part in dense woods, we continuously advanced. On my front we seized the skirmish-holes of the enemy, made epaulements for batteries there, and little by little extended our deep ditches or log-barricades close up to and abreast of Johnston's. As we settled down

to steady work again, McPherson was near Brush Mountain, having pushed down the railroad. F. P. Blair's corps (the Seventeenth) from Huntsville, Alabama, had now joined him, making up for our losses, which were already, from all causes, upward of nine thousand. This accession gave heart to us all. Thomas was next, advancing and bearing away toward Pine Top, and Schofield coming up against the salient angle near Gilgal Church. To tell the work of these two opposing hosts in their new position is a similar story to the last. There was gallant fighting here and there all along the lines. Here it was that my batteries, opening fire under the direct instruction of Sherman, drove back the enemy from the exposed intrenchments on Pine Top. It was at this time that General Polk was killed. McPherson, by overlapping Hood, skirmished heavily, and captured the 40th Alabama regiment entire. Schofield, brushing away the cavalry, penetrated between Lost Mountain and Gilgal Church, put his artillery on a prominent knoll, and, with rapid discharges, took Hardee in reverse.

#### MUD CREEK.

THAT night, the 16th of June, Johnston again went back to a new line, already prepared, just behind Mud Creek. Our troops, being on the alert, followed at once with great rapidity. Just where the old lines joined the new (for Johnston's right wing was unchanged), I saw afeat the like of which never elsewhere fell under my observation. Baird's division, in a comparatively open field, put forth a heavy skirmish-line, which continued such a rapid fire of rifles as to keep down a corresponding hostile line behind its well-constructed trenches, while the picks and shovels behind the skirmishers fairly flew, till a good set of works was made four hundred yards off and parallel to the enemy's. One of my brigades (Harker's), by a rush, did also a brave and unusual thing: it captured an entrenched and well-defended line of the enemy's works and took their defenders captive. Again, another (Kirby's brigade), having lost Bald Hill in a skirmish, retook it by a gallant charge in line, under a hot fire of artillery and infantry, and intrenched and kept it.

#### CULP'S FARM.

Hood, who had been massed opposite McPherson, made a forced night-march, and suddenly appeared on the other flank fronting Schofield and Hooker. With his known method of charging and firing, he delivered there a desperate attack on the 22d of June.

He was, after a hard battle, repulsed with heavy loss. This was the "Battle of Culp's Farm." Here it was that Hooker received a reproof from Sherman for an exaggerated report, which inferentially, but wrongly, blamed Schofield. Hooker was ever after incensed at Sherman.

#### KENESAW.

AGAIN, by the gradual pressure against Johnston's right and left, Sherman forced him to a new contraction of his lines. This time it was the famous Kenesaw position which he assumed. With his right still at Brush Mountain, he extended a light force over the crest of the Kenesaws, and placed a heavier one along the southern slope, reaching far beyond the Dallas and Marietta road. He drew back his left and fortified. The whole line was stronger in artificial contrivances and natural features than the cemetery at Gettysburg. The complete works, the slashings in front, and the difficulties of the slope toward us under a full sweep of infantry and of artillery cross-fire made the position in itself next to impregnable.

For reasons similar to those which influenced Lee to strike twice for Little Round Top, Sherman ordered an assault here with the hope of carrying the south slope of Kenesaw, or of penetrating at some weak point of Johnston's long front. Schofield, well southward, advanced and crossed Olley's Creek, and kept up enough fire and effort to hold a large force in his front. McPherson, on the left, did the same, quite a serious engagement being sustained by Logan's corps straight against the unascendable mountain. Logan's losses from the trenches in his front, and from artillery that raked his men as they advanced, were very heavy. Seven regimental commanders fell from death or wounds. But the dreadful battle, hard to describe, was left to Thomas. He commanded two attacks, one opposite Confederate Loring's left, the other in front of Cheatham. Newton's division led my attack, and Davis that of Palmer. Like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, the movement was preceded by a heavy cannonade. Then our skirmishers sprang forward and opened; and quickly the enemy's skirmish-line was drawn back to their main work.

Harker, commanding one brigade, led his column rapidly over the open ground. Wagner did the same on Harker's left, and Kimball put his brigade in close support. The enemy's fire was terrific, the missiles passing and crossing and filling the valley. Our men did not stop, unless struck, till they had gained the edge of the felled trees; a few penetrat-

ed, to fall close to the enemy's parapet; but most sought shelter behind logs and rocks, in rifle-holes, or depressions of the ground.

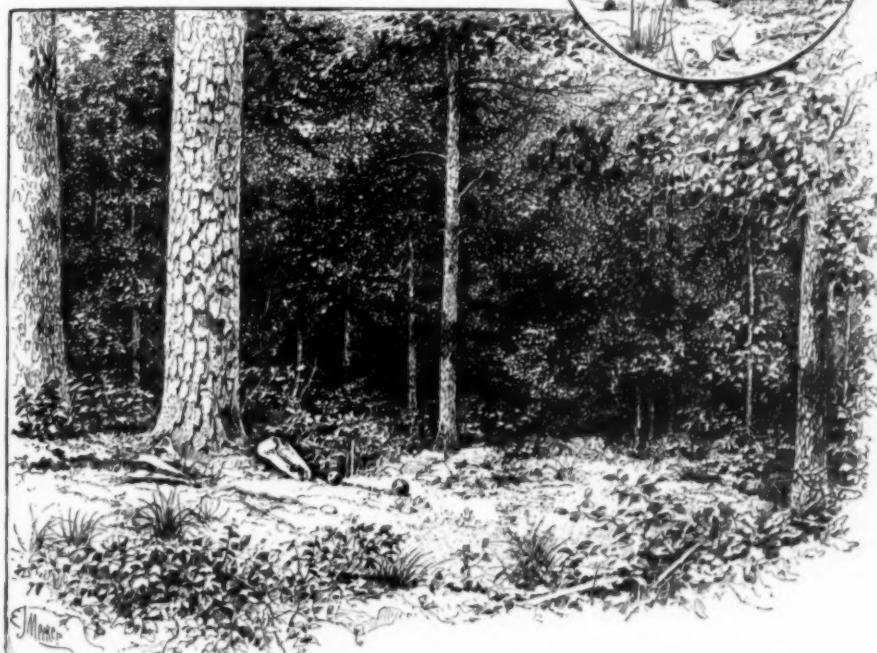
Harker, moving with them, cheered on his men; when they were forced to stop, he rallied them again and made a second vigorous effort, in which he fell mortally wounded. Davis's effort was like Newton's; he met the same withering fire from rifle-balls and shells. But his men managed to make a shelter, which they kept, close up to the hostile works. Here they stayed and intrenched. Among those who fell were brigade commanders Colonel Daniel McCook and Colonel Harmon. Our losses in this assault were heavy indeed, and our gain was nothing. We realized now, as never before, the futility of direct assaults upon intrenched lines which were already well prepared and well manned.

SMYRNA CAMP GROUND.

PLAINLY there was now nothing left for Sherman to do but to send his left army (McPherson's) to follow up the right (Schofield's), across Olley's Creek, and force his cavalry to Sandtown and the Chattahoochee far below Johnston's force. The first sign, namely,

McPherson's starting, and Schofield's boldness, set the Confederates again in motion. The morning of the 3d of June, Sherman turned his spy-glass to the Kenesaw crest, and saw our pickets "crawling up the hill cautiously." The strong works, from which so many blows distressful to us had been dealt, were found vacant.

Johnston had made new breastworks six miles below, at Smyrna Camp Ground, and another complete set, by the labor of slaves and new levies, where the railway crosses the Chattahoochee. Thomas, taking up the pursuit, followed his enemy through Marietta and beyond. My command skirmished up to the Smyrna works during the 3d. The next day Sherman paid us a Fourth of July visit. He



SCENE OF GENERAL MCPHERSON'S DEATH, ON THE EAST SIDE OF ATLANTA. (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

A 32-pounder cannon set in a granite block for a base now marks the spot of General McPherson's death. A large pine stands within a few feet of the monument which faces a partly improved roadway that is called McPherson Avenue.



THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D.

Fuller's division (of the Sixteenth Corps) rallying to hold their ground after being forced back by the first charge of the Confederates in their flank attack. (From the painting by James E. Taylor.)

could not at first believe that Johnston would make another stand north of the river. "Howard," he said to me, "you are mistaken; there is no force in your front; they are laughing at you!" We were in a thinnish grove of tall trees, in front of a farm-house. "Well, General," I replied, "let us see." I called Stanley, whose division held the front. "General, double your skirmishers and press them." At once it was done. The lines sped forward, capturing the outlying pits of the enemy, and took many prisoners; but a sheet of lead instantly came from the hidden works in the edge of the wood beyond us, and several unseen batteries hurled their shot across our lines, some of them reaching our grove and forcing us to retire. Sherman, as he rode away, said that I had been correct in my report. While we kept the Confederates busy by skirmishing and battery firing, a set of demonstrations to the north and south of us finally resulted in gaining crossings of the river at Roswell, Soap Creek, Powers's and Paice's ferries.

The first effected was by Schofield pushing out from Soap Creek boats loaded with men, crossing quickly, and surprising the Confederate cavalry and cannon in his front. This was

done on the 9th of July. As soon as Johnston knew of it, he left those grand works near the river, burned his bridges, and hastened his retreat to Atlanta. The weather had become good, and there was great animation and manifest joy on our side. It was gratifying to escape from such fastnesses and dismal forests as those which had hampered us for over a month, and we now firmly believed that the end of the campaign was sure.

Our armies made a right wheel — Thomas, on the pivot, taking the shortest line to Atlanta; McPherson, on the outer flank, coming by Roswell to Decatur, with Schofield between.

#### PEACH TREE CREEK.

As the several columns were crossing the famous Peach Tree Creek my corps was divided. I was sent, with Stanley and Wood, to connect with Schofield, causing a gap of two miles. Newton remained Thomas's left; on Newton's right was Ward; next, Geary; then, Williams; last, Palmer's corps; all, having crossed over, were stretched out along the creek. There was at that point but little open

ground, mostly woodland, and very uneven with cross-ravines.

Just at this time, much to our comfort and to his surprise, Johnston was removed, and Hood placed in command of the Confederate army. Johnston had planned to attack Sherman at Peach Tree Creek, expecting just such a division between our wings as we made.

Hood endeavored to carry out the plan. A. P. Stewart had Polk's corps, and Cheatham took Hood's. Hardee on the right and Stewart on his left, in lines that overlapped Newton's position, at 3 o'clock of the 20th of July, struck the blow. They came surging on through the woods, down the gentle slope, with noise and fury like Stonewall Jackson's men at Chancellorsville. As to our men, some of them were protected by piles of rails, but the most had not had time to barricade.

Stewart's masses advanced successively from his right, so Newton was first assailed. His rifle and cannon, firing with utmost steadiness and incessantly, soon stopped and repulsed the front attack; but whole battalions went far east of him into the gap before described. Thomas, behind the creek, was watching; he turned some reserved batteries upon those Confederate battalions, and fired his shells into the thickets that bordered the deep creek, sweeping the creek's valley as far as the cannon could reach. This was sufficient; in his own words, "it relieved the hitch." The hostile flankers broke back in confusion. In succession, Ward, Geary, Williams, and Palmer received the on-coming waves, and though their ranks were shaken in places, they each made a strong resistance, and soon rolled the Confederates back, shattered and broken. Hardee would have resumed the assault, but an order from Hood took away a whole division (Cleburne's), for McPherson was too rapidly approaching Cheatham and the defenses of Atlanta from the east.

The battle of the 20th did not end till Gresham's division, on McPherson's left, had gone diagonally toward Atlanta, sweeping the hostile cavalry of Wheeler before it past the Augusta railroad, and skirmishing up against an open knob denominated Bald Hill.

Gresham, himself a fine officer, during his brisk

movement was severely wounded. Wheeler had here made a desperate and successful stand; and soon after, in the evening, that division (Cleburne's) which was taken from Newton's sorely handled front was brought hither and put into the trenches, in order to make secure the right of Hood's line. The Bald Hill was an important outpost.

#### THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

THE 21st, a fearfully hot day, was spent by all in readjustment. Thomas brought his three corps forward, near to the enemy. The gap in my lines closed as we neared the city. Schofield filled the space between the Fourth (mine) and Logan's corps. McPherson, to get a better left, ordered Blair to seize Bald Hill. General Force, of Leggett's division, supported by Giles A. Smith, who now had Gresham's place, charged the hill and carried it, though with a heavy loss. No time ran to waste till this point was manned with batteries protected by thick parapets and well secured by infantry supports.

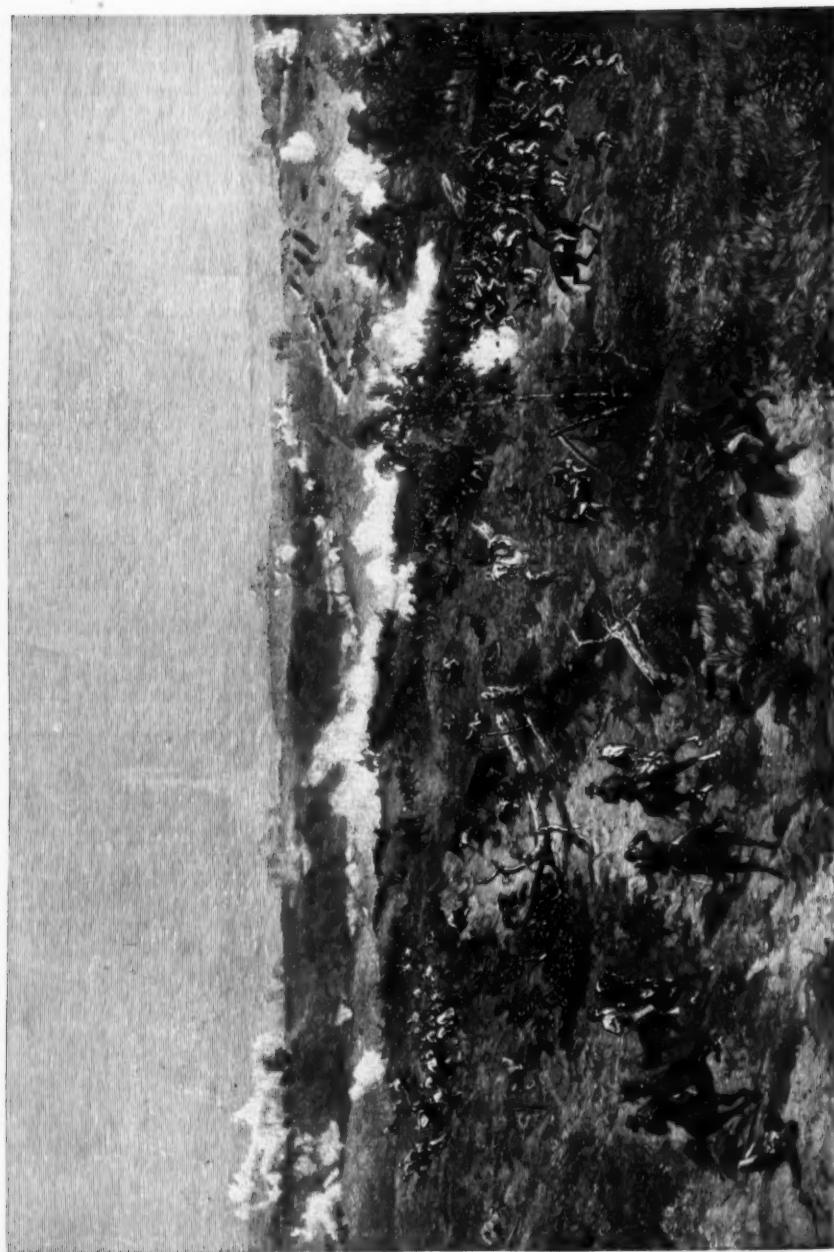
Atlanta appeared to us like a well-fortified citadel with outer and inner works. After Thomas had beaten him, Hood resolved to give up the Peach Tree line; so, after dark, he drew back two corps into those outer works.

Hardee, however, was destined to a special duty. About midnight he gathered his four divisions into Atlanta: Bate led the way; Walk-



FROM "THE MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGNS IN GEORGIA, OR WAR SCENES ON THE W. & A."

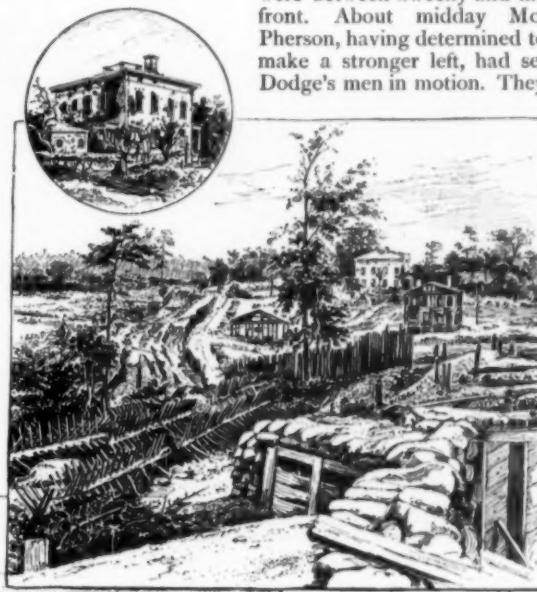
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BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D, 1864.—THE CONTEST ON BALD HILL: 4TH DIVISION, 15TH CORPS, IN THE FOREGROUND. (FROM THE PANORAMA OF "ATLANTA" IN MINNEAPOLIS.)

er came next; Cleburne, having now left the vicinity of Bald Hill (for he was soon to go beyond it), followed; then came Maney in rear. They pushed out far south and around Gresham's sleeping soldiers; they kept on eastward till Hardee's advance was within two miles of Decatur, and his rear was nearly past Sherman's extreme left. There, facing north, he formed his battle front; then he halted on rough ground, mostly covered by forest and thicket. He had made a blind night-march of fifteen miles; so he rested his men for a sufficient time, when, slowly and confidently, the well-disciplined Confederates in line took up their forward movement. Success was never more assured, for was not Sherman's cavalry well out of the way, breaking a railroad and burning bridges at and beyond Decatur? And thus far no Yankee except a chance prisoner had discovered this Jacksonian march! The morning showed us empty trenches from Bald Hill to the right of Thomas. We

on the 21st, toward Atlanta. Dodge remained for the night with head of column a mile or more in rear of Blair's general line. Fuller's division was nearest Blair's left, and Sweeny's not far from the Augusta railroad, farther to the north. McPherson spent the night with Sweeny. His hospitals and main supply trains were between Sweeny and the front. About midday McPherson, having determined to make a stronger left, had set Dodge's men in motion. They



1. EFFECT OF THE UNION FIRE ON THE POTTER HOUSE, ATLANTA.  
2. VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE LINE AT THE POTTER HOUSE, LOOKING EASTWARD.  
3. VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATE DEFENCES OF ATLANTA, LOOKING NORTH-WEST.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)



quickly closed again on Atlanta, skirmishing as we went. McPherson's left was, however, near enough already, a single valley only lying between Blair's position and the outer defensive works of the city. The Sixteenth Corps (Dodge), having sent a detachment under General Sprague to hold Decatur, to support the cavalry and take care of sundry army wagons, a thing successfully accomplished, had marched,

marched, as usual, by fours, and were in long column pursuing their way nearly parallel to Hardee's battle front, which was hidden by the thick trees. Now danger threatened: at the first skirmish shots Dodge's troops halted and faced to the left and were in good line of battle. The Confederate divisions were advancing: fortunately for Dodge, after the firing began Hardee's lines nearing him had to cross some open fields. McPherson was then paying a brief visit to Sherman near the Howard house. The attack was sudden, but Dodge's veterans, not much disturbed, went bravely to their work. It is easy to imagine the loud roar of artillery



BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D — RECAPTURE FROM THE CONFEDERATES OF DE GRESS'S BATTERY. I.

The view is west toward Atlanta; the Confederates in capturing the battery charged along the Georgia Railroad from the rolling-mill (see map, page 457), and took advantage of the cover of the railroad embankment and cut.

and the angry sounds of musketry that came to Sherman and McPherson when the sudden assault culminated and extended from Dodge to Blair's left. McPherson mounted, and galloped off toward the firing. He first met Logan and Blair near the railway; then the three separated, each to hasten to his place on the battle-line. McPherson went at once to Dodge; saw matters going well there; sent off aides and orderlies with dispatches, till he had but one or two men left with him. He then rode forward to pass to Blair's left through the thick forest interval. Cheatham's division was just approaching. The call was made, "Surrender!" But McPherson, probably without a thought save to escape from such a trap, turned his horse toward his command. He was instantly slain, and fell from his horse. One of his orderlies was wounded and captured; the other escaped to tell the sad news. Our reinforcements were on the way, so that Cheatham was beaten back. While the battle raged, McPherson's body was brought to Sherman at the Howard house. I wrote next day: "We were all made sad yesterday by the death of

General McPherson,—so young, so noble, so promising, already commanding a department!" I closed my report concerning him thus: "His death occasioned a profound sense of loss, a feeling that his place can never be completely filled. How valuable, how precious the country to us all, who have paid for its preservation such a price!" Logan immediately took the Army of the Tennessee, giving his corps to Morgan L. Smith. As soon as Hood, from a prominent point in front of Atlanta, beheld Hardee's lines emerging from the thickets of Bald Hill, and knew by the smoke and sound that the battle was fully joined, he hurried forward Cheatham's division to attack Logan all along the east front of Atlanta. At the time, I sat beside Schofield and Sherman near the Howard house, and we looked upon such parts of the battle as our glasses could compass.

Soon we saw the line of Logan broken, with parts of two batteries in the enemy's hands. Sherman put in a cross-fire of canon, a dozen or more, and Logan organized an attacking force that swept away the bold



BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 22D—RECAPTURE FROM THE CONFEDERATES OF DE GRESS'S BATTERY. II.

The recapture was made by troops of Logan's Fifteenth Corps. (This picture is a reproduction from the Panorama of Atlanta.)

Confederates by a charge in double time. Blair's soldiers repulsed the front attack of Cheatham's and Maney's divisions, and then, springing over their parapets, fought Bate's and Maney's men from the other side. The battle continued till night, when Hood again yielded the field to Sherman and withdrew. The losses on both sides in this battle of Atlanta were probably nearly even—about four thousand to each. Our gain was in morale.

#### EZRA CHURCH.

SHERMAN now drew his half-circle closer and closer, and began to manoeuvre with a view to get upon the railways proceeding southward. The Army of the Tennessee was assigned to me by the President, and I took command on the 27th of July, while it was marching around by the rear of Schofield and Thomas, in order to throw itself forward close to Atlanta on the south-west side, near Ezra Church. Skirmishing briskly, Dodge was first put into line facing the city; next, Blair, beside him; last, Logan, on the right, making a large angle with Blair. He was not at night

quite up to the crest of the ridge that he was to occupy. In the morning of the 28th he was moving slowly and steadily into position. About 8 o'clock Sherman was riding with me through the wooded region in rear of Logan's forces, when the skirmishing began to increase, and an occasional shower of grape cut through the tree-tops and struck the ground beyond us. I said: "General, Hood will attack me here." "I guess not—he will hardly try it again," Sherman replied. I said that I had known Hood at West Point, and that he was indomitable. As the signs increased, Sherman went back to Thomas, where he could best help me should I need reinforcement. Logan halted his line, and the regiments hurriedly and partially covered their front with logs and rails, having only a small protection while kneeling or lying down. It was too late for intrenching. With a terrifying yell, Hood's men charged through the forest. They were met steadily and repulsed. But in the impulse a few Confederate regiments passed beyond Logan's extreme right. Four regiments came from Dodge; Inspector-General Strong led thither two from Blair, armed with repeat-

ing rifles; and my chief of artillery placed several batteries so as to sweep that exposed flank. These were brought in at the exact moment, and after a few rapid discharges, the repeating rifles being remarkable in their execution, all the groups of flankers were either cut down or had sought safety in flight.

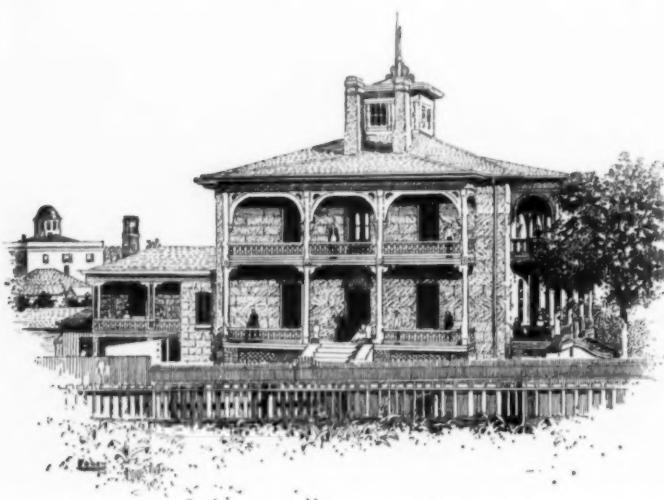
This battle was prolonged for hours. We expected help from Morgan's division of Palm-

"Major-General Logan was spirited and energetic, going at once to the point where he apprehended the slightest danger of the enemy's success. His decision and resolution animated and encouraged his officers and men to hold on at all hazards."

#### JONESBORO'.

FOR a month, Hood kept to a defensive attitude, and, like a long storm, the siege operations set in. Sherman worked his right, with block after block, eastward and southward. Schofield and part of Thomas's command had passed beyond me, digging as they halted.

Every new trench found a fresh one opposite. The lines were near together. Many, many officers and men were slain or wounded, and sent back to the hospitals. Dodge, while reconnoitering, was badly hurt; Ransom took his corps, and Corse a division in it. Hooker, already vexed at Sherman, was incensed at my assign-



THE "CALICO HOUSE," GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS IN ATLANTA—  
ALSO FOR SEVERAL MONTHS A HOSPITAL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

er's corps, coming back from Turner's Ferry; but the Confederate cavalry kept that in check. Our troops here exhibited nerve and persistency; Logan was cheerful and hearty and full of enthusiasm. He stopped stragglers and sent them back, and gave every needed order. Blair was watchful and helpful, and so was Dodge. After the last charge had been repelled I went along my lines, and surely I felt proud and happy to be intrusted with such brave and efficient soldiers. Hood, again having lost three times as many as we, withdrew within his fortified lines. Our skirmishers cleared the field, and the battle of Ezra Church was won; and with this result I contented myself. One officer, who was a little panic-stricken, ran with the first stragglers to Sherman, and cried substantially, as I remember: "You've made a mistake in McPherson's successor. Everything is going to pieces!" Sherman said: "Is General Howard there?" "Yes, I suppose he is." "Well, I'll wait before taking action till I hear from him!" So Sherman sustained and trusted me, and I was content. Of General Logan, who has so recently gone from us, I wrote, after this battle:

ment, resigned, and went home. Slocum came to command the Twentieth Corps. Palmer, having a controversy concerning his seniority, left the Fourteenth Corps, and Jeff. C. Davis took his place. Hazen passed from a brigade in the Fourth (Stanley's) to M. L. Smith's division of Logan's corps. F. P. Blair, in a report, condensed the work of his corps, which exemplifies the whole, in these words:

"The command was occupied for twenty-eight days in making approaches, digging rifle-pits, and erecting batteries, being subjected day and night to a galling fire of artillery and musketry."

Sherman now having his supplies well up, beginning the night of the 25th of August, intrenched Slocum's strong corps across his railroad communication to defend it; then made another grand wheel of his armies. Schofield this time clung to the pivot. My command described an arc of twenty-five miles' radius aiming at Jonesboro', while Thomas followed the middle course. Both southern railways were to be seized, and the stations, bridges, culverts, rails, and ties to be destroyed.

Preceded by Kilpatrick, we made the march rapid enough considering the endless plague

of the enemy's horse artillery supported by Wheeler's cavalry, and the time it took us to break up the West Point railroad. At Renfro Place we were to encamp the night of the 30th of August. Finding no water there, and also hoping to secure the Flint River bridge, six miles ahead, I called to Kilpatrick for a squadron. He sent me Captain Estes, a most energetic young man, and the horsemen needed. I asked Estes if he could keep the enemy in motion. He gave a sanguine reply, and loped off at the head of his men. Wheeler's rear-guard was surprised, and hurried toward the river. Hazen's infantry followed, forgetting their fatigue in the excitement of pursuit. We reached the bridge as it was burning, extinguished the fire, crossed over in the dusk of the evening under an increasing fire from hostile cavalry and infantry, but did not stop till Logan had reached the wooded ridge beyond, near Jonesboro'. The command was soon put into position, and worked all night and during the next morning to intrench, and build the required bridges. Hood had sent Hardee by rail, with perhaps half of his command, to hold Jonesboro'. My Confederate classmate, S. D. Lee, who had had the immediate assault at Ezra Church, here appeared again, commanding Cheatham's corps. At 3 p. m. the 31st, the Confederates came on with the usual vigor, but were met by Logan and Ransom, and thoroughly repulsed. Hood now abandoned Atlanta, and managed to unite with Hardee. Thomas, joining my left flank, fought mainly the battle of the 1st of September.

During this rest Blair and Logan went home on leave of absence; the field-force of the Army of the Tennessee was consolidated into two corps, Osterhaus temporarily commanding the Fifteenth, and Ransom the Seventeenth. Thomas went to Nashville, Wagner's division was sent to Chattanooga, and Corse's division to Rome. Colonel Tourtelotte had a small detachment at Allatoona Pass.

Hood had been threatening for some time to break Sherman's long line of communication and supply. Sherman could not divine where the blow would fall. He was already arranging for a campaign southward; but he wanted Grant's formal sanction, and he wished to make proper provision for Hood.

At last, the 2d of October, Hood had passed on his way back beyond the Chattahoochee. Sherman had waited for this till he was sure that the first attempt against his line would be south of the Etowah. Now, leaving one corps, Slocum's, at Atlanta, he followed Hood with the remainder of his force. Hood stopped near Dallas, and sent French's division to take the garrison of Allatoona and the dépôts there. From the top of Kenesaw, Sherman

communicated with Corse, who had joined Tourtelotte at Allatoona, and taken command. The popular hymn, "Hold the Fort," was based upon the messages between these chiefs and the noble defense that the garrison successfully made against a whole Confederate division. Sherman was coming, and French,



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. CORSE, WHO "HELD THE FORT" AT ALLATOONA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

several times repulsed with great loss, withdrew, and joined Hood at New Hope Church.

Taking up his northward march, Hood avoided Rome and aimed for Resaca. Schofield was warned, and got ready to defend Chattanooga, while Sherman now made forced marches so as to overtake his enemy and force him to battle. Finding us on his heels, Hood, picking up two or three small garrisons, but leaving untouched those that showed great pluck, like that of the resolute Colonel Clark R. Wever at Resaca, rushed through Sugar Valley and Snake Creek Gap, choking it with trees. My command following rapidly through the pass (October 16th), cut away or threw the gap-obstructions to the right and left, and camped close up to Hood's rear-guard. He again refused battle, and we pursued him beyond Gaylesville, Alabama. Between Gaylesville and Rome, General Ransom, a gallant and promising young officer, died from overwork and exposure due to our forced marches.

Taking advantage of a rich country, Sherman recuperated his men and moved slowly back to the Chattahoochee. Now, with the full consent of Grant, he hastened his preparations for his grand march to the sea.

O. O. Howard.



CONFEDERATE CAMP, CITY HALL SQUARE, ATLANTA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN THE CAMP WAS OCCUPIED BY THE 80 MASSACHUSETTS.

### GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE "MARCH TO THE SEA."\*

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK,  
December 22d, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed favor of the 20th instant, and trust you will pardon me if I adhere to my former conclusion not to attempt a magazine article on any war event. I do not profess the skill or patience of an historian, but only to be a witness before the great tribunal of the world, of scenes which I have witnessed or events in which I have shared. Of these I have testified fully in the two volumes of memoirs first published by the Appletons in 1875, and republished in 1885 in the form of a second edition, corrected and enlarged. In these volumes I believe I have recorded fully and truthfully all that seemed necessary, all at least that I purpose to do. Taking, for example, the "March to the Sea," to which you refer, I am sure I have given in the second volume every material fact of that feature of the civil war, which has to the public the charm of an epic because of its seeming novelty, its mysterious progress, and its glorious result — much of which was disputed at first, but is now more than confirmed by General Grant in his immortal "Personal Memoirs." Even my second edition was in the hands of the printers before I had seen General Grant's words in manuscript or print, so that our joint testimony must stand the test of time. True, many an orator in his safe office at the North had proclaimed his purpose to cleave his way to the sea. Every expedition which crossed the Ohio River in the early part of the war headed for the sea, but things were not ripe

till the Western army had fought, and toiled, and labored down to Atlanta. Not till then did a "March to the Sea" become practicable and possible of grand results. Alone I never measured it as now my eulogists do, but coupled with General Thomas's acts about Nashville, and those about Richmond directed in person by General Grant, the "March to the Sea" with its necessary corollary, the march northward to Raleigh, became vastly important, if not actually conclusive of the war. Mr. Lincoln was the wisest man of our day, and more truly and kindly gave voice to my secret thoughts and feeling when he wrote me at Savannah from Washington under date of December 26, 1864:

"When you were about leaving Atlanta for the Atlantic coast I was anxious, if not fearful; but feeling that you were the better judge, and remembering 'nothing risked, nothing gained,' I did not interfere. Now the undertaking being a success, the honor is all yours; for I believe none of us went further than to acquiesce; and taking the work of General Thomas into account, as it should be taken, it is indeed a great success. Not only does it afford the obvious and immediate military advantages, but in showing to the world that your army could be divided, putting the stronger part to an important new service, and yet leaving enough to vanquish the old opposing force of the whole, Hood's army, it brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light. But what next? I suppose it will be safer if I leave General Grant and yourself to decide."

So highly do I prize this testimonial that I preserve Mr. Lincoln's letter, every word in his own handwriting, unto this day; and if I know myself, I believe on receiving it I experienced more satisfaction in giving to his overburdened and weary soul one gleam of satisfaction and happiness, than of selfish

\* Our readers will be interested in the above letter received by us from General Sherman in response to a request for an account of the Atlanta Campaign, and printed with his approval. They will also be glad to

know that we have since so far overcome General Sherman's reluctance as to induce him to prepare a paper on "The Grand Strategy of the War," which will appear in the magazine within a few months.—EDITOR.

pride in an achievement which has given me among men a larger measure of fame than any single act of my life. There is an old maxim of war, that a general should not divide his forces in the presence of an enterprising enemy, and I confess that I felt more anxious for General Thomas's success than my own, because had I left him with an insufficient force it would have been adjudged ungenerous and unmilitary in me; but the result, and Mr. Lincoln's judgment *after* the event, demonstrated that my division of force was liberal, leaving to Thomas "enough to vanquish the old opposing force of the whole, Hood's army," and retaining for myself enough to march to the sea, and thence north to Raleigh, in communication with the old Army of the Potomac which had so long and heroically fought for Richmond; every officer and soldier of which felt and saw the dawn of peace in the near approach of their comrades of the West who, having finished their task, had come so far to lend them a helping hand if needed. I honestly believe that the grand march of the Western army from Atlanta to Savannah, and from Savannah to Raleigh, was an important factor in the final result, the overwhelming victory at Appomattox, and the glorious triumph of the Union cause. All the leading facts have been published by General Grant, by myself, and by General J. D. Cox, and I prefer to leave others to fill out the episodes which give life and interest to the picture.

I certainly commend THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for its enterprise in collecting in a durable form many of these episodes, all varying more or less in describing the same event, or series of events, according to the tone and temper of the writer, the more valuable by reason of their variance, because every honest man sees things from a different standpoint, and can only write earnestly what he personally believes. The time is also opportune because the safety of the country cannot now be imperiled by jealousies and hatreds perfectly natural in the midst of horrid war; and therefore I again express my entire satisfaction with the course of your magazine in collecting from the witnesses while living their personal testimony,—every article of which I have read, in common with millions of our people. These will crystallize into history, the leading facts and results of which are already pretty well established, whilst the minor affairs will remain the subject of song and story to the survivors, who are fast giving place to new men, who, if wise, will profit by our mistakes and be thankful that we of 1861-5 caught the buffets of war, which otherwise would surely have fallen on them. The civil war is long since over, and though

bitter and terrible beyond the power of expression in words, its events seem to me as the memory of a dream; therefore, so far as I am concerned it must rest.

One single fact about the "March to the Sea" unknown to me was revealed by General Grant in his "Memoirs," Vol. II., page 376:

"I was in favor of Sherman's plan from the time it was first submitted to me. My chief of staff, however, was very bitterly opposed to it, and as I learned subsequently, finding that he could not move me, he appealed to the authorities at Washington to stop it."

I had been acquainted with General John A. Rawlins, General Grant's "chief of staff," from the beginning of the war. He was always most loyal and devoted to his chief, an enthusiastic patriot, and of real ability. He was a neighbor of General Grant in Galena at the breaking out of the war, a lawyer in good practice, an intense thinker, and a man of vehement expression; a soldier by force of circumstances rather than of education or practice, yet of infinite use to his chief throughout the war and up to the hour of his death as Secretary of War, in 1869. General Rawlins was enthusiastically devoted to his friends in the Western army, with which he had been associated from Cairo to Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and doubtless, like many others at the time,—October, 1864,—feared that I was about to lead his comrades in a "wild-goose chase," not fully comprehending the objects aimed at, or that I on the spot had better means of accurate knowledge than he in the distance. He did not possess the magnificent equipoise of General Grant, nor the confidence in my military sagacity which his chief did, and I am not at all surprised to learn that he went to Washington from City Point to obtain an order from the President or Secretary of War to compel me with an army of sixty-five thousand of the best soldiers which America had ever produced to remain idle when an opportunity was offered such as never occurs twice to any man on earth. General Rawlins was right according to the light he possessed, and I remember well my feeling of uneasiness that something of the kind *might* happen, and how free and glorious I felt when the magic telegraph was cut, which prevented the possibility of orders of any kind from the rear coming to delay or hinder us from fulfilling what I knew was comparatively easy of execution and was sure to be a long stride toward the goal we were all aiming at—victory and peace from Virginia to Texas. He was one of the many referred to by Mr. Lincoln who sat in darkness, but after the event saw a great light. He never revealed to me the doubts he had had.

With best wishes for your continued prosperity and success, I am, sincerely your friend,

W. T. Sherman.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### The Question of Command on Cemetery Ridge.

**I**N the March CENTURY Mrs. Warren publishes a letter of General Warren, written soon after the battle of Gettysburg, showing that General Meade's orders to him on the afternoon of July 2d were to look, not specifically to Round Top, as I have stated, but — a much wider mission — to the left of the army. I regret that I did not see that letter before writing my brief account, in which I dwelt less on General Warren's services than I would otherwise have done, because they were so universally recognized. The duty confided to him was a very responsible one, and, as the result shows, could not have been intrusted to better hands. The quickness with which he comprehended the threatened dangers in all their magnitude, when a simple incident revealed them to *him* as it would have done to few others, the apt measures he adopted to avert them, and, above all, the promptitude — his leading characteristic — with which he *acted*, saved both the Round Tops to us, disconcerted the enemy's plans, and proved General Warren to be what he was, one of the ablest and most meritorious of our generals.

In the same CENTURY General F. A. Walker of General Hancock's staff comments on my expressed belief that, had my instructions for the cannonade of July 3d been carried out by Captain Hazard, commander of the artillery of the Second Corps, the Confederate assault would not have reached our lines; and considers this "a very severe impeachment" of General Hancock's conduct of his artillery. I fully appreciate and honor the motive of General Walker's courteous criticism, and his very kind references to myself, but he writes under misapprehensions which are widespread and misleading, and which, as they place me in a false position, I beg leave to explain. He says:

"In the first place, two antagonistic theories of authority are advanced. General Hancock claimed that he commanded the *line of battle* along Cemetery Ridge. General Hunt in substance alleges that General Hancock commanded the *infantry* of that line, and that he himself commanded the artillery.

"Winfield S. Hancock did not read his commission as constituting him a major-general of infantry, nor did he believe that a line of battle was to be ordered by military specialists. He knew that by both law and reason the defense of Cemetery Ridge was intrusted to him, subject to the actual, authentic orders of the commander of the Army of the Potomac, but not subject to the discretion of one of General Meade's staff-officers.

"So much for the question of authority. On the question of policy there is only to be said that a difference of opinion appears . . . as to what was most expedient in a given emergency."

General Hancock's claim that he commanded all the troops of every description posted on his part of Cemetery Ridge is perfectly valid. It cannot be disputed, and I never questioned it. But all commands must be exercised subject to the established principles for the government of armies. Under these, commanders of special arms issue their own orders direct to their subordinates serving with army corps, who must submit them to the corps commanders with whom they

serve. The latter, being supreme on their own lines, can modify or countermand these orders, but by doing so they make themselves responsible for the result. Thus all conflicts or theories as to authority are avoided. Our "Regulations" (Scott's), adopted in 1821, reads:

"The superior officer of the corps of engineers, or of the artillery, serving with one of the army corps . . . will receive the orders of the commandant thereof, to whom the said superior officers of engineers or of artillery will communicate any orders he may receive from his own particular commandant-in-chief, attached to general headquarters."

Separate paragraphs provided rules for the military "staff" and administration, — the latter including the supply departments. "Staff-officers" are forbidden to give orders except in the names of their generals. From this rule administrative officers are specially exempted, their chiefs directing their respective departments in their own names, but subject to the control of their generals, with whom they serve.

All these regulations are essential to the management of a large army, but are only partly applicable to a two-company post, the school in which most of our officers both of the war-office and of the regiments were trained. So in the "Regulations" of 1861-3, they were all condensed into one short paragraph:

"Staff officers, and commanders of artillery, engineers, and ordnance, report to their immediate commanders the state of the supplies and whatever concerns the service under their direction, and receive their orders; and communicate to them the orders they receive from their superiors in their own corps."

Closely examined, this is correct; but it is obscure and misleading. It lumps together officers of the staff and of administration as "staff-officers," and so connects them with those of the special arms as seemingly to confirm the erroneous idea that engineer officers are staff-officers and of course that artillery officers must be the same. It is an odd notion, which could not find a lodgment in any other army than our own, that an artillery commandant-in-chief, a "corps commander" himself to all intents and purposes, and provided with a staff of his own, is "one of the staff-officers" who runs about a battle-field carrying "the actual and authentic orders" of the general-in-chief to *other* corps commanders. A "staff-officer" is an officer below the rank of brigadier, attached to the person or headquarters of a general as his aide or assistant.

To illustrate the general principle as to the service of the special arms, I quote from the "Instructions of Frederick the Great" to his artillery. He was himself, by the way, an "artillery specialist" of the highest order, yet I have never heard it suggested that this unfitted him for "ordering a line of battle." He was also a disciplinarian of the sternest school, yet he "almost preached insubordination" in order to reduce to a minimum the mischief that meddling with the artillery by any general, even the general-in-chief, might occasion. He says:

"It sometimes happens that the general in command, or some other general, is himself forgetful, and orders the fire to be opened too soon, without considering what injurious consequences may result from it. In such case the artillery officer must certainly obey, but he should fire as slowly as possible, and point the pieces with the utmost accuracy, in order that his shots may not be thrown away."

As to the other question, that of policy, each general must decide it for himself, and General Hancock presumably acted according to his best judgment in the emergency suddenly presented to him when the cannonade opened. I do not know his reasons for countermanding my orders, and therefore cannot discuss them, even were I disposed to do so. As to the hypothetical case presented by General Walker, the possible effect of the enemy's cannonade on the *morale* of the troops, and his question, "Who was the better judge, General Hunt or General Hancock?" I may be permitted to reply, that a corps commander ought to be, so far as his own corps is concerned. It is, however, one of the necessary duties of an artillery commander to study the qualities of the other arms, for these must be considered in organizing and distributing the artillery, and are, as we see in this very case, important elements in determining its service. I had studied the Army of the Potomac, believed in its high qualities, and when, for special reasons, I instructed our batteries to withhold their fire for a given period, I knew the severity of the trial to which I was subjecting all the troops. I knew, also, that while the batteries would be the direct object of the enemy's fire, their men must stand idle at the guns and bear its full fury, while the infantry, lying on the reverse slope of the ridge and out of the enemy's sight, would be partly sheltered from it. Yet I felt no misgiving as to the fortitude of my cannoneers, and no doubt as to that of the infantry. I think I was justified by the event, for the troops on General Hancock's line where my instructions were not followed, and those on General Newton's line (on Hancock's immediate left), where they *were* followed, were in equal "heart and courage" for the "fearful ordeal of Longstreet's charge." The object of my orders, however, was to spare them this ordeal altogether by breaking up the charge before it reached our lines. Had my orders been fully carried out, I think their whole line would have been — as half of it was — driven back before reaching our position, and this would have given us our only chance for a successful counter-attack. As it was, the splendid valor of Pickett's division alone enabled the Confederates, although defeated, to preserve their *morale* intact.

Henry J. Hunt.

#### A Just Man and a Great Historical Work.

In the recent death of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert N. Scott of the Third Artillery, well known in connection with his work of compiling the War Records, the nation has met with a loss which is in many respects irreparable. It is not too much to say that no one now living possesses the intimate knowledge which Colonel Scott had gathered of the numerous disputed and still partly obscured points of our war history. The loss would be less if he had left written notes of his conclusions and of the records which sustained

them. Fortunately, however, the extended work upon which he was engaged — much greater, of its kind, than any Government has heretofore undertaken — is more advanced than many who have watched it since its inception suppose it to be.

Robert Nicholson Scott was born at Winchester, Tennessee, January 21st, 1838. His father was a widely known Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, and a man of untiring energy and great ability. In 1857, while with his father in San Francisco, young Scott was appointed second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. He was then nineteen years of age. Older officers under whom he served say that he was a marked man with them from the first. While full of life and sociability, there was a gravity, a large-mindedness, and a mature judgment manifested in the discharge of all duties committed to him that attracted the attention of his superiors. In November, 1861, he joined the Army of the Potomac with the rank of captain. He was engaged in the siege of Yorktown, was wounded at Gaines's Mill, and was brevetted Major for gallant conduct in that engagement. From June, 1863 to September, 1864 he was senior aide-de-camp to Major-General Halleck. He was lieutenant-colonel of volunteers on General Halleck's staff, and on duty with that officer at the headquarters of the army and the Military Division of the James until July, 1865. He went with General Halleck to the Pacific coast as adjutant-general of the Military Division of the Pacific, and served there with that officer until 1869, when he accompanied him to the Military Division of the South, where he served with him until 1872. It was during this long service with General Halleck, throughout which he held the most confidential relations with that officer, that he gained a knowledge which no other man of his rank, and few of any rank, acquired of the secret history of the war. A great part of Halleck's most confidential correspondence with Lincoln, Stanton, and the chief officers of the army is in the handwriting of Colonel Scott. On the 1st of January, 1878, he was ordered to Washington to take charge of the work of compiling the War Records. He was the author of a digest of military laws which is now the accepted authority to the time of its date. In addition to his duties in compiling the records, he was twice called on to assist in revising army regulations. He was assigned as the military secretary of the joint commission of the two Houses of Congress for the reorganization of the army under the Burnside bill, and at the time of his death was a member of a board to untangle, re-arrange, and revise the present compilation of army regulations. This wide range of duties performed under, or in association with, officers of great prominence, made him more generally known among those of high rank than almost any other officer of equal age and position. To this distinction can be added, as a crowning glory, that he gained and held the unqualified respect and cordial esteem of all.

To rich and varied stores of the most confidential knowledge concerning the moving reasons and forces which operated about the great headquarters, and of the real personal and official relations of those in command, Colonel Scott added severe, continuous, and methodical study. To guide him and give effect to his work he was possessed of thorough impartiality, unswerving

fidelity to the trust imposed in him, and a courage which forbade even hesitation upon the question of doing exact justice without fear of the powerful, or favor to friends. He was devoted to his work. For over nine years he scarcely left it. His days of recreation were very few, and were taken at long intervals. He not only gave his office hours to his task, but his nights at home as well. With the eagerness of an explorer, he pursued every clew which threw new light on the records. He spared no pains of research which promised to make any chapter of military history more complete. It is absolutely certain that he has never withheld a paper of any kind found in the records which, if added, would change the history by so much as a hair's breadth. It was such qualifications, and such use of them, that now give value to the great work which he has left.

The progress of this work is of national interest. The general examination of the immense mass of records, both Union and Confederate, in possession of the Government has been completed, and the material which properly belongs to the plan of the work has been selected, copied, and chronologically arranged. Of this selected material, that part relating to operations up to January 1, 1865, has been divided into chapters and volumes according to the plan of Colonel Scott, and this plan has received the formal approval of the Secretary of War. As adopted, it really fixes the arrangement of the material already gathered, covering the operations of the closing six months of the war.

The mass of records which have been examined filled scores of rooms in the War Department, and several large buildings besides. The records embrace the files of the War Department proper, and of the adjutant-general's office, engineer's office, ordnance office, and of the offices of the provost-marshal general, quartermaster-general, and commissary-general. The files of the adjutant-general's office, in addition to the records there made during the war, embrace all the records of the several departments, districts, military posts, etc., as well as those of all the armies, corps, divisions, brigades, and regiments. Besides all these, there are the corresponding records of the Confederate Government. The examination of this immense collection has been most thorough. Besides his own force, a large number of clerks in the office of the adjutant-general have been employed in the preliminary sifting and arranging. The work began in the summer of 1874, under Secretary Belknap, an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars having been made to enable the Secretary of War "to have copied for the public printer all reports, letters, telegrams, and general orders not heretofore copied or printed, and properly arranged in chronological order." Both Secretary Belknap and Adjutant-General Townsend took great interest in the matter, as have all of their successors. The second year the appropriation was increased to fifty thousand dollars. The work was pushed with vigor, the best men in the War Department being assigned to it. A great collection of telegrams sent and received, and battle reports, both Union and Confederate, were selected and printed in volumes ready for the compiler. When Colonel Scott took charge, in January, 1878, much valuable preliminary work had been done, and the true magnitude of the undertaking began to appear. He at once organized a most efficient force, and began again at the very beginning. All col-

lected material was compared with originals, and the many omissions inseparable from preliminary examinations of such immense masses of records were supplied. He entered into correspondence with all officers yet alive whose records seemed incomplete, for the purpose of obtaining originals which might have been retained. No paper written since the war has been allowed a place; but all original papers have been accepted, and, where the owners desired, copied and returned. Through the efficient services of General Marcus J. Wright, the agent of the War Department for the collection of Confederate records, Colonel Scott received a great mass of material, and through his own efforts much more was gathered, until, considering the circumstances attending the dissolution of the Confederacy, the collection of Confederate records, including field-maps, is surprisingly complete.

Upon this immense collection of official material Colonel Scott had worked without intermission for nearly ten years. As a result, its examination is complete, and the material to be printed will make about fifty volumes. As several of these contain two or three parts, the total number of separate volumes will be about eighty. A large collection of maps has been made, covering the operations of both sides for the entire period of the war. These will appear in atlas form. Twenty-five separate volumes have been printed and issued of the operations from 1861 to January 20th, 1863. Fifteen other separate volumes, up to and including (nominal) Volume XXV., are stereotyped and ready for the index. The volumes for the rest of 1863 are, with one exception, ready for the printer. Of the operations for 1864, which run over to January 15th, 1865, and are embraced in Volumes XXXII. to XLIV., three are ready for the printer, four more are ready for final revision, and the plan and scope of the remaining six, including the subjects for each chapter, have been adopted. To close the work of compilation there remains only the arrangement of the material already collected for the period from January, 1865, to the disbandment of the armies.

It is fortunate that two men remain who have been active workers with Colonel Scott from the first, and who are thoroughly acquainted with his methods and plans. These are his chief clerk, Mr. J. S. Moodey, who has had special charge of the valuable indexes, and Mr. J. W. Kirkley, of the adjutant-general's office. There is also great reason for congratulation that the work has advanced so far toward completion. As it stands, it will endure as a fitting monument to an able, faithful, and impartial soldier.

P. S.—Since the above lines were written, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry M. Lazelle of the 23d Infantry has been ordered to assume the duties of compiler. Colonel Lazelle was born in Massachusetts, and was graduated from the Military Academy in 1855. During the war he was assistant commissary-general of prisoners until October, 1863, when he became colonel of the 16th New York Cavalry. Since the war he has been on staff duty on the frontier and in Indian campaigns, and from 1879 to 1882 commandant of cadets at West Point; and he was detailed to witness the movements of the British troops in India. His recent detail was that of inspector-general of the Department of the Columbia. He has been an excellent officer in a varied line of duties.

H. V. Boynton

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## A New Era in our History.

BEYOND question the feature of the national administration since the 4th of March, 1885, which has engaged the largest share of public attention has been its attitude toward the civil service. This very significant fact marks the opening of a new era in our history, an era in which, for the first time, the proper conduct of the government, Federal, State, and municipal, assumes the first rank among political questions.

The United States as a nation started with a Constitution which challenges the fresh admiration of each new generation of Americans, and with methods of administration well suited to the small population of a thinly settled region on the eastern slope of the continent. In local affairs as a rule the town-meeting excellently served all the purposes of the community at a time when there were only about half a dozen cities, and the present metropolis itself, then barely ahead of Philadelphia, had but thirty-three thousand people. The young Republic had scarcely reached its majority before there came another war with England, and the "era of good feeling" which succeeded was soon disturbed by the first Nullification mutterings of the rising storm over the extension of the slave power. There were brief periods, as notably upon the introduction by Andrew Jackson of the spoils system in 1829, when statesmen found time and secured attention for the consideration of vital questions concerning governmental methods; but all the while, and more and more with the passage of the years, much as they tried to conceal it from themselves, people were chiefly concerned with the more fundamental question as to whether the Union itself were to endure. At last came the four years' struggle to determine whether the Government should survive. That ended, there ensued a long and most engrossing controversy to decide how "the fruits of the war" could most surely be garnered, and how the relations of the reconstructed States to the reconstituted Union should permanently be adjusted.

Meanwhile the nation had been growing from less than four millions of people to more than fifty; cities of great size had sprung up in what a century before had been a wilderness; nearly a quarter of the population had drifted into the cities and large towns; the office-holders of the Federal government alone had become an army more than one hundred thousand strong; old methods had been outgrown and become antiquated; new questions of administration, previously undreamed of, had arisen in national, state, and municipal affairs alike. The salvation of the Republic from the danger threatened by secession was no sooner assured than far-sighted men pointed out a fresh peril to its perpetuity. The war, which so largely widened the scope of government operations and increased the number of office-holders, greatly aggravated the evils which men like Webster, Clay, and Calhoun had predicted as certain to come when that most immoral of dogmas, "To the victor belong the spoils," was

adopted by both political parties as an article of faith. The late Thomas A. Jenckes, who unhappily died in 1875, a dozen years too soon to witness the triumph of his principles, must always be remembered for having possessed the insight to detect the danger, the wisdom to perceive the cure, and the persistence to extort attention from a reluctant Congress in the troublous years of the Andrew Johnson administration. Looking back to that stormy period and recalling the grave character of the reconstruction disputes, which culminated in the impeachment of the President, the country can better appreciate the force of the man, who, coming from the smallest State of the Union, secured a hearing for civil-service reform in 1866.

But it was scarcely more than a hearing that even Mr. Jenckes could secure, and he could not long keep the public ear. The slave had been freed; he was soon enfranchised; but "the negro question" still remained the engrossing one. The attitude of the Federal government toward the States which had attempted secession was a subject of constant discussion for years after their Senators and Representatives again sat in Congress, and the frequent recourse to the use of Federal troops for the settlement of disputes in State capitals made the condition of the South the overshadowing subject of national attention. An experiment in the direction of carrying out the ideas of which Mr. Jenckes had been the apostle was made during Grant's administration, but although it received the hearty support of many thoughtful men, it never gained a strong hold upon the general public. There was always something else which the politicians insisted, and made the people believe, was the main issue. When Congress killed the experiment in 1874 by refusing the modest sum required to keep it going, only a small element felt any indignation, or, indeed, had any pronounced feeling on the subject either way.

Mr. Hayes rightly declared, in his letter accepting the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1876, that the plank regarding civil-service reform in the party platform was "of paramount importance," and during his Administration the subject secured more general attention than ever before. But two great events were needed to make the proper conduct of the Government the most prominent question of the day. One was a proof, so startling as to impress the dullest mind, of the danger to the Republic which lurked in the spoils system. This was furnished by the assassination of Garfield at the hand of a disappointed office-seeker. The other event was a change in the control of the Government without the dreaded ruin to national interests and prosperity.

In 1881 the nation was made to feel the necessity of reform; in 1887 it sees that it can give its well-nigh undivided attention to the consideration of reform, and it is evidently going to do so, not merely so far as Federal offices are concerned, but State and municipal offices and administration as well.

## Reform in Municipal Government.

THE passage by Congress early in 1883 of the Pendleton bill, applying the competitive principle to the minor places in the Washington Departments and in the chief custom-houses and post-offices of the country, was the corner-stone of a system which it is already certain will ultimately be developed throughout the Federal government. The contemptible failure of the feeble attempts in the Forty-ninth Congress to repeal the Pendleton law and to starve out the civil-service commission show that the reform "has come to stay." The public is far ahead of Congress in this matter. The changed tone of those newspapers which have always ridiculed the new system shows that they recognize their defeat. Experience has spoiled all their old arguments. There was the "college graduate" bogey, for instance. If we were to have examinations for admission to the service, it was declared "only college graduates would stand any show," and the young man who had never been beyond the common school "would be nowhere." Statistics showing that more than four-fifths of the successful contestants were men who had received only a common-school education have effectually disposed of this *ad captandum* plea, and the other clap-trap appeals to prejudice have fared no better. The old-time champions of the spoils system in the Federal government virtually confess their defeat, and the success of the competitive system in the State governments and chief cities of New York and Massachusetts assures its ultimate adoption by other States and municipalities.

Another reform no less important is now to be achieved. What is commonly called civil-service reform, so far as it has hitherto been carried in Federal, State and city governments, is chiefly a system for procuring good clerks, whose competency has been established by a competitive test. This is a matter of great importance, because it is fundamental. With the entrance to the service properly arranged, it is only a question of time when the whole service will be conducted upon sound principles. But this is only one phase of the great undertaking involved in a thorough-going reform of governmental methods. In a popular government the health of the body politic depends upon pure elections. The theory of the fathers was that when an office, like that of congressman, was to be filled, the people of a district would look about to see who was the fittest man to represent them, and elect him without the necessity of his doing anything in the matter. Cases are still known where the theory is carried into practice. A dozen years ago certain citizens of a Western Massachusetts district, disgusted with the ring which dictated the course of the dominant party, nominated President Seelye of Amherst College as an independent candidate for Congress, and elected him. His only connection with the canvass was to write a letter in reply to the notification of his nomination, consenting to be voted for. It was in the days when postage stamps were a cent higher than now, and Mr. Seelye used to say that his campaign expenses were only three cents — the cost of the stamp which he placed upon his letter of acceptance.

In New York City now, it costs a man from \$5000 to \$10,000 to run for Congress. In other words, he must pay out beforehand the salary for one, if not both, of

the years of the term. If he aspires to a position on the bench, he must expend in advance of the election \$10,000 or \$15,000 for one of the lower courts; perhaps \$20,000 for a place in the Supreme Court. If he is ambitious to become mayor, he must be willing to contribute as large a sum as \$24,000. These are only samples of the astonishing facts as to "assessments" which Mr. William M. Ivins, who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for learning the truth, made public in his speech to the Commonwealth Club not long ago. Mr. Ivins showed exactly how the system works; how the "machines" which have been built up control on election day a well-disciplined force of 45,000 men, or one-fifth of the entire voting population, all of whom are under pay and have a pecuniary interest in the result. Mr. Joseph B. Bishop, in a speech at the succeeding meeting of the same club, presented the remedies, which he found in removing the necessity for assessments, by having the ballots printed and distributed by the city and at the city's expense, thus doing away with the army of machine workers at the polls; in limiting by law the expenditures of candidates; and in enacting a statute similar to the English "Corrupt Practices Act," forbidding bribery and undue influences of all kinds and fixing penalties.

The speeches of Mr. Ivins and Mr. Bishop, which were printed in full, attracted the notice not merely of the New York public, but of intelligent people throughout the country. The press of other cities appreciated that they must anticipate, where they have not already begun to suffer, the same evils unless a halt were called in New York; the rural press realized that the country cannot escape the introduction of similar abuses if they are allowed to remain permanently in the cities.

## College Expenses.

THE commencement season brings its usual supply of newspaper articles on the inordinate expense of education in our modern colleges. In this case, as in so many others, the supply of articles meets a general demand. It is not easy for a father to foot enormous bills for his son at college with any patience, when he remembers the narrow fund which carried him through college, or for want of which he was compelled to give up the idea of going to college altogether. The newspaper article not only states his feeling in vigorous English, but gives him a tangible foundation for his feeling. It meets his case, and the case of countless others, too exactly not to find favor in their eyes. And so the newspapers brim with notes of the "average cost" of going through this college and that, and with reflections on the extravagance which is encouraged by the methods of the modern college life. There are, however, certain correctives which should go with the annual statistics.

An average may be mathematically true, and yet altogether delusive. "I make a statement that the average age of my friends is 20 years. If my friends are 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22 years of age, the average 20 is a useful and true expression. If, however, they are 10, 15, 20, 25, and 30, it is less useful; and if they are 4 of them 10 years old and 1 of them 60, the average 20 is still numerically correct, but it is absurd and untruthful in the impression it gives." The last case is quite parallel with the "averages" of the expenses of

classes at the various American colleges, as they are annually published in the newspapers. The few extravagant students are able to do so much more effective work at their end than the great body of the students can do at theirs, that the "average" goes up to a figure which is quite misleading. Meantime, in the teeth of all the averages, the great body of the students go on as their fathers did, and, even at those colleges which are selected as the most expensive of all, there is always a smaller body of students who are working their way through college and showing that the "average" has no real relation to the question. There is not a college in America from which poverty alone need bar a student; there is not one from which he may not graduate, provided he has that amount of ability which will make a college education a benefit, and provided, also, he is willing to work before and through his course, and deny himself, as was the custom in our fathers' days.

It is this last custom which is going out of existence; and that is enough to show that the root of the evil does not lie in the college, but in the home. The very parents who speak so bitterly of the encouragement given to young men's extravagance by the modern college life have carefully trained their sons for just the life which they have found. Usually men in moderate circumstances, they have never compelled their sons to earn a dollar in their lives, or to know the cost or value of money, or to deny themselves anything within their reach, or to do anything except spend money when a favorable opportunity offered. The sons, passing for the first time beyond the father's eye, and able to plead circumstances which parents cannot deny from personal knowledge, are in a fair position to deplete the paternal pocket-book, and have never been trained to refrain from improving such an opportunity. It is not for his own selfish gratification that the son joins this or that college society, or takes all the college papers, or "goes with the nine" to watch an inter-collegiate game in another college town, or does any of the other things for which his father has to pay,—not at all; it is only because he would be ostracized in college if he refrained from such indulgences. Such are the statements which accompany the periodical petitions for checks; and the father, finding it easier to curse college extravagance than to take the trouble of ascertaining the true state of the case, continues his mis-training of the boy by paying his bills until, at the end of the college course, the son is turned loose upon the world, to find at last what a dollar really means.

In nine cases out of ten, the student's self-control, if it led to a refusal to be enticed into unnecessary expenditures, would be simply ignored by the other students of his college. There are always cliques which would ignore himself as well; and, to this extent, the dreaded "taboo" might be endured. But this difficulty is purely subjective; it is in the student himself, and its roots are in his home-training. If he has come to college to cultivate or value the society of such cliques, the penalty has an effective force; if he has been trained to undervalue or ignore the penalty, it has no power over him. When he yields to it and writes home that he "must have" money for this, that, or the other purpose, the father who supplies this demand is cultivating further the son's vanity, and

further preparing vexation of spirit for himself. For him to pay the money and thus increase the evil, while he considers it the unperformed duty of the college authorities to suppress all the societies, expel the editors of all the college papers, and abolish the inter-collegiate games, is merely another example of the decadence of American home-life and discipline. The father expects the college to do for the son what the home no longer does for him; he sends the college flabby material, and expects the material to be turned into such strong, self-poised, self-controlled manhood as the American home once furnished to the college. If the children's teeth are set on edge, it is largely because the fathers have eaten sour grapes.

There can be little doubt that two-thirds of the material now sent to college would be bettered by being put into a workshop of some kind for two years between the ages of twelve and sixteen. The spread of comfort among the people has been steadily increasing the number of those who can spare their sons the necessity of work even through their years of early manhood; and we have not yet come to understand the full measure of the injury which is thus done to the character of the boy. At the same time, the colleges have been developing in a direction which gives greater and still greater freedom to the student, and thus brings into constantly greater prominence the evils resulting from the modern American system of home-training. To check the college in its natural course of development, to demand that it shall cease its proper work and attend to wrapping the student in cotton-wool and keeping him from the temptations incident to every really manly life, would be merely to make permanent and irreparable the damage which is being done to young American manhood. Things must be worse before they can be better. American parents must learn that education is not an affair of books alone; that it is not complete when so many books have been finished and so many term-bills paid; that a true education consists even more largely in the training of the character and of the will than in book-knowledge. When American homes send to American colleges boys who have been trained to discriminate between the accidents of life and its essentials, the complaints of college extravagance will disappear, and a good many other evils will go with them.

#### The Metropolitan Spirit.

THE current year has been remarkable for its conspicuous proofs that matters aesthetic and scholarly are taking a wider and deeper hold upon the people of the leading American city. New York is becoming metropolitan not merely in intention, but in fact. The metropolitan spirit is abroad in society, and the year 1887 will be memorable for the long step then taken in advancing our gigantic community in the right direction. The city has never been behind in religious and charitable exertion; of late years its politics have been not a little improved, and the work of purification was never more active than now, nor ever was urged more strongly and directly toward fundamental reforms. But the artistic revival of a dozen or fifteen years ago has had a sudden fruition within the last year or two that goes along with a revival in all

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aesthetic matters and should be especially noted for encouragement and example.

The recent celebration of the centennial of an important date in the history of Columbia College has drawn public attention to an institution which shows abundant signs of rejuvenation. The college is still a college in name, but its tendency toward a genuine university establishment is emphasized in many ways; notably in the conduct of its library, which, in its printed treasures and in its lecture courses, is a college in itself, the benefits of which are wisely and generously extended with few restrictions to the entire community.

The dinner to James Russell Lowell, Charles Waldstein, and the trustees of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, was an event in line with the general movement; and it is evident that the proper endowment of this school is sure to follow soon. The Metropolitan Museum has shared in the aesthetic generosity of the time, and has received some splendid legacies and gifts. There is already the surety, also, of the generous endowment of a new and highly important scheme for the direct advancement of American art, in all its branches. Along with these signs of the times have come annual exhibitions of special interest—exhibitions which proclaim that the new generation of painters and sculptors have something in them beside suggestion and promise.

The prosperous and growing Free Library scheme,

and the Tilden bequest to the same general purpose, are a part of the new movement.

It is evident that New York is yearly becoming a better city to live in.

## The Lincoln History.

THE current installment of the *Life of Lincoln and History of his times* reaches and includes an account of the famous Lincoln-Douglas Debates. Although Lincoln had for years been opposed to Douglas in political discussions, the great struggle between these giants of debate did not occur till in 1858 they simultaneously appealed to the people of Illinois for election to the United States Senate. The readers of the *Life* will fully appreciate the necessity felt by the authors to record amply and clearly the occurrences in Kansas, in Congress, and in the Supreme Court which led up to the political situation of 1858 and the celebrated canvass of that year in Illinois. This momentous debate, which sent Douglas to the Senate and Lincoln to the White House, cannot be fully understood, in all its subtleties of argument and allusion, by those who are unfamiliar with the political events of immediately preceding years.

The *Life*, which will certainly lose nothing in interest as it approaches more nearly the war period, will deal in August with Lincoln's Ohio speeches and the Cooper Institute speech, and in September with Lincoln's nomination and election.

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## Labor and Capital.

## A CONNECTICUT EXPERIMENT.

IF Mr. Walter Besant wishes to see a working model of the "Palace of Delight" so movingly described by him in that "impossible story" of his which bears the preposterous title, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," let him cross the ocean and visit the thrifty Connecticut town of Bridgeport. The novelist's notion is that the chief trouble with the working people is their lack of pleasure; and that pleasure enough is within their reach, cheap and wholesome, if they only knew where and how to find it. His theory is, therefore, that the philanthropist who can show the poor how to enjoy themselves is a better friend than the one who can increase their income; that he who can make one innocent pleasure grow where there was none before is a greater benefactor than he who puts two dimes into a purse where there was one before. Therefore he would turn the efforts of those who seek to improve the condition of the people in our cities toward the problem of brightening their lives by providing them with social amusements, or, better, toward the task of teaching them how to amuse themselves. That this kind of philanthropy, like every other, will cost something, his fable teaches; but his contention is that money and effort expended along this line will produce the best results.

What Mr. Besant would see, if he came to Bridgeport, is a beautiful building, nearly ready for occupation, somewhat less magnificent than the airy nothing of his creation, and bearing the less ambitious desig-

nation of "Seaside Institute." It stands near Seaside Park, in the western suburb of the city, directly across the street from the factory of the Warner Brothers, by the side of which it has grown as the honeysuckle grows upon the cornfield wall,—the flower drawing its beauty and its fragrance from the same kindly soil that nourishes and ripens the grain. The Warner Brothers are manufacturers of corsets, and they employ about one thousand women of various sorts and conditions, most of them young and unmarried. A bright, comely, wholesome-looking company of young women they are; four or five hundred of them might be picked out who, judging their intelligence by their faces, would not look out of place in the chapel at Smith, Wellesley, or Vassar. The average weekly wage of this thousand is about seven dollars each,—a larger amount than women in such callings generally earn,—which indicates that the dealings of the firm with its employees are not wholly regulated by competition.

For a long time these employers have been studying the problem of the working-girl, and trying to find out how they could best improve her condition. They knew that a large share of the earnings of these girls must go for board and room-rent; that it was possible for few of them to afford any but narrow, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, unwarmed lodgings, and that no cheerful and comfortable place was open to them in which they might spend their leisure hours. They knew that the presence of so many of these girls in the skating-rinks and on the streets in the evening was due, in large part, to the fact that they had nowhere else to

go. They knew, moreover, that the kind of food furnished in such boarding-houses as they must patronize was in many cases inferior and unwholesome. Under such conditions it is not strange that the working-girls of the cities often develop abnormal appetites, and vicious tastes, and rude manners; the wonder is that so many of them keep their health unbroken and their characters unsullied. And these men of good-will, studying with what seems to be a sincere philanthropy the welfare of the thousand women by whose labor they are accumulating their fortune, determined to build for them, if not a "Palace of Delight," at least a Hall of Comfort, in which shelter and care and companionship and opportunities of wholesome diversion and of mental cultivation should be freely furnished them.

This "Seaside Institute" will cost the builders about forty thousand dollars. It is a shapely building externally — no mere barracks, but a well-proportioned and winning structure, seventy-five feet square and three stories in height, proclaiming in its very form the presence of other than "economical" motives. In the basement is a large refectory, with kitchen attached, in which the best of plain food will be furnished at cost. Those who wish will be permitted to order by the card; a glass of milk for a cent, or a cup of coffee at the same price, indicate the scale of the charges. An experienced and popular caterer tells me that the actual cost of the food is not more than this — that the project is feasible from this point of view. Those girls who wish may obtain regular board at this refectory, at prices not to exceed two dollars and a half a week. It is hoped that the charge may be less than this. "The food will be prepared," say the proprietors, "by experienced cooks, and served in the best manner." The value of this provision for the comfort and health of the girls can be estimated only by those who have tested the cooking of the average cheap boarding-house. To be permitted to sit down in a bright and airy room, at a clean and prettily furnished table, to a well-cooked meal, will seem to many of these young women a foretaste of Paradise. In the determination to make this part of their plan serviceable to their employees, the proprietors will not haggle about the cost. If the refectory should not quite pay expenses, the bill of fare will not be cheapened, but the deficiency will be provided for.

The floor above is entered from the street by a wide porch which opens into a generous hall, on the left of which is a reception and conversation room, connecting by sliding doors with a music-room in the rear. Back of this is an ample lavatory with numerous bath-rooms — a most sumptuous provision for the comfort of the girls, and one which they are sure to appreciate. On the right of the hall is the great reading-room or common-room, a spacious and beautiful apartment, and in the rear of this, and communicating with it, the library, surrounded by low cases whose shelves will be filled with books for the use of the girls. Here, too, will be found numerous writing-tables and full supplies of writing-materials.

An easy stairway leads to the second floor. The first apartment on the right of the hall is a room to be furnished with sewing-machines, where the girls will be able to do their own sewing. Farther on are two or three class-rooms, in which evening classes will be taught in any branches which the young women may

desire to study. The plan is to permit them to organize these classes for themselves, in any branch in which they may desire instruction, — singing, penmanship, book-keeping, type-writing, stenography, fancy needlework, or whatever they wish; for all classes so organized, containing a certain number, teachers will be provided. The other side of this story is occupied by a large assembly-room, seating five or six hundred, with stage and anterooms, in which lectures, concerts, and entertainments of all kinds may be given to the inmates. It is hoped that they will take Mr. Besant's hint with respect to the use of this room, and learn how to furnish with these facilities a large part of their own diversion.

Several pianos will be located in different parts of the building, on which students of music will be permitted to practice. A competent matron will be put in charge of the Institute, to whose wisdom the general management will be largely intrusted. The whole building is warmed by steam and lighted by electricity.

The design is to furnish an attractive and delightful home for these young women during all the hours when they are not at work or asleep. The question about lodgings has been considered by the Measrs. Warner, but they have not been satisfied of the wisdom of furnishing these. It is possible that they may yet need lodging-houses in the neighborhood of the Seaside Institute; but at present they are not convinced that it may not be better for their women to keep their rooms in private families. The proprietors have found by investigation that half of their employees live within half a mile of the factory, so that the Institute will be easily accessible to most of them. Several rooms in the third story will be furnished as lodgings into which any of the women who are ill, or temporarily without homes, may be received, under the matron's care.

"All of the benefits afforded by the establishment," say the proprietors, "will be substantially free, except food, which will be furnished at or below cost. All the women who are in the employ of Warner Brothers will be entitled to any of the educational, literary, musical, and social privileges that may be furnished." There has been a question whether a small fee, say one dollar a year, might not secure a more general and free use of the privileges of the Institute; whether the girls would not more readily avail themselves of a provision which was not entirely gratuitous. If any such charge should be made, it would be nominal, and only for the purpose of extending the benefits of the Institute.

Another feature of the institution is thus described by one of the proprietors: "We shall have connected with the building a savings bank, in order to encourage our hands to save some portion of their earnings. I have long since learned that what one earns has little to do with what he saves. One with an income of ten thousand dollars is no more likely to lay aside a portion of his earnings than one with an income of one thousand. The principle of saving is either inherited, or it must be cultivated, and it is to encourage this principle that this branch of the institution will be established. This privilege will be extended to all our help, male and female." Every employee who deposits two dollars a month is also promised that a half-dollar will be added to the deposit by the employers; and interest will be paid on all deposits, besides the bonus allowed.

It is evident that a considerable amount will be re-

quired to pay the operating expenses of this institution, and although this will be taken, at present, from the profits of the business, it is not to be left unprovided for in the event of a change in the proprietorship; for a sum of money is being set apart as a permanent fund for the endowment of the Institute, that it may go on doing its beneficent work after its proprietors have passed to their reward.

In these days, when the hearts of the compassionate are torn by so many harrowing tales of man's inhumanity to working-women, it is pleasant to be able to set forth the good deeds of these two chivalrous employers. Under the law of competition, which always pushes the weakest to the wall, women are the slaves of the labor market. They have not learned to combine; they have no power to resist the oppression of conscienceless capital; the price of their labor is therefore fixed by the most rapacious employers. Against them "the iron law of wages," in its bitterest sense, is continually being enforced. By a logic which is as inexorable as the grave, their compensation tends to starvation-point, nor does any merely "economical" force appear for their deliverance. The less they receive, the less they are able to earn; the labor-force in them is weakened by their impoverishment. The pictures that Helen Campbell has been showing us of the "Prisoners of Poverty" in New-York exhibit the natural result of unrestrained competition. If the women who work are to be rescued from their wretchedness, it must be done by the appearance on their behalf of such knightly employers as these, who decline to build their fortunes upon the woes of women, and who determine to share their gains with those who have helped to gather them. Of course all this is done in sheer despite of the economical maxims. In the thought of such employers, "business is business," and something more: it is opportunity; it is stewardship; it is the high calling of God. Not being omniscient I cannot pretend to discern all the motives of these employers, nor have they shown in my presence any disposition to make any parade of their philanthropy; but I visited their manufactory, by the side of which is planted this fair flower of their charity, and I have seen with my eyes what they are trying to do, and the thing which appears is this: that these two men are working as studiously, as resolutely, as patiently to improve the condition of their employees as they are to enlarge their fortunes. I believe that the one purpose lies as near their hearts as the other.

Are they alone in this? By no means. The number of those employers who find the vocation of the captain of industry to be a humane and a benign vocation is steadily growing. It was never growing so fast as it is to-day. The past two years, with all their strifes and turmoils, have wrought wonders in this realm. It begins to be evident enough that no organization of industry is stable and productive which does not bring in goodwill as one of the working forces. It is just as true of industry as of art, that

"He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be  
Shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie  
Howling in outer darkness."

The age of the soulless money-maker is passing; the new nobility is coming to its own.

It may be asked whether a higher justice, if not a true charity, would not require these employers to distribute directly in wages the money which they are

devoting to this institution. I do not think so. They are giving their employees more than the market rate of wages for such service; and this institution will be worth far more to these women than the money which it costs would be if it were divided among them. The aggregate amount of comfort, of enjoyment, of health, and of welfare which this institution will produce will be indefinitely greater than they could purchase for themselves with the same sum. This is due, in part, to economical causes; for comfort is a commodity that like most other commodities can be far more cheaply produced on the large scale. The benefits of cooperative housekeeping, after which a generation of burdened housekeepers have struggled in vain, are secured for these employees by the good providence of their employer. There are moral reasons, also, for preferring this method of distribution; for many of these beneficiaries would not, in their present state of mind, be likely to receive any real benefit from an increase of wages; a little more candy, a few more ribbons, an additional number of evenings in the skating-rink or the cheap theater would tell the story of their added income. They need, most of all, higher tastes, simpler enjoyments, and habits of frugality; and the Seaside Institute is intended to lead them gently toward these higher things. When they have found this kingdom, many things can be added unto them.

*Washington Gladden.*

Christian Union.

FROM THE BAPTIST POINT OF VIEW.

THE recent articles in *THE CENTURY* on the general subject of Christian union have been in a high degree interesting and instructive. He must be a very blind observer of "the signs of the times" who does not discover strong tendencies toward a closer union among all denominations of Christians. At the New York State Baptist Pastors' Conference held last fall at Poughkeepsie, a unanimous resolution was passed expressing this desire in explicit and emphatic terms. No body of Christians is more earnest than is the great Baptist denomination — numbering in the United States its millions — in offering the prayer of our Lord: "That they all may be one." By no formal appointment do I represent the denomination in this "Open Letter"; but I am quite sure that I do not misrepresent its spirit and efforts.

Three facts seem very plain to many at this time.

*First.* The great denominations are drawing nearer together in their forms of service. Churches which have not a liturgy, in the technical sense of that term, are adopting more elaborate forms of worship than they formerly used. On the other hand, some churches, which come into the category of liturgical churches, are omitting, in some of their services, some of their usual forms. In some of the revival or "mission" services everything which once distinguished liturgical churches is wanting. One might think in attending these services that he was at one of Mr. Moody's meetings. These "missions" are themselves an illustration of the tendency here named. They are simply "revivals," as the term has been used for generations among the more fervent Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists. The Roman church adopted them in forms adapted to

their other methods of work; and some Episcopal churches have now come into the line of work long followed by other bodies. The same unifying tendency is seen in services in connection with the reception of new members and in preparation for the observance of the Lord's Supper. This two-fold modification of services indicates progress along the line of union; it is prophetic of greater progress soon to be made. It is greatly wise in every way. The oldest forms of creed, prayer, litany, chant, and hymn are the property of no one denomination. To claim a monopoly in their use is to manifest hopeless ignorance and unpardonable bigotry. As well might one claim a monopoly of the sunshine or the evening breeze.

*Second.* The different denominations to-day have essential union. At present organic union is undesirable. It is possible only by making dangerous compromises. A union which is possible only to those who believe anything or nothing to secure it, is bought at too dear a price. Honest convictions must be respected. Better that men differ honestly than agree by being indifferent to all creeds. Essential union is possible and actual to-day among the great majority of our Protestant churches. There are to-day wider differences among some of the branches of the Roman church than between some of the different churches in our great Protestant host. There are churches in this city, not Roman, of the same name, which differ more widely in spirit and life than do certain other churches bearing different denominational names. Rationalism and Romanism, in many of their distinctive features, may be found under the same church name and authority. Here is organic but not essential union. When churches of different names work along the line of their honest convictions of the teachings of God's word, they have essential union; coming near to their common Lord, and coming near to lost men, they come genuinely near to one another. Such union is worth much. An organic union, secured by concessions, compromises, and concealments of honest convictions, is a positive damage to all concerned.

*Third.* Christian union, both essential and organic, is greatly retarded because many Christians refuse to accept the plain teaching of God's word, and the conclusions of the highest scholarship regarding the subjects and the act of baptism. Baptists hold that Christ alone can make laws for his church; and that the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice. They believe that this word teaches with unmistakable clearness that believers are the only subjects of baptism, and that baptism is the immersion of believers into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. If the Bible does not clearly teach these truths, what truths does it clearly teach? More explicit are its utterances on these subjects than regarding the divinity of Christ, or any article in the orthodox creeds. As a matter of fact, there are in this country to-day millions who cannot accept sprinkling or pouring as baptism. But all men, always and in all places, accept immersion as baptism; not to accept it, is not to accept baptism. If ever there is organic union it will be at the baptistery. *Baptists care little for the mode of baptism.* The person to be baptized may kneel in the water, and be baptized forward; or he may stoop until the water flows over his head; or he may be baptized backward. But Baptists insist upon baptism. They cannot accept a substitute for the

act honored by the audible or visible presence of each Person in the Trinity when Jesus was baptized; honored in this respect as was no other act of obedience in our Lord's life. The so-called "Teaching of the Apostles" does not call anything baptism but immersion. It gives directions for baptism, and then, when the conditions of baptism are wanting, although we find them always possible, it gives permission for something else, not called baptism. This "teaching" Baptists alone live up to; it is especially their document. Their views the highest scholarship indorses. Lexicographers such as Donnegan, Schleusner, Greenfield, Stourza, Liddell and Scott, Robinson, Wahl, Grimm, Wilke, and many more distinctly and emphatically affirm that baptize, which is properly a Greek word, means to dip, to immerse, to plunge. Such religious teachers as Calvin, Luther, Melanchthon, Archbishop Leighton, Wesley, Conybeare, and Dean Stanley say that immersion was the original mode. Such commentators as Chalmers, Zwingle, Ewald, De Wette, Meyer, Godot, Alford, Plumptre, Bishop Elliott, and many more, representing various churches and countries, say in substance that same thing. Such historians of our Lord's ministry and of the apostolic church as Mosheim, Neander, G. A. Jacobs, Geikie, Pressensé, Conybeare and Howson, Lewin, Dean Stanley, Edersheim, Farrar, Weiss, Hagenbach, and Dollinger, and such recent learned theologians as Luthardt, Van Oosterzee, Schmidt, Dorner, and Rothe, agree substantially with the learned Dr. Schaff when he says, "Immersion, and not sprinkling, was unquestionably the original form." Luther, Dr. Wall, Neander, Olshausen, and Professor Lange agree with Dr. Hanna when he says, "Scripture knows nothing of the baptism of infants." If scholarship can prove anything, it has established the Baptist position regarding the subjects and the act of baptism.

The point I make is: All are agreed on immersion as baptism; all cannot agree on anything else. All can be baptized without doing violence either to conviction or to conscience. High Roman, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist and other authorities can be cited — and their exact words given — to prove all these statements regarding the teaching of the highest scholarship; and the plain teaching of the Bible to the unlearned is in harmony with the conclusions of the highest scholarship. Baptists have no option but to be separate so long as others refuse to follow Christ in baptism. If a pastor in any of the churches not Baptists were to teach and practice our views, he would be driven out. What then could he do but be separate from his former brethren? If others than Baptists will not do what conviction and conscience permit them to do, it is certain that they do not much desire union. Surely in such a case the charge of bigotry and schism does not lie at the door of Baptists. We shall continue to pray, "that they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me."

R. S. MacArthur.

CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, New York.

#### American Students in Germany.

Now that multitudes of American college graduates annually migrate to Berlin, Leipzig, Göttingen, and Strasburg, it may not be out of place to call attention

to some widespread misapprehensions concerning the charms and advantages of life in a German university town.

No impression concerning Germany is more widespread than that the cost of living there is exceedingly cheap. This is always a potent argument in deciding students of limited means in favor of life in Germany. This is certainly, however, a wrong impression, as far as it applies to the expenses of the American student in Germany as compared with his expenses at most of our colleges. A few figures will put the facts in the most definite shape. In Leipzig, which is probably the cheapest city in the German empire, the average price of the boarding-houses which rank as good—though their fare would be counted rather scant and poor in America—is about twenty-five dollars a month, for room, fuel, and board. In Berlin the best boarding-houses set somewhat better tables than those of a corresponding grade in Leipzig, but their prices are much higher.

Many German students, it is true, subsist upon much less, but how they do so must be to an American an insoluble mystery, unless there be a marvelous potency of nourishment in beer. There are also Americans who keep soul and body together at rates considerably lower than those mentioned. But in a good many such cases it is perfectly apparent that these students are working with only half their native force. The writer is cognizant of several cases in which men broke down entirely either during their stay in Germany or shortly after their return, their failure of health being almost unquestionably due to lack of proper diet and self-care while abroad. Cheap German living is not adapted to an American constitution.

As far as the social life of Germany is concerned, the American student must in the main content himself with an outside view. The ideal German household into which he is to be received as one of the family, and whose members are to devote themselves to teaching him the language, is a pure illusion, or at best a boarding-house where he joins with a tableful of his countrymen in speaking poor German. In fact, the presence of a host of English-speaking people in every prominent German city is a serious hindrance to the facility with which the American might otherwise learn the language and assimilate himself to the manners and customs of the country. It is probably better, however, to submit to this hindrance than to refuse, as some do, to mingle at all with those who speak English; for, in so doing, one loses the opportunity to become acquainted with many of the finest representatives of English and American learning. The students who gather from America and England in Göttingen, Leipzig, and Berlin, are, in the main, a choice representative company. Not even in America itself can one gain so comprehensive a view of the educational work of our nation, as by mingling in a German university town with students from almost every State of the Union.

A great mistake of fully half the American students in Germany is that they have fixed upon no definite department of study before coming, or, if they have done so, have not prepared themselves sufficiently at home to undertake it to advantage in the university. As is well known, the German student, *on entering the university*, decides what his profession is to be, and se-

lects his studies accordingly. The thorough drill of the *Gymnasium* or *Realschule* has fitted him for the independent study demanded of him in the university.

Now the American just out of college has not only the difficulty of the language to cope with; he finds fully as great a difficulty in the lecture system and in the use of books of reference. He has had no adequate training for the work he must do, and he is pretty sure to end his first semester, if not his first year, in a state of almost hopeless confusion.

I think no American can listen to many courses of lectures in a German university without becoming convinced of the superiority of the better class of American college professors in the art of *instruction*. Except in the occasional interviews of the *Seminar*, the German professor has none of that training which comes from meeting the intelligent questions of a clever class. An American professor learns in the course of a few years' experience to feel the pulse of his class, as it were, and to know in an instant whether he has made himself understood. Many of the most famous German professors, on the other hand, elaborate with tedious detail the simplest matters, and sometimes merely hint at the explanation of real difficulties. They are for the most part closely confined in their lectures to what they have carefully prepared beforehand, and on occasion to think or to answer on the spur of the moment is pretty sure to throw them into confusion. With some brilliant exceptions, remarkable for their clearness, systematic arrangement, and beauty of language, they pay no attention to the "art of putting things," their style frequently being execrable.

One thing that greatly annoys the American student in Germany is the lack of such library privileges as he can enjoy in the best colleges at home. Not but that the German libraries are very large and complete, but their availability is so limited by various restrictions as well as by the lack of comprehensive and accessible catalogues, that in despair many American students soon give up trying to obtain books.

I have purposely spoken only of certain disappointments and disadvantages which the American student is likely to experience in Germany. Of the delightful sensation of personal freedom from all rules and restraints, and the powerful inspiration to independent study which he also experiences, as well as of the enormous debt of gratitude which American scholarship owes to the German university, it is needless to speak—as, indeed, it would be difficult to speak in too glowing terms.

*Morris B. Crawford.*

#### Photography and American Art.\*

THERE is a great deal that is worth watching in American Art at the present time; and one of these things is the effect of photography upon art,—not merely the effect of the Muybridge revelations, which

\* "Book of American Figure Painters," with introduction by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
"The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, with drawings by Kenyon Cox. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"She Stoops to Conquer," a comedy by Dr. Goldsmith, with drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, decorations by Alfred Parsons, introduction by Austin Dobson. New York: Harper & Bros.  
"A Book of the Tile Club," with sketch of the club, by F. Hopkinson Smith and Edward Strahan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"The Art Review," Vol. I., Nov., '86, to May, '87. New York: George F. Kelly, 59 Carmine street.

## Notes.

## THE NEW ENGLAND EMIGRANT AID COMPANY.

TO THE EDITOR: There are what I regard as grave errors in relation to Kansas, in the life of Lincoln, in your April number, which I would gladly correct in your columns without delay. But you inform me, in your note of the 25th inst., that it would be some time before a reply could appear.

I beg leave, therefore, to say that these errors are partly refuted in some lectures which I gave by request of the Worcester Society of Antiquity. In its "Proceedings for 1886" an abstract of these lectures has been published. A much more full and elaborate refutation will appear in the book which I am now writing, to be called "The History of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, and its Influence, through the Kansas Contest, upon our National History." It is my purpose to have this book ready for the reader by the end of the present year.

Eli Thayer.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 30, 1887.

## THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

THE plan of John D. Cutter, in the May CENTURY, to better the government of cities by securing in the City Council members elected by guilds which represent various business interests, to be complete should include a representation from the house-mothers.

The home-makers represent the largest and, in a sense, the most important of all the interests. The women who compose it are preëminently law-abiding and orderly. Their chief occupation is the care of the children and of the family. Hence, all their interests are opposed to everything that endangers the peace and well-being of the whole community.

Any change in the form of city government which looks to its improvement should include women, with the right to vote.

More than thirty years ago Wendell Phillips said, "The suffrage of women has much to do with the government of great cities." Has not the time fully come when it should be brought in as an added power on the side of law and order?

Lucy Stone.

A CORRESPONDENT objects to the phrase, "Treeless and birdless," in a poem on Dakota recently printed in THE CENTURY. He writes that many ten-acre groves have been planted, and that the Territory is noted for its birds.

In the "General Recollections of Louis Blanc," by Karl Blind, on page 80 of the May number, the sentence: "Thiers cast his vote against declaration of war, first, last, and ever," ought to read thus: "Finally, Thiers practically voted for 'the war by way of granting the supplies, like the other members of the Opposition.'"

though of great value may easily be overdone as assistants to the artist; not merely the general and undoubted effect of all photography from nature—an effect extended and made more intimate by the spread of amateur photography; not merely the general diffusion of art instruction and influence by means of photographic copies of the old masters, etc.; not merely the great and important use of photography in wood-engraving, but also the growing use of photography in various reproductive methods, and the effect of their use upon illustration in particular, and upon current art in general.

The success of Elihu Vedder's "Omar Khayyām," and of William H. Low's "Lamia" in previous years, was the occasion of such volumes in the last season as the "Book of American Figure Painters," and Kenyon Cox's "Blessed Damozel";—possibly such success may also have had something to do with the book form in which Edwin Abbey's illustrations of "She Stoops to Conquer" were brought out. These photographic processes have, therefore, become a strong factor in American art development, and have given the opportunity to publishers to employ our better artists upon continuous series of congenial subjects; as well as to present to the public good-sized reproductions of unrelated original designs, either made for the purpose or already completed, as in the "Book of American Figure Painters." This volume, though its pictures are not of uniform merit, deserves the attention of the connoisseur. Kenyon Cox has not yet surpassed his "Evening" in this collection. Here, too, are Dewing's exquisite "Days," Winslow Homer's "Lost on the Grand Banks," and Bunker's "Dozing Tar"—with examples of La Farge, Wyatt Eaton, Vedder, Julian Weir, Eastman Johnson, Volk, Dielman, Shirlaw, Millet, Chase, and other painters of ability. A better collection is easily imaginable,—but single pictures in this gallery are worth the cost of the whole sumptuous volume. The "Blessed Damozel" of Cox, it is natural for each critic to assume, is not the "Blessed Damozel" of the poet; and we find moreover, in this series, that tendency to stick too closely to the model, which is this artist's danger; but we find also a keen and unusual decorative and pictorial sense, as well as undoubted evidences of imagination. Mr. Abbey is indebted to the actinic, and other processes in which photography comes into play, in the preparation of his illustrations for "She Stoops to Conquer," a work as near perfection in its illustrative and artistic qualities in its own line as contemporaneous art can show. The delightfully illustrated "Book of the Tile Club" also owes much of its attractiveness to the photographic processes. If we were not speaking especially of the photographic side of the subject, we should like to enlarge upon the art qualities displayed in the covers of all the four books here mentioned; but instead will call attention to the extremely successful use of the photogravure in the new American "Art Review," whose bound volumes are an invaluable storehouse of current American art.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

VANITY perhaps has made more people polite, and even endurable, than has any one of the virtues.

MAN may not reach perfection, but he can reach for it; this is all that is required of him.

BE a man first, and then you can be a gentleman at your leisure.

WE seem to have four kinds of people: those who are moving forward; those who are on the move backward; those who are standing still; and those who are going to start in some direction soon.

THE strongest intimacies we see are between knaves and fools; a fool never gets higher than to admire cunning in his associate.

THERE is many a heart that dwells in its soul, like a hermit in his cell, its own sad and sorrowing confessor.

IF a man has real merit, there is nothing that will bring him into notice so well as abuse.

THE man who is vain of his wealth only proves that he thinks more of his money than of himself.

THERE are very many people who stand ready to sacrifice their lives, and their neighbors' lives too, in defense of their creed, who are willing to let their religion shift for itself.

A JEST is often a weak and silly thing, a witticism a cold and cruel thing, but a joke is ever the fun of humor.

ALL genuine truth is orthodox.

AS LONG as temptations exist, man will hunt for them.

MENTALLY, morally, and physically, man is composed of all things good, bad, and indifferent; he is a kind of a human rag-bag.

TO BE a good critic, a man must have all the intrinsic elements of a good author; and yet, while we have but few good authors, even the solitudes and waste places teem with critics.

BEWARE of the still man; he is getting your size, and concealing his own.

THE wisdom of the past has come to us in sentences, not pages.

IF it were not for our passions, our reason would be almost impotent.

SUCCESS don't impose itself upon any one; those who win must reach for things, and at the same time cultivate their grip.

ALL the real wits and humorists are a sedate people; their wit and humor is worked out soberly, with line and plummet.

ANY man who has any one of the virtues strongly developed has a coloring of them all in his character.

### Our Saint.

THE one I sing was born and bred  
Ere proud Queen Fashion's whims had led  
A single maid to vex her head  
    O'er pug or poodle;  
Her form was lithe, her face was fair,  
Her laugh was blithe and debonair,  
Her voice was sweet,—her favorite air  
    Was "Yankee Doodle."

She used to play an old spinet,  
The same is in existence yet  
Amid the dust and cobwebs set  
    High in our garret;  
And oft she spun from dawn till gloom'  
In some quaint, low, be-gabled room;  
She loved the fabric of her loom  
    Nor scorned to wear it.

In stately minuet or reel,  
With large-bowed slippers, high of heel,  
Hers was the step that roused the zeal  
    In hearts of gallants:  
Folk high and lowly both to please,  
To make bright *mots* and repartees,  
To bake, to brew,—she numbered these  
    Among her talents.

Whene'er she passed in quilted gown  
Along the highways of the town,  
Small wonder that the swains bowed down  
    In admiration;  
And when a handsome stranger bore  
The fair one from her father's door,  
Why marvel that the jealous swore  
    From sheer vexation?

A day more gay was seldom seen  
Than her bright wedding-day, I ween;  
And she,—she bore herself a queen  
    In look and motion.  
And when, with him she loved, she led  
The wedding-dance, more light her tread  
Than any barque that ever sped  
    O'er wave of ocean.

The broidered bodice that she wore  
While footing it along the floor  
Has lain for fifty years and more  
    In some dark chest hid;  
And he whose arm around it stole,  
Sought while yet young the starry goal,  
A grief which she has, patient soul,  
    Long in her breast hid.

Her eyes are dim, her voice is faint,  
And yet she never makes complaint;  
One more serene and like a saint  
    I have to yet see  
Than she who in the corner sits  
And dozes, while she knits and knits  
Her little nephew's socks and mitts,—  
    My great-aunt Betsy.

Uncle Esek.

Clinton Scollard.



NOTES AT AN AUCTION.

1. The auctioneer. 2. The confident bidder. 3. Indifferent. 4. Hired. 5. Disappointed.

## A Parting Wish.

We bade each other a long adieu,  
With looks and tones regretful,  
"Whatever happens," I sadly said,  
"We never shall be forgetful."

"Ah, never!" replied my faithful friend,  
"Our past is a pleasant story.  
And oh, I hope we shall meet again  
This side of the crematory!"

M. F. Butts.

## On the Ocklawaha.

THOUGH perfumes scent the air,  
And skies are soft and blue,  
Though shores be fresh and fair,  
I long for you, for you.

I sigh for cold gray skies,  
And the chill sleet slanting through.  
It is fair — but I close my eyes  
And I long for you, for you.

Walter Learned.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## A Pin.

OH, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good,  
But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion would.  
The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we meet,  
Though she seems a gentle creature and she's very trim and neat.

And she has a thousand virtues and not one acknowledged sin,  
But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.  
And she pricks you, and she sticks you, in a way that can't be said—  
When you seek for what has hurt you, why, you cannot find the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—  
If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.—  
A pin is such a tiny thing,—of that there is no doubt,—  
Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's out!

She is wonderfully observing — when she meets a pretty girl  
She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl.  
And she is so sympathetic: to her friend, who's much admired,  
She is often heard remarking, "Dear, you look so worn and tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed  
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,  
And she said, "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added, "It  
Is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said, "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure, my friend,  
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."  
And she left me with the feeling — most unpleasant, I aver —  
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way  
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day,  
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a sonnet)  
With just one glance from her round eyes becomes a Bowery bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a thrust —  
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather rust —  
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin  
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

## A Slip.

A BROOKLET and a pretty maid o'er mossy stones went tripping,  
And then the pretty maiden said, "I'm awful 'fraid of slipping."  
The saucy brooklet laughed aloud, as it ran o'er a boulder,  
And whispered, "She'd have surely slipped if he'd been here to hold her."

*W. A. Ketcham.*

## In the Old Days.

"The opinion which men entertain of antiquity is a very idle thing, and almost incongruous to the word; for the old age and length of days of the world should in reality be accounted antiquity, and ought to be attributed to our own times, not to the youth of the world which it enjoyed among the ancients; for that age, though with respect to us it was ancient and greater, yet with regard to the world it was new and less." — *Bacon.*

IN the old days, when you and I were young,  
Before the story was told, and the song was sung,  
You spoke, it seems to me now, in another tongue.

In the old days, before we were grown so wise,  
When gladness meant the same to us as surprise,  
You looked at me with other, with truer eyes.

In the old days, when life was martial and grand,  
Before we had learned to reckon and understand,  
You clasped my hand with another, a warmer hand.

In the old days? Ah, what is this I have sung?  
Were they old days, when grief spoke an unknown  
tongue?  
These are the old days — those, the lost, were the  
young.

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

MERRY-HEARTED maidens four,  
Laughing, play at battledoors;  
And my heart, the shuttlecock,  
To and fro they nimbly knock.

Maggie, Fannie, Hattie, Kate —  
How their bright eyes scintillate,  
As the poor, bewildered thing  
Back and forth they gayly fling!

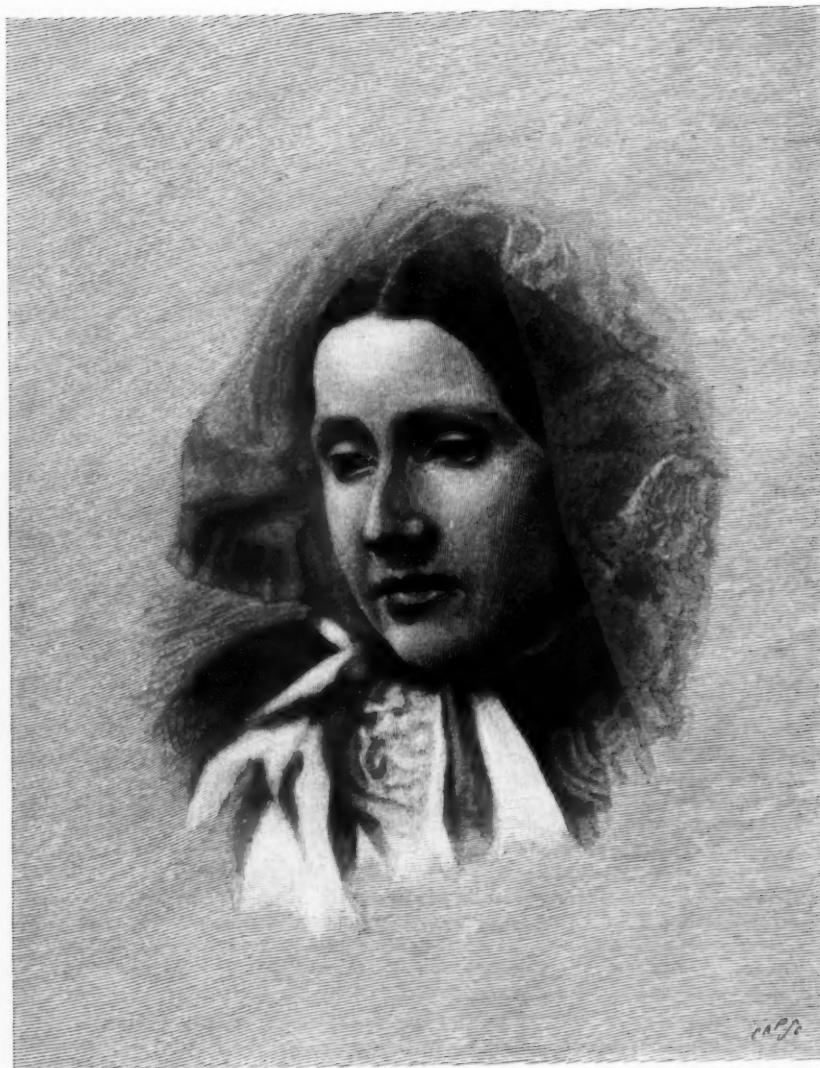
Ha! 'tis lodged in Fannie's hair;  
Scarce a moment nestles there,  
When away it bounding flies,  
Lighting plump in Hattie's eyes.

Now in Katie's kerchief hides;  
Then, abashed and blushing, glides,  
(Battledoors is full of slips!)  
Bouncing straight to Maggie's lips.

Merry-hearted maidens four,  
Playing thus at battledoors,  
Cease, oh! cease, my heart to knock,  
Poor, bewildered shuttlecock!

*C. S. P.*





PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. J. HAWES.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.